

THE  
LONDON MAGAZINE.

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FEBRUARY 1, 1826.

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JOURNAL  
DESCRIPTIVE OF THE ROUTE  
FROM NEW YORK TO REAL DEL MONTE  
BY WAY OF TAMPICO.

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*By one of the first Detachment sent by the Real del Monte Company.*

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HAVING described to you all that struck or interested me in the appearance of New York, I shall now pass on to a much more difficult part of my task; and I must here bespeak your indulgent recollection of the very unfavourable circumstances under which my Journal was written. We traversed, in a few days, a country which calls for the minutest examination, and affords matter for long and uninterrupted research. Add to this, that from haste, and the very inconvenient circumstances under which my notes were taken on the route, I am often at a loss to decipher them. I shall not therefore attempt to arrange my materials, but shall give them in the form in which they were written, that of a Journal.

*May 4th.* We embarked on board a small fast-sailing vessel, and, the wind being favourable, we lost sight of New York in an incredibly short time. How delightful is the navigation of these seas! The sky is almost invariably brilliant and serene, the waters of the deepest and loveliest blue, the breeze so soft that its breath is hardly felt, yet so steady that it bears the ship rapidly through the waves. We sailed at the rate of thirteen knots an hour, yet the motion of the vessel was scarcely perceptible.

*May 8th.* The heat increased sensibly every day. This day the thermometer rose to  $76^{\circ}$  in the shade. We were in Lat.  $31^{\circ} 36'$ .

*May 13th.* At six in the morning the thermometer stood at  $79^{\circ}$ . We found ourselves in Lat.  $26^{\circ}$  and Long.  $76^{\circ}$ .

*May 14th.* Early in the morning the thermometer was at  $80^{\circ}$ , and at noon at  $82^{\circ}$ . We were now sailing over shoals, so that we could clearly distinguish the whitish bottom. From time to time we could also perceive large dark spots, which were visible at a considerable distance. These were masses of sponge, and we amused ourselves by fishing for them. One of singular beauty was preserved, and will, I

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believe, be sent to the British Museum. It was like a group of serpents, of a fine purple. This colour it has not entirely lost in drying.

*May 16th.* Within sight of Cuba. We could perfectly distinguish the Havannah, and a squadron leaving the port to convoy a fleet of merchantmen. This day we passed the Tropic. I began to feel the tedious uniformity of a long voyage, and even to wish for the variety and stimulus of a little bad weather, rather than the unchangeable and cloudless blue which was the only object before our eyes. But if the tropical day is wearisome, the night affords ample compensation. The refreshing temperature, the tranquil and balmy breeze, produce the most delightful serenity of mind, a serenity only broken by the astonishment and admiration which the august and splendid spectacle afforded by the firmament excites. The equator hourly rose in increasing breadth and majesty above our heads. Every moment presented to us stars never beheld before; while on the opposite side those we had seen the preceding night were now majestically descending beneath the distant horizon. The ocean presented a less sublime but scarcely less beautiful spectacle. I had often seen the sea during the warm and tranquil nights of the South of Europe, particularly on the shores of Spain, illuminated with a bright and lively light; but never did I see this phenomenon so brilliant and striking as here. Our swift vessel dashed up thousands of sparkling drops, and left behind a long track of light. Further on, the tops of the distant waves might be discerned fringed with light, or billows breaking against each other threw up a cloud of brilliant spray against the darkness.

*May 17th.* At six in the morning the thermometer stood at 82°. We had the good fortune to-day to catch some fish; one, which was larger than the dorey, equalled it in beauty. When dying, its skin exhibited an infinite variety of colours. The *albicoa*, which is excellent for the table, is a most beautiful fish. Lastly, our anatomical skill was put to the proof by an enormous sea-hog.

*May 22d.* As we drew near the land of rain the sky began to be darkened, and on our nearer approach the weather was cloudy, rainy, and cold. The shore presents a wretched and barren appearance. It has no trees, and the few naked stems that cover it are intermingled with whitish streaks of bare rock or sterile sand. The wind was fresh and the anchorage insecure, and we were forced to coast along during the rest of the day and night.

*May 23d.* As we passed the bar of Tampico the captain pointed out to me the fort by which it is defended. I could not form an exact notion of this admirable fortress at such a distance, but I should certainly have taken it for a few miserable fishermen's huts. This evening we anchored under the fort, and a little way from the bar. The force and rapidity of the current of the river is gradually diminished by the resistance offered to it by the sea till it reaches a point where the force is so exactly balanced that there is scarcely any perceptible motion. At this spot the waters of the river have deposited a bank of clay in the form of an horse shoe. This bank formed by the river Panuco is called the bar of Tampico, and renders the entrance to the river impracticable to large vessels, and difficult even to small ones. As soon as we had anchored we fired a gun as a signal to the pilot to come out to us. The right of pilotage is the exclusive property



of an individual, to whom it is sold by government; no one can pass the bar without his assistance, or without paying him four *duri*. You will of course see how unfavourable such a monopoly is to commerce, which has indeed already suffered from it. As the pilot has but two boats, and there are often several vessels waiting to cross the bar, it follows that they waste their power in calling him in vain, and whatever be the urgency of their business they must wait his pleasure. After a considerable delay we saw a point in the distance which we soon discovered to be a little black boat of a somewhat more horrible aspect than that which crosses the Stygian ferry; on its nearer approach it offered to our astonished eyes a dozen animals whom I was at a loss to class, but who were described to me as a mixture of Negroes, Samboes, Mestizoes, and Indians. Whatever they were, their countenances were truly horrible; there was a mingled expression of melancholy and ferocity which rendered them painful to look at. Their colours were of several indefinable dark shades, and the clothes of those who were clothed at all consisted of a short shirt. In short, give each of them a pair of bat's wings, and I would defy Michael Angelo to people the infernal streams with more dreadful figures.

One of our party being slightly ill, it was determined to remain on board till the 26th.

*May 26th.* We intended taking a sketch of the mouth of the river and the fort by which it is defended, but we were cautioned not to write, still less to draw, in the sight of the suspicious inhabitants, who already regarded us with rather an evil eye. This was a great mortification to me: not that this view could have any merit as a work of art, but I wished to show you the entrance to this new and extraordinary part of the globe. I am afraid you would have found it difficult to give credit to my pencil, and would have thought me so poor an engineer as to take a hen-coop for a fortress. I cannot however resist trying by words to give you some faint idea of this most singular fort. On the right bank of the river the engineer has exhausted the stores of his science and skill, and has placed his *chef d'œuvre*, which consists of the following details:—

1st. Four old trunks of trees, in the selection of which considerable time and labour seem to have been bestowed. Any more twisted, knotty, and irregularly formed, I should think it difficult to find. They are stuck in the earth so as to support a rude sort of lattice-work, or hurdle, upon which a nearly naked soldier mounts guard. He scrambles up to his post by means of a ladder of a construction suitable to the rest of the works.

2d. Two or three huts constructed of canes stuck in the earth vertically, and connected by others placed horizontally at such distances that the interior of the buildings may be easily seen through the interstices. These walls are surmounted by magnificent bomb-proof roofs of dry palm leaves. One of these huts surpasses the others in splendour, being plastered over with mud; this serves as a custom-house.

3d. A few fascines, ill made and worse distributed, which imperfectly conceal four or five rusty old cannon placed in a low and inconvenient situation. The garrison is composed of thirty half-naked soldiers.

Equal labour and skill have not been bestowed on the defence of the left bank of the river, which is guarded by fifteen men only. We were detained some time at the principal fort, while our trunks were brought on shore and placed in the canoes in which they were to be conveyed up the river. An officer, distinguished from the rest by being a little more clothed, took an inventory of our effects; during which I employed myself in reconnoitring the country. It was of a kind powerfully to excite the emotions caused by the sight of nature and men under a perfectly new aspect. I felt that I was indeed in America, a feeling which New York did not at all convey to me.

The canoes were now ready, and we embarked in the best of them. Two Indians were placed in each to navigate them, and a third, armed with a musket, to prevent smuggling. In navigating this sort of vessel, which, as you know, is made of the trunk of a single tree hollowed, the Indians do not row, they use a long pole, at the end of which is fixed a flat board; they stand upright, and leaning their backs against the pole, urge on their little vessel by means of the resistance of the water to the flat board. This appears a painful sort of labour for the back. They must also be extremely careful to stand upright and steady, as a very slight inclination would be sufficient to upset the canoe. It is difficult to describe the powerful and varied impressions I received in ascending the river. My astonishment increased every moment at the novelty of all the objects which offered themselves to my view, and I was too much absorbed in them to perceive the intense and increasing heat. A little way up we saw a monkey quietly drinking at the stream; he darted into the trees with incredible speed the moment he saw us. The banks of the river were adorned by a singular tree which the Indians call Mangel. It is the *Rizophora Mangle* of botanists, and one of the caprices of nature. The branches of this tree send out numerous little boughs, some of which are furnished with leaves, and others falling perpendicularly seem eagerly to seek the water, for which they have a strong affection; as soon as they reach it they send forth roots, which fix themselves in the bottom and become in their turns so many trunks. The banks of the river have consequently the appearance of colonnades, under which, sheltered from the scorching rays of the sun, an infinity of the beautiful aquatic birds called by naturalists *ardea*, are seen seeking their prey. Some of these equal the swan in the delicate whiteness of their plumage, and even surpass it in elegance of form; some are of a beautiful rose colour, and some of other colours. Our boatmen (*canoeros*) kept near the shore that they might lean their poles against the ground and so lessen their fatigue. We were thus enabled to see the banks covered with two kinds of lobsters, the one of a fine vermillion red, the other blue. We saw also a cloud of beautiful butterflies of every conceivable hue.

The scene changed in a moment, and a magnificent forest arose crowning the shore, which, low and muddy before, was now converted into a precipitous rock. Amid the interwoven branches of its trees sported innumerable birds, some of which display astonishing skill in the structure of their nests. They are in the form of a long purse, at the bottom of which are deposited the eggs; a hole left near the top serves as a door, but it is placed on the side in order that the rain may



not penetrate through it. The nest is attached by a few threads to the extremity of the most slender twigs, so as to be inaccessible to beasts or reptiles. From time to time we saw near us some dark object which we soon discovered to be one of the tortoise or alligator tribes, some of them of enormous size.

The river Panuco, which I was told was navigable for canoes fifty leagues above its mouth, abounds in fish, which are frequently seen leaping above the surface, when they are caught by the numerous pelicans which are found on its shores. After we had proceeded some way, we left on our right a branch of the river on which is situated the village of Pueblo Nuevo de Tampico. It has a cheerful appearance from its beautiful situation, and from some of its houses being whitened. We were at too great a distance to see whether all was gold that glittered, but subsequent observation leads me to believe that my imagination outstript the reality. At the meeting of the two streams were anchored two small, old, and broken *golettas*, which serve as guard ships, and are not in a condition to be employed on any other service. The tricoloured republican banner, green, white, and red, floated upon them. These colours are said to signify independence, religion, and union. In the midst is painted an eagle resting on a plant of nopal and holding a serpent in its claws.

As we proceeded, the stream became more winding and narrow; its shores are all formed of the deposit of oyster-shells and other *testaceæ*, which in some places form banks of a considerable height. Upon one of these is built a hut where we were to sign some paper which had been given us at the custom-house. I took advantage of this momentary delay to climb the bank, and thus obtained a wider horizon. My curiosity was amply repaid; the view from this little height was delightful; the whole lagune is visible, and in the distance, Pueblo Viejo de Tampico, towards which we were steering our course.

Pueblo Viejo is a collection of wretched huts scattered here and there on the banks of the lagune; the shore rises behind it, and is covered with grass and trees; the whole aspect of the place bespeaks great poverty. When, after long delay, the officer had found his spectacles and looked over this same paper, which he was an immense time in doing, we proceeded on our voyage. We entered the lagune and immediately came in view of Pueblo Viejo; in passing before it we saw the market, which is close to the river, and forms a miserable sort of mole. The Indians come down to the river and lie alongside it in their canoes, whence they carry on their traffic. A little way from the market is the house of the consul of the United States, the best in this part of the country. We here moored our little bark, after a most delicious voyage of four or five hours. The priest of the village and a sort of custom-house officer were to attend, the former to examine our books, the latter our other effects. The reverend father however did not make his appearance, and the other gentleman, in the act of clenching five or six *scudi*, acquired an acuteness of vision which enabled him to see through our closed trunks that they contained nothing contraband. One of our party accepted the offer of the vice-consul to remain in his house; the rest proceeded to the lodging prepared for us.



One glance is sufficient to give a pretty accurate idea of the whole village, as all its houses are alike; they invariably consist of two distinct apartments, one of which is the sitting-room and the other the kitchen. The first differs from the second in being more spacious, and sometimes plastered with mud: the second is of precisely the same style of architecture as the buildings at the fortress. These dwellings are so transparent that they ought rather to be called cages than houses; they are so entirely pervious to the weather, and so wretched in every respect, that they are inferior to the meanest Irish hovels.

In crossing the piazza we saw a party of fifty Indians roofing the cathedral with palm leaves; the whole party set out howling and hissing in the most deafening manner. This we found was intended as a mark of respect and courtesy towards us. The church is of a piece with the rest of the buildings.

The village of Pueblo Viejo has suffered greatly from a fire which, a short time since, destroyed about sixty of the best houses.

We were now at our inn: a black woman from San Domingo keeps this inn, which is a great blessing to Europeans; they can live there in a manner somewhat agreeable to their habits, which are not unknown to the good negress. She lived some time in New York and New Orleans, and is a better cook than we expected to find. In the afternoon we went in a body to solicit a passport of the commandant, whom we found extremely disagreeable and troublesome; he received us unceremoniously, I may say rudely, in slippers and a nightcap, without a cravat, and as stiffly erect as an Egyptian statue. He surveyed us very deliberately, and then with the voice of one who thought himself entitled to command, he asked us who we were; as soon as we had satisfied his curiosity on this head, he said, "Where is the captain of the ship which brought you hither?" "On board," replied one of us. "And why does he not make his appearance before me?" This, as you perceive, was a puzzling question, but he soon relieved us from our difficulty by uttering these most significant words, "I would have you know that I had already given orders for your arrest. It is rumoured here that you come for other purposes than those you announce, and this captain, who does not choose to show himself, might land Spaniards in the same manner, &c."

A gentleman in the service of the American consul at length succeeded, by his courteous manners, in calming the fury of this irascible commandant. He acknowledged that our captain had inadvertently been guilty of a great omission, but assured him that we were all respectable men, and perfectly peaceful in our intentions, of which he might convince himself by perusing the letters we offered for his inspection. He deliberated for a few moments and then told us to return to-morrow, when he would consider what was to be done. We left his house somewhat confused and humiliated at a reception so different from what we had expected.

It was true that a rumour had got abroad that we were come to subvert the present order of things, and our most common instruments were converted by the imaginations of the people into implements of war.

In the evening I visited the market, where I bought some *lapotes*

*chicos*, a fruit which in its form and colour resembles our medlar, but far excels it in flavour. The taste is so sweet and delicate that I know not to what to compare it.

*May 26th.* We remained at Pueblo Viejo, and I availed myself of this opportunity of seeing the environs; I climbed the most elevated spots, and penetrated into thick forests which appear coeval with the world. I seemed to be wandering in a botanic garden richer than any I had ever beheld, and every plant, every blade of grass, reminded me that I was indeed in a New World.

The parrots made the air resound with their importunate cries, and many other birds which were strange to me, attracted my admiration by their extreme beauty. The confidence with which they suffered me to approach them was very striking; they do not as yet see in man their most formidable enemy. On reaching a little eminence called La Mira, I fancied myself transported into an enchanted garden; this little hill commands the whole subjacent plain, the beautiful lagune, the magnificent forests, and the course of the river to its most distant windings; the opposite mountains, tinged with lovely and harmonious colouring, terminated the most astonishing view I ever beheld. But my delight was not without alloy, whilst I stood "*estatico per nuova meraviglia*," a swarm of insects, of which this wood is literally full, had covered me from head to foot; I should not so soon have been sensible of this, had not some little red ants taken care to remind me of their presence. The most disgusting of the insects which abound here is that called the *garrapato*; it buries its head and fore legs in the skin, where it remains, and sometimes for a month afterwards causes swelling accompanied with indescribable irritation.

On my return to our inn in the evening, I found a French lady of about fifty, and exceedingly ugly; she spoke almost every language in the world, and was, according to her own representation, the most intimate friend of all the great ladies in the four quarters of the globe. She had just travelled by land from California, where a friend and fellow traveller of hers had died; she had passed, thus unprotected, through regions inhabited by cannibal tribes, accompanied only by an Indian girl, whose brother had been eaten. We were joking about the way of spending our evening, and one of us proposed going to the theatre: to our infinite surprise and amusement, she told us that there actually was a theatre at Pueblo Viejo, that the manager gave himself out for the first musician at the court of Madrid, and that there was to be a performance that very evening; she was tired and would not go, but I was too eager to know what sort of thing the theatre of Pueblo Viejo could be, to hesitate for a moment. I was conducted to a shed, constructed in the same style as the others, at the door of which was placed a table with a candle upon it, and a boy who stood yawning and waiting for the arrival of spectators. "You are the first," said he, "and it is very late." "Well, I will come again." I returned in half an hour, and found, to my great regret, that there would be no performance, there being, unfortunately, no audience. The boy said the people were all gone to the fête of Pueblo Nuevo. I was determined, if possible, to see the theatre, and I entered boldly. The pit is open to the heavens, the walls are formed of canes covered with leaves, and the stage and scenery as wretched



as can be imagined. The *prima donna*, who, if she was nothing else, was at least a white, stood in her little room divesting herself of the sock, or buskin, and of all her splendours: I bowed to her, and the meagre appearance of her face strongly inclined me to invite her to supper.

Very few old people are to be seen at Pueblo Viejo, the fever and other maladies incident to the climate save its inhabitants from the evils of old age.

*May 27th.* Our caravan set out with above forty mules either for the saddle or for burthen. We were divided into two bodies; the first, which might be called the *état major*, set out first: the second, of which I was one, remained to escort the baggage. After an hour's ride we passed Tampico, which lay on our left. Tampico is built in the usual style of magnificence, but from the beauty of its situation and the whiteness of most of the houses, it has a more cleanly and cheerful appearance than Pueblo Viejo. The road still lay through the lovely botanic garden which I have already mentioned, and almost every step disclosed some object which awakened our wonder and admiration. The perfect silence which reigned among us, a silence only broken by an occasional exclamation of surprise, sufficiently marked the state of all our minds.

The few hours' march in the first day's journey passed rapidly; it was only half-past one, P.M. when we arrived at Los Ranchos de las Tortugas. The Indians call their cabins *Ranchos*, and designate a collection of them by the name of the place near which they are erected. The miserable hut of one of these poor people, upon whose hospitality we had thrown ourselves, served us as a place of rest; or rather not the hut, which would have been too small, but a sort of shed adjoining it, which usually served as a place of shelter to the cattle, and was entirely open on the four sides. Our dinner was soon prepared, and, thanks to the provident care of one of our party, it was an European dinner. Whenever we were in situations which afforded nothing to eat, we had recourse to two miraculous tin cases which had been prepared in New York, and which never failed to yield us excellent provision. The air having been exhausted from them they were hermetically sealed; nothing was wanted but hot water to prepare for us a luxurious repast of fish, fresh as if just from the sea, delicious poultry, meat, &c. I could not help being struck by the fastidiousness and prejudice of the lower classes of England; the artisans of our party turned up their noses at this unaccustomed sort of food, and at our humble lodging, while their superiors, many of whom often had fared so much worse in the heart of Europe, thought themselves remarkably well off.

The remains of an idol of rudely sculptured stone has just been discovered; I send you a sketch of it with a scale of English feet. It is probable that this spot had been consecrated ground, as it united all those features which are usually found combined in the places selected by savage nations for the celebration of their religious rites. We were on the summit of a gentle eminence, near which were a forest and a spring. There was nothing picturesque in the situation, for the Indians always fix their habitations on a level spot, which they industriously clear of every tree and bush, so as to leave it entirely bare,



As soon as it was dusk we perceived small floating lights in the air, which appeared for a moment, and then were lost. They were fire flies, and as the darkness increased the appearance was extremely beautiful. I gave chase to some of these insects to satisfy the curiosity of those of our party to whom they were new. On examination I found them very different from the fire flies of Italy; they are not properly flies, as those are, but *scarabæi*, and their light is not situated in the abdomen, but on the sides of the thorax. This light also, instead of being pale and yellowish, is blue, and very brilliant. I remember one summer evening in the south of Europe, after a heavy shower, to have seen a cloud of fire flies hovering over a field of rye; they appeared like a golden veil agitated by the wind, or rather like a waving sea of light.

*May 28th.* This day the care of the baggage devolved upon me, and when it pleased our muleteers we set out. I have just made the discovery that there are too many parrots in this country; their hoarse and discordant clamours are very annoying: at this season they are always seen in pairs, and in the numerous flocks of them which flew past us, I observed that the pairs were always distinct. To complete the discord, a most abominable sort of cricket never ceased for one instant to persecute our ears. But these were light afflictions compared to those in store for us; the sky was cloudy, and a most violent rain soon began to fall; it accompanied us to the end of our day's journey, the Rancho de Bicin, where we all arrived wet and grumbling. The road was rendered almost impassable by the rain, and an infinity of little brooks, swelled into sudden importance, intercepted our way at every step. The country happily afforded some compensation, and I forgot all inconveniences in the varied scenes through which we passed; one while our road lay through a grove of cedars, then through a wood of lofty canes, covered with light foliage and planted in the most curious and artificial manner. Nearer to Bicin the scene changes again, and is adorned with palms; these palms are like the *Chamærops humilis* which grows in the south of Spain, and which the Spaniards call *palmito*. The *palmitos*, however, are not armed with thorns as these are, nor indeed do I remember ever before to have seen a tree that was. On our way we met some Indians, going to Tampico to sell pine-apples (*ananas*;) I bought some, and found them very superior to those of Europe or of New York. They are certainly among the things one may be permitted to regret in leaving America.

The master of the house at which we stopped had an appearance truly patriarchal; it was impossible to look at him without veneration. He was a fine robust old man, and wore a snow-white shirt over a pair of trowsers of equal whiteness. His long grey hair fell upon his shoulders, and, as he stood with his head raised and his mouth half open to speak to us, I thought him the most beautiful specimen of age I had ever beheld. He received us with exquisite and dignified politeness, and left the most favourable impression on every one of our party. Our venerable host had gathered some hearts of the palm-tree which he set before us; they are like the artichoke in flavour, only more agreeable. I was told that this was a highly esteemed dish in Mexico.

The Indians of these parts drink *guarapo*, a beverage made of sugar, which they call *panela*, and maize flour, fermented. The plain in which the Rancho is situated is by no means picturesque.

*May 29th.* The rain continued all day; the face of the country is here very uniform; it is one continued grove of palm-trees, and this tree is not, like the date-palm, of a beautiful form, but a bare trunk with a ragged tuft at the top; there is no harmony in its proportions, and, what is worse, no variety. We passed near Los Esterillos and Cachel, which consist of a few poor huts. In the midst of the plain we were traversing, rises the Pico del Rancho Nuevo; it is not very lofty, but remarkable for being completely isolated. From its summit you command an immense extent of country; it would be a most interesting station for geodetical operations. At half a league from this hill lies the Rancho de Buena Vista, where we intended to pass the night; our guide had been talking to us all day of the beautiful view we should enjoy from thence, and accordingly when we reached the spot every body exclaimed, how fine! how beautiful! It appeared to me, however, that they all mistook their own sensations, and confounded the beautiful with the surprising. You may perhaps be able to judge from description whether the *coup d'œil* before us deserved to be called beautiful. The Rancho de Buena Vista is situated on a hill from which you behold an unbounded extent of country covered with palms,—a sea of palms, in short. This tedious uniformity is not broken by a single road, nor a single habitation, except in the instance of Rancho Nuevo, which lies like an island in the middle, and a few mountains which mingle with the clouds in the distant horizon. The imagination may indeed suggest what this country might become, and may diversify it with towns, villages, roads, and all the traces of cultivation, but it shrinks from a boundless expanse, which shows so clearly the poverty and sloth of its possessors.

The master of the house was just mounting his horse at the moment of our arrival; he had a long sword at his girdle, and his surly and insolent manner of receiving us, sufficiently proved his martial habits. He granted us hospitality with evident reluctance, and I have no doubt would have refused it if he had dared to offer open resistance to so large a party; he did actually refuse to procure us the slightest refreshment or accommodation, and would not even sell us a fowl, although he had them in abundance. One of our party placed him in a distressing dilemma by giving him his choice of a glass of wine or one of brandy; he deliberated, smiled, and at length decided for the former. As soon as he was gone, his wife, who was more civil, as women always are, gave us the best accommodation in her power. The night we passed was such as to exceed all my powers of description; the house was too small to admit of our swinging our hammocks, so that almost all of us lay down in our cloaks. Not the army of Xerxes, not that of the Myrmidons, equalled in numbers the swarm of garrapatos which poured down upon us. I passed the night without closing my eyes, in vain attempts to repel their attacks, and impatiently awaited the approach of morning. This formidable insect, which occupies so important a post in creation, has the terrible property of being invulnerable. It is very nearly of the same form and size as a bug, but its skin is so hard that it is useless to attempt to



crush it to death; and like the leech, which "*non missura cutem nisi plena cruoris*," if left adhering to the skin is so greedy of blood, that it sucks till it is swelled like a pea, and either dies of the surfeit or falls from its excessive weight. Early in the morning the master of the house returned, and I heard him making a violent noise, though I know not what about; he drew his sword, and uttered the fiercest defiance to all our muleteers.

*May 30th.* We were accompanied by the usual rain; the road was of course very bad. When I say road, I must beg you not to attach the ordinary signification to that word, but to understand that I mean a ditch, a furrow, a trench, a something which has the advantage of serving occasionally in the double capacity of road and river. After an hour and a half's march, we arrived at the torrent of Chicayan, which in dry weather is without water, but which the rains of the several preceding days had swoln to a considerable size. To pass it with a single canoe would have taken more time than we liked to spare. The torrent and Rancho of Chicayan form a most beautiful and picturesque view, the first I had seen which strongly tempted me to draw. The rain, which fell incessantly, rendered this impossible. The unloading all our baggage and unharnessing our beasts, in order that they might swim the stream, occupied so much time that we could get no further in this day than to Los Alacranes Ranchos, situated at about an hour's ride from the torrent. Here we accordingly determined to halt; the mistress of the house was very clever, and much more polished than any of her predecessors on the road. The master was a civil good sort of a man; they gave us leave to pass the night under a shed like that I have described at Las Tortugas, and were perfectly willing to lend us any assistance in their power.

At some distance from the house I found an enormous mound of earth of a semi-circular form, so regular that it is evidently a work of art. I leave it to the learned to discover whether this be a sepulchral monument, an altar, &c. Some Indian lads were exercising themselves there in throwing the *lasso*. They acquire such dexterity in this sport that they infallibly catch any animal in its course, whatever be its speed and strength.

As soon as we were in bed, our muleteers began a serenade; it consisted of extempore compliments to us, sung after the Spanish fashion, and accompanied on an old guitar which they had found in some corner of the house. They were getting into good humour as they approached the *tierra fria*, as they call the mountainous country. They have an extreme aversion to the *tierra caliente*, and great fear of the diseases with which it abounds.

*May 31st.* The country begins to be rather hilly, and as the Indians prefer the mountainous districts to the low ground, we saw more of their dwellings. We passed the Ranchos de San Rafael, de los paderones, del pavillon, de los huevos, de los potreros, and some others, before we arrived at the village of Tantoyuca.

The population of this village is not exclusively Indian, and at some distance from it we were struck by the partial cultivation of the hills, and by the improvement in the roads. These were clear indications of a better population, for in all the country we had traversed we had



not seen the least trace of cultivation. I had already remarked that the natives had very little curiosity; I had here a most convincing proof of this fact: I was with the second detachment, and I asked all whom I met, or saw sitting at the doors of their houses, in what direction *unos caballeros*, who must have passed that way, had gone. They scarcely appeared to be conscious whether they had seen them or not, and all replied that they had probably stopped at *la casa del comun*, pointing to a roof somewhat more elevated than the others. On my arrival at this house, I found they had taken up their lodging there. The *casa del comun* is a hut built at the expense of the town, and is destined to receive travellers *gratis*. The person to whom it is entrusted lives in an adjoining hut, which he has rent-free on condition of taking care of the whole. Sometimes, indeed, this situation becomes very lucrative, from the numerous presents he receives. The present occupant is too lazy, however, to gather a few palm leaves to repair the roof, which is going to ruin. Certainly these good people have no passion for work. There is a school in Tantoyuca, the master of which has the best house in the place. There are also a few shops and a church, which is the first edifice I have seen built of stone and mortar. We went to see it, and I was struck with the astonishment betrayed by some of my companions who had never been in a Catholic place of worship before. It certainly does offer to the veneration of the people some of the most extraordinary images I ever saw, dressed in a manner which makes it difficult to look at them with composed features. The population dependant on this parish is about 5000 souls, but the place itself does not contain much above three hundred. The language of the Indians is the Guastigo. I had abundance of most delicious pines here, very cheap, plantains which differ from the *figus banana* in being larger and less sweet, guava jelly, and *ahuocates*. This fruit, which is a favourite dish with the natives, is eaten either with boiled meat, or simply with a little salt. I confess that it did not please me at all. It is very insipid and has a rotten taste. The people told me that all foreigners were disgusted at it at first, but grew extremely fond of it. I can bear testimony to the former part of this assertion, but I am rather incredulous as to the sequel. I discovered at night the condition of the roof of our lodging. As I lay in bed I enjoyed the advantage of making whatever astronomical observations I liked. *A propos* of astronomy, I ought to tell you that this day at noon the sun was in our zenith.

*June 1st.* The weather continues so unfavourable, and our mules are so tired, that we are obliged to prolong our stay here.

*June 2d.* The weather appears to be clearing. Our road lies for the most part through woods; sometimes thick and shady, and sometimes skirting beautiful meadows. The rich soil asks nothing but seed from the hand of the lazy husbandman to bring forth abundant harvests, yet even that degree of culture is withheld. Every day presents us with new varieties of trees: the *ricino* is here very abundant; I broke off a branch, and, showing it to our guide, asked him what they called it, and whether they extracted the valuable oil from its seeds. "Don't touch it," said he, with an air of horror, "throw it away, it is hurtful." Its reputed qualities must be bad indeed, to have procured for it the name the natives have given it: they call it

*mala muger*. We came to the road of Huajutla, which we left on the right, then to the Ranchos of Tepatlan, and lastly to the Ranchos of Calabozo, near which runs the river of the same name. It is a torrent, and is sometimes dry. In its channel are found shells, the inside of which is very like mother-o'-pearl. The heat was now excessive, the thermometer standing at 89° in the shade. While our baggage was ferried over in two canoes, we sat down to take some refreshment in an Indian's cottage: it was built of the usual materials, but very neatly. These huts are generally square, but this was round. We were all convinced that the master, who was absent, must be one of the most industrious of his race. He sells brandy, and his wife was employed in an adjoining shed in distilling it from the sugar cane. The still was of coarse red earth and very simple.

Notwithstanding the intense heat I observed but few flies. On resuming our journey we came to a place where two roads meet; the one on the right leads to Baguta, the one on the left, which we followed, to the Hacienda de las Flores. As I was passing through a wood, two deer, of a different species from any I had seen in Europe, and of extraordinary beauty, stopped at the distance of half a pistol shot, looked steadily at me, and then plunged into the thicket. The Hacienda de las Flores is large and convenient. It is in the style of some of the country houses of Spain, and is inhabited by Señor Herrera who rents it. The land is level and extremely fertile, but nearly entirely uncultivated. The pasture is excellent, and maintains above five thousand head of cattle, two thousand of which are horses. One of the great advantages of this *hacienda* is, that it is only an hour and a half's ride from the Calabozo, which during three-fourths of the year is navigable to Pueblo Viejo. Nevertheless, as it is situated in the plain, the *tierra caliente*, it is here valued at only ten thousand *duri*, although it extends many leagues in every direction. At noon the thermometer rose to 92°.

I wish the task of describing to you this day's journey had fallen to some other pen than mine. The mountains which are now near us, and which rise before us like steps, were tinged with colours which I believe are not to be beheld under any other sky. The nearest and least elevated, now darkened by the shadows of evening, served to set off the brilliant blue of the more remote. But I should in vain labour to convey to you the slightest idea of a picture which filled me, and some of my companions, with enthusiasm. At the back of the house there is a tree which deserves mention. It is common in these woods, but I had never seen any so like the *mangle* which grows on the banks of the lagune of Tampico; its umbrageous top rests upon a grove of trunks, but it does not, like that, require the vicinity of water. Slender twigs or rather filaments shoot downwards from the highest branches, and as they approach the earth, as if impatient to attach themselves to it, they send out numerous little fibres. As soon as these take root it enlarges, and in its turn becomes a column for the support of the vast branches which rest upon it. It covered a considerable extent of ground, but I dare not assert that it equals that most remarkable *Ficus indica* which Forbes declares he saw with his own eyes, on the banks of the Nerbudda, capable of affording shelter to an army of seven thousand men.



*June 3d.* Our way lay through an atmosphere perfumed with balsamic odours; a variety of gay and beautiful birds, and of the loveliest flowers, constantly met our eyes, and above our heads was a sky of incomparable brilliancy. We saw no habitations till we came to the river Tecoloco, where the mountains rose suddenly before us, and we began to climb a very steep acclivity. My troop did not partake my raptures in this ascent, which was extremely laborious, yet I scarcely recollect to have experienced more delightful sensations. About midway, I alighted to kill a remarkably large scorpion four or five inches long. On reaching the summit we turned round and saw the whole extent of country we had passed through; the sea of palms which I told you of, with the hill of Rancho Nuevo lying in the midst like a dark speck, the Tecoloco winding through the plain at our feet, the adjacent mountains, the fertile vallies, the huts of the Indians nearly hidden in wood, the cultivated spots of maize, pine apples, and sugar cane, the villages of Huajutla, of San Domingo, &c., the whole grouped in the finest manner imagination could suggest for forming a magnificent panorama. This mountain is called La Mesa de Gohautla; the cabins which are scattered upon it are of the most wretched construction, smaller, lower, and altogether worse than any I had seen. Here I ate some *tortillas* (a sort of cake) and drank a little *pulque*, which are not precisely ambrosia and nectar; but of these I shall have occasion to speak hereafter. Our next halt was at Gohautla, an Indian village, where we were lodged at the *casa del comun*, which is smaller, but in better condition than that of Tancoyuca. The village of Gohautla is beautifully situated, the roads leading to it are good, and the houses very neat. The Indians who inhabit the mountains are more industrious than those we have seen. Adjoining the *casa del comun* is the house of the man who has the care of it; he was making soap, but left his occupation to assist us in cooking. The *alcalde* or *gobernador*, as the Indians like better to call him, was a strange figure; he was very dark, dressed in a pair of trowsers and a shirt over them, a shabby black cap on his head, and in his hard rough hand his bâton of office. He offered us his services in the most gracious manner possible, and sold us some pine-apples very cheap. We had a boiled fowl for dinner, and with it a fruit also boiled, which was new to us, but of which I have unfortunately forgotten the name; its flavour was very like that of the fruit of certain varieties of the *nymphaea* which grow in the marshes of Italy, called by the people *castagne d'aqua* (water chesnuts). The fishermen of some very poor districts gather them and eat them cooked like the fruit in question as a great dainty. In the piazza there exist traces of a vein of iron, which might perhaps be worked with profit. Obsidian is very commonly found; the Indians use it to sharpen the points of their arrows. An American of Spanish race paid us a visit, and offered to do any thing he could for us, which turned out to be nothing; he was one of that race of *bores* so admirably described by Horace. He repeated every thing till one knew it by heart, and he attached himself in so distressing a manner to me, that in spite of a considerable degree of incivility on my part, I could not shake him off. He informed me, with affected humility, that, insignificant as he was, he had more than an hundred men under his



orders; in short that he commanded the national militia of the village. He assured me that among the numerous reptiles which infest the country there was a serpent with four mouths whose bite produced the most extraordinary and horrible effects, and related a thousand more such instructive facts. He had in his hand a green switch which seemed to be of a kind one might cut from any hedge, but, according to his account, it possessed more miraculous properties than Moses's rod. He said that water, in which the smallest piece of this had been boiled, was an infallible cure for dropsy, and that by being only held in the hand it was an effectual preservative against the bite of venomous serpents. After a long enumeration of its virtues, he concluded by saying that from the great regard he felt for me, he would consent to part with it and would actually give it me. I thanked him, but said that my mule did not require much flogging, and that if he did I preferred using spurs, and here we parted. This parish contains about four thousand souls. The soil is fertile, and the greater part of the land belongs to the community, who would sell it for very little if they could find buyers. From this place the country is called *tierra templada*.

The Indians of Gohautla have a remarkable physiognomy: aquiline noses and regular features, instead of the flat nose and thick lips of the people of the plains. They let their hair grow and turn it up over the left ear. I forgot to mention that near our habitation was the prison, which consisted of a hut built of canes, with no other attempt at strength or precaution than a wooden bar at the door. This may suffice to give you an idea of the character of these good people. The mountains we were now passing over were all either cultivated or easily cultivable; the country universally beautiful and smiling—indeed, far exceeding any description I can give of it. How much should I be tempted to write about it "*se pari al mio voler fosse l'ingegno*." I cannot refrain from laughing at the broken sentences and inexpressive exclamations which fill my Journal, and vainly wish they could convey to your mind the images they recall to mine. I know not how to assist my description of this magnificent route by comparison, since in all my wanderings I have seen nothing at all comparable to it. The scene affords varieties which no pen nor pencil can reach: the profound, the terrible, the gloomy, are rapidly succeeded by the gay, the delightful, the lovely; these again give place to the lofty, the majestic, the sublime. We passed immediately from a beautiful thicket of fragrant cedars to the thick shade of an umbrageous tree, which is covered by a parasitical plant, here called *barba spagnuola*. Its thick festoons and long pendant branches have a singularly gloomy appearance, and entwined with the gourd and the ivy form long vistas impenetrable to every ray of sun. The forests abound with a very curious tree, of whose name I am ignorant. It clings to every plant within its reach with so tenacious a grasp that it is not uncommon to see two trees of considerable size bent towards each other by its force, and still more common to see a group of trees so closely bound together as to form only one in appearance. At Los Alabrones, on the semi-circular mound I described to you, there grew a clump of beautiful trees, in the midst of which a noble palm-tree rose pre-eminent. In spite of the most careful examina-

tion I could not succeed in finding the trunk of this palm. I at length discovered that it was involved in the folds of the tree I am describing, which actually grew from its stem, and apparently was nourished by its sap. The most extraordinary phenomenon was, however, exhibited by one of these trees, which had been overthrown by the wind or by some other cause. In consequence of the ease with which it takes root, the boughs, growing along the whole length of the trunk, had struck into the earth, and become each a distinct tree; these had given out branches which had laid hold on all the nearest trees, whilst the roots had, in their turn, become branches, and had united themselves to another tree on the opposite side. We stopped some time to look at this remarkable vegetable monster. I was struck with the justice of Buffon's observation on the enlarged scale which characterises all the productions of this hemisphere: all are large and beautiful but the inhabitants. As to the women, they all appear formed on one model, which certainly Praxitiles did not furnish. I do not wonder that the first discoverers of these magnificent regions thought they had found the garden of Eden. How little did they deserve to be its possessors! After three centuries of domination, the Spaniards have left nothing behind them but an abhorred name. There is not a single monument which recalls them in the character of benefactors. They taught the inhabitants nothing but their own indolence and superstition. If a tree falls across a road no one attempts to remove it; they had rather go round about to avoid it. They wished to perpetuate the ignorance of these unfortunate people in order that they might keep possession of their riches. What have they got by it?—But I must not enter upon a subject which would lead me too far.

Our day's journey ended at Huayahual, a cluster of poor cottages on the left bank of the Garces, which afterwards takes the name of Cañada. The best of these huts served as lodging to some of our party, and the rest of us slept under the shade of the trees to which our hammocks were slung. The thermometer stood at 88° in the shade, and at 100° in the sun, and we preferred sleeping in the open air to being shut up in a low and heated cottage. The mistress of the house sat at her door weaving cotton; her loom was of the most simple construction; it consisted of two pieces of wood, upon which the warp was stretched; one of these was fixed to a nail, and the other tied across the body of the weaver; there was a stay which the poor woman was obliged to raise with her left hand whenever she wished to pass, with her right, a long reel upon which the cotton she was weaving was wound. The machinery was completed by a stick, with which she beat the woof in order to render the web as fine and even as possible.

*June 5th.* At three quarters of an hour's ride from Huayahual, we came to a cluster of houses called Cuacoyuco, where we stopped to inquire whether we were to take the road by Cuchilla, or by the Cañada. The former is over steep and rugged mountains, the latter along the course of the river Garces, and as its waters had subsided during the last few days we preferred this route. The Cañada is a great rift in a lofty mountain, between the sides or walls of which flows the little stream which seeks by frequent windings to overflow



the boundary fixed to it by either section of the bipartite mountain. It is necessary to watch every step of your mule, or you are in danger of plunging into the deposits of mud which it leaves along its banks. The badness of the road, if it deserves the name, is increased by the quantity of large loose flints, and of stumps and branches of trees with which it is strewed.

It is impossible to imagine a finer specimen of terrific beauty. The two sides of the ravine are perfectly perpendicular; they are at so small a distance from each other, and so lofty, that they exclude the view of every thing but a narrow strip of sky, and seem to threaten instant destruction to the passenger. The mountain is calcareous, and its strata, which are generally horizontal or nearly so, in some parts exhibit the effects of a sudden convulsion while the mass was not perfectly solid. They sometimes pass abruptly to perpendicular lines, in some places at distinct intervals, in others they incline gradually, and describe every kind of angle or curve. These white rocks are covered with inscriptions. I stopped to read several, and found them all by the same hand: they are the work of some enamoured Indian, and are all addressed to his fair one. In one place, he says that though the face of his Rosa is dark, her heart is white and lovely, &c. The small layers of soil interposed between the strata of rock afford nutriment to numerous plants. The greater number of these are lofty planes, which fix themselves in the crevices in an astonishing manner. The vegetation both of trees and shrubs is frequently so abundant and thriving as to clothe the perpendicular sides of the rocks from top to bottom. The most remarkable plant is a species of *cactus*, which sends up a straight stem, streaked and prickly, the ordinary diameter of which is about a foot, and the height, twenty or thirty feet. The natives call them *organos*, and when they are found in a cluster they bear no inconsiderable resemblance to the pipes of the instrument from which they take their name. Here and there the sides of the chasm are broken by deep and narrow gullies, and on the distant and rugged summits are perched, inaccessible to all appearance, the habitations of the Indians, surrounded by small patches of cultivation. At the spot where the ravine widens and forms a narrow valley, is situated the village of Tlacolula, at which we made a halt. The huts of which it is composed are almost all circular, and of a most wretched appearance. At Pueblo Viejo I had the rashness to believe that worse could not be built, but I was greatly mistaken. The huts here are no longer covered with palm leaves as those were, but with the leaves of the maize, which are very ill adapted for the purpose. The *casa del comun* was so small that it was thought expedient for us to divide into two parties; the one of which remained there, and the other proceeded to the house of the curate, which, compared to those of the Indians, is a magnificent palace. The priest was an Augustin Friar, but I thought I was entering a seraglio instead of a dwelling devoted to celibacy. He was sitting in his porch, without his shirt, and surrounded by a troop of hand-maidens, all excessively ugly, as is usual here. The priest himself was so, in the fullest sense of the word. He was too cunning to give us to understand that we were unwelcome, but the women, and especially two who seemed to be invested with some authority, put no restraint on their ill humour, and told us plainly that the

*casa del comun* was the place for travellers. It was impossible to conciliate them; they refused us the use of cooking utensils, and answered all our questions with the greatest impatience and incivility. One of our party thought he was sure to humanize them by means of a bottle of *rosolio*; but even this failed. They put it to their lips but returned it without taking a drop. At this crisis, fortunately the friar entered. He had been sitting on the steps of the church saying or affecting to say his Breviary, and stretching out his hands to be kissed by all passers by. He tasted the liquor and then offered it to his nymphs, who instantly drank some of it with evident pleasure; they returned it to him with a very significant smile. The next day was Whit-Sunday, and all the girls of the village came in a troop, each bringing a broom of leaves to clean the church; in the evening, the men came thither and sung to their rustic instruments. At night we stretched ourselves on the floor of the sitting-room in our cloaks, while the reverend father and his two chief ladies occupied the adjoining room. You can scarcely imagine the ascendancy which the priests exercise over the minds of these good Indians. Our host complains of his situation; yet the village maintains three girls to wait upon him, besides a man and his wife who are changed every week. The husband is obliged to fetch wood, water, and whatever is necessary for domestic purposes, while the woman makes tortillas and does all the work of the house. If the couple have children the parish also furnishes a girl who takes care of the little ones while the mother works. If any altercation arises between two married people, they go to the priest, tell him the origin of their quarrel, and the cause that each party has for complaint. The holy father, after admonishing them, administers a slight flogging to each; after which ceremony, the good creatures bless the hand which reconciles them, embrace cordially, and go away perfectly free from rancour. The present government, when it established equality among all the citizens of the state, deprived the priests of these privileges, and reduced them from the condition of sovereigns of their respective parishes, in which all judicial matters were decided by them and every thing was left implicitly to their *wisdom*, to a level with the rest of their community. Our astute priest, as he himself told me, communicated this act of the government to his parishioners in the following manner: "My children, a law has passed which deprives me of all the advantages which your fathers were pleased to grant me, and my right to which is hereby abrogated. By virtue of this law I am now your equal, or rather, the lowest among you. You are now citizens, and no obligation binds you to me. Take away, therefore, the persons whom you have hitherto dedicated to my service. I have no claim to them. Henceforth I shall live an obscure and humble life; I shall wait on myself, I shall go from the altar to my household labours, and the same hands which offer up the sacred and immortal sacrifice of the Host shall be employed in the most abject offices. I shall no longer be the reconciler, the man of peace among you; even this function, so dear to my heart, is no longer mine," &c. "Father," replied they, (Totachi, as the Indians call their priests,) "Father, we will never depart from the way in which our fathers trod. They taught us to serve you, and we will never cease to serve you. *We will not be Citizens, we will remain Indians.* We will always



obey you as we have obeyed you, and you shall flog us whenever we deserve it. This, oh! Father, is our determination:" and thus does this impostor continue to enjoy the advantages which he extorts from the simplicity of these innocent creatures. The village contains two hundred souls, all, as the priest told me, all, thanks to the Lord, *de razon*, which in their slang means that they are all Christians, and still more, that they can all speak Spanish. This expression is so common that the Indians themselves distinguish those among them who speak Spanish as *gente de razon*.

The government maintains here, a first or head Alcalde, and also nominates a second who is an Indian, and whom the people continue to call Gobernador, as I have before remarked. Near the house of the latter is an instrument of punishment which they call the stocks, and I shuddered in looking at it from its resemblance to a similar one in use in Hungary. This consists of two large blocks of wood, the one laid on the ground and the other upon it. In the lower are cut two grooves which cross it, and are large enough to contain the wrist, but not to let the hand pass through. In Hungary the punishment of the stocks consists in introducing the arms and legs of the sufferer into four of these grooves. The other block is then placed upon them, and the man, fastened in this barbarous manner, is beaten with sticks. I could not reconcile this kind of punishment with the character of a people who, in every other circumstance, I had found all kindness and gentleness. I was relieved on learning that they use this instrument, which they certainly did not invent, in a totally different manner from what I have described. The punishment is mere confinement by one foot, or in aggravated cases by both feet, and a fine of two bottles of wine to the Gobernador, on release. This magistrate has indeed the power to order whipping to be superadded, but it is very rarely done. When it does occur, the criminal is compelled to pay two more bottles of wine, one to each of the floggers. The inhabitants are extremely indolent, as the wretched and neglected state of their habitations sufficiently proves. They speak the Mexican language. If I may believe the priest, the land is so fertile that the only kind of culture it receives is to burn the weeds or stubble which cover its surface, and then to scatter the seed, without the aid of any implement whatever for loosening the soil. The *indigofera* grows wild all around the village, but it is perfectly neglected—no one seems to think of turning it to profit.

*June 6th.* The ladies of the house are become a little more courteous, in consequence of some presents from one of our party. We could not set out till the priest had said Mass; or, to use his expression, celebrated the bloodless sacrifice, under pain of committing, and forcing our muleteers to commit, a horrible crime in their estimation. When the hour for Mass arrived, the whole body of the authorities appeared with the Gobernador at their head, who held in his hand a large bunch of beautiful flowers ingeniously grouped and mixed with straw of various colours, the whole disposed with great elegance and taste. He presented it to the holy father, then kissed his hand and fell back, that every one might do the same. A staff and a blue cloak thrown over the shoulders are the distinctive dress and badges of his respectable body. At length the ceremony commenced. I have heard

strange doctrines and seen strange rites in my short career, but here I beheld such as

————— Da far per meraviglia,  
Stringer le labbra, ed incarcare le ciglia.

I waive all description of them, which, if it were correct, might not be discreet. I shall only add, that the service lasted rather too long for our convenience, being protracted by marriages, thanksgivings, benedictions, &c. and that I was edified by the inexhaustible spirit of devotion which I observed in the natives. Poor creatures, they knelt for two or three hours without interruption, and at some distance from the altar; a tempest of violent blows fell upon their innocent breasts, and resounded through the church, while others were assiduously crossing themselves. After Mass, the *Padre* was consulted by the whole body of the authorities on a difficult point of law, concerning a couple of fowls. I have now forgotten the precise matter in dispute, but I remember that your Lord Chancellor could not have done justice more promptly or satisfactorily. It was late before we set out, so that we could get no further this day than to Chapula, a little village on the banks of the Cañada, rather worse in appearance than the one we had just quitted, from which it is distant an hour and a half's ride. We were lodged in the *casa del comun*. I could not by any means make out the population of this village: I should suppose it to be about an hundred. The Gobernador, to whom I addressed my enquiries, answered me in a jargon composed of Greek and Latin, all that I could extract from which was, that it was not at all necessary for me to know. Probably he did not know himself, but these good Indians are so suspicious in all their intercourse with Europeans that every thing alarms or offends them; and really they have reason enough on their side. After dinner I climbed a mountain, which I found clothed with Alpine plants and flowers common in Italy. There were a great number of oaks and of pines: the bark of the latter was pierced with thousands of holes, in each of which an acorn was firmly fixed. This is evidently the work of a bird, who thus deposits its hoard against the season of scarcity. The climate here was delicious.

*June 7th.* The road presents new beauties of an ever varying character. In the beautiful forests, I saw many turkeys (*coagolotes*) in their wild state; they let us approach so near that I fired at two with my pistol, but I brought down neither. The most dangerous passage of the Cañada is called the Caracol, the fifth after Chapula, and the last (which I thought we should never reach) before Amajague. Here we left this river, more winding than the Meander. We crossed it an hundred and fourteen times, twice before Huayahual, sixty times at Tlacolula, thirty at Chapula, within the short space of one league, and twenty-two at the long desired Amajague. To complete the annoyance, another river, the Embocadero, comes in the way four times before you reach the side of the mountains, on which stands the Piñolco. The Piñolco consists of five or six houses, one of which alone deserves that name. This is of a considerable size, built of stone and mortar, and its roof covered with very thin boards, fastened one over the other with wooden pegs. On my arrival at this spot I fancied myself carried back to Europe. The climate and productions are precisely those of the Italian Tyrol: the air was



fresh, and it seemed a cool September day in that country. The soil is good and light. A wooden plough without any iron even at the plough-share is sufficient to turn it up, and this is a striking sight to a man born in a country where it is not uncommon to see four-and-twenty oxen wearied with turning up the stiff and stubborn clay.

*June 8th.* Many pieces of good well-made road. The country, scattered over with small villages and solitary dwellings, is cultivated. Our attention was frequently attracted by seeing one field of wheat ripe, and another close to it just covering the earth with a green surface. Nothing is more common here than to see the flower and the fruit on the same tree.

Not so great was the joy of the Crusaders at the first sight of the Holy City, as ours on descrying Cicualtipan; and I inwardly exclaimed with Tasso,

Ecco apparir Cicualtipan si vede,  
Ecco additar Cicualtipan si scorge,  
Ecco da mille voci unitamente  
Cicualtipan a salutar si sente.

The houses here are in the form of houses and not of mouse traps. They have doors and door-posts and windows. Many of them have two floors. The piazza is ornamented with porticos, and there are two churches, much larger and loftier than any we had seen in the country. You may think that all these things were more than sufficient to delight us with Cicualtipan. The roofs are covered with boards, like those of the Piñolco. The entrance to the town lies through orchards filled with grapes, figs, medlars, peaches, apples, elderberries, and other European fruits. The population consists of about eight thousand souls. There never passes a year without snow, which sometimes falls to the depth of two *braccia*, but it never remains long on the ground. The country here begins to take the name of *tierra fria*.

*June 9th.* Early in the morning the thermometer stood at 60°, and later in the day 68°. When we arrived at New York, the heat appeared to us insufferable at 70°; now we suffer from cold. Cicualtipan may be said to divide one world from another;—beauty from barrenness and horror. On the one side the country is all fertility and loveliness; a stone's throw on the other it is bare, rugged, and desert. This is evidently the terrible effect of volcanic eruptions or of some great convulsion of nature. The rocks, which are almost all basaltic, add to the gloom of the scene by their dark and melancholy colouring. No grass is to be seen, no vegetation but a few briars and sickly looking shrubs, stunted, thorny, and of an ugly brownish green. Nothing thrives but lichens, and fifteen or sixteen species of *cactus* which I had never seen before; both tribes of plants which love the most arid soil. I never saw nature under a more terrific and disordered aspect; every piece of rock is thrown into some strange, uncouth position. We all stood silent, struck by the awful and repulsive scene around us. The view was, however, soon enlivened by a sweet valley towards which we were descending. The small quantity of soil which rolls off the circumjacent mountains is deposited there, and forms a very narrow green stripe, through which flows the river Ocucalco. We crossed this stream, and beheld, not without pity, the

few miserable habitations on its banks. Our pleasure was very fleeting, for as soon as we had crossed this very narrow plain, we ascended mountains of the same character as those on the other side. We soon however hailed with delight the appearance of another valley more beautiful and extensive than the former, through which glides the Rio Grande. The width of this river, at the point at which we beheld it, does not exceed half a mile. The country is perfectly flat, so flat that it appears artificially levelled. How striking is this beautiful and fertile valley; how triumphantly does it smile at the foot of these sterile mountains; how brilliant is its green garment; how refreshing its thick clumps of dark green trees. These trees are principally beeches, from which are collected a great quantity of *cantharides*, remarkable for the pungent odour they give out. It would perhaps be difficult to find a more fertile spot. The maize there grows to nearly twice its ordinary height; the cotton, the esculent vegetables, the fruit trees, showed by their vigorous foilage that vegetation was here in its fullest activity. The whole valley is seen extending for several leagues, and belongs to one proprietor. The value of the estate suffers, however, considerable deduction from the nature of the river, which comes down with such force in the rainy season, that it carries away, every year, half, and sometimes the whole, of the crop. We halted not far from the village of San Pedro, which was a little out of our way, at a small cluster of neat white houses with flat terraces instead of roofs, like those of the South of Europe and of Barbary.

*June 9th.* The country is still melancholy and desert; it is indeed the land of desolation, but its wretchedness has changed its character. The ground is flat, the *cacti* have disappeared or are rarely met with, not a tree is to be seen; the short burnt grass furnishes a scanty and unwholesome food to the unfortunate cattle, who weary themselves in searching for pasture. Now and then we descried a hut, but of the obscurest kind. In the thickest of the *tierra caliente* small hillocks are frequently met with. These are the work of a large species of ant; here, on the contrary, another red species called *arieros*, levels the ground around its habitation, and leaves a circular space which looks as if made with a pair of compasses, where there is not a trace of herbage. The village of Attomilco el Grande, towards which we bent our way, is seen at a great distance. We at length arrived there, and took up our lodging. The houses are in general built of a sort of rough cast made of lime mixed with chopped straw. They have a very ugly appearance. The roofs are boarded. The church, surmounted by battlements and flanked by thick walls, strong enough to resist the pressure of the tower above it, is more like a castle than a building consecrated to religion. The Alcalde and the Curate paid us a visit. What a pair!—the former strangely dressed *à la Mexicaine*, and covered with silver ornaments, seems to be remarkably avaricious. I should have thought him a large man if he had not stood by the side of his companion, who is a perfect hippopotamus. His eyes are quite closed by fat, and from his chin depends a jowl more huge than the dew-lap of an Hungarian ox; his bull's neck surpasses that of the Farnese Hercules, and his paunch is obliged to be supported for fear of utter destruction; in short, this shapeless



mass of flesh not only cannot guide himself, but can scarcely drag his tardy words from his half-closed mouth. He complained that all the people around him were rich, and that he alone was poor: unfortunate man! fasting and sackcloth had indeed reduced him to a deplorable condition. He had, however, one quality which atoned, in my eyes, for whatever was disagreeable about him. He was an enthusiastic liberal, and an excellent patriot. In the afternoon I had an opportunity of seeing a small troop of half-naked Indian militia learning their exercise.

*June 10th.* I begin to feel that summer clothing is out of season. Our company proceeded with the utmost diligence in the examination of a country which they were all so strongly interested in finding beautiful; but which made but an ungrateful return to the common desire. At noon we made our solemn and triumphal entry into Real del Monte, or into the place where Real del Monte once existed, and where it will ere long raise its head again. I say *once existed*, because it has now the air of a village sacked by a horde of Cossacks, or of something yet more desolate. The *tempus edax* of the poets has here used his scythe with inexorable cruelty. The roofs are perforated and falling in, the walls crumbling down, and, in short, the whole village converted into a mass of ruins. The two or three habitations which are thought the best are scarcely habitable. We may, therefore, bid good bye to comforts. The causes of this decay are obvious enough. This district has no resources when the mines are not worked, which has been the case at Real del Monte for a long time past.

We were received with ringing of bells, and lodged in the house of the Count de Regla, which was a little better than the others. The people thronged to the church, and put up sincere and fervent prayers for the success of our undertaking. Before an hour had elapsed the *sacri bronzi* resounded afresh in honour of the Count himself. The news of our arrival had flown to San Javier, where he then was staying. For want of beds, we continued to sleep stretched on the ground, and wrapped each in his mantle, except two of our party, who set up their camp beds.

*June 11th.* We could bear the cold no longer, and were obliged to fortify ourselves in our winter clothes against the climate of the torrid zone. The Count de Regla insisted on our whole company going to-day to his country house. It was, however, determined that only four should enjoy this pleasure, and I had the good fortune to be "*del bel numer uno*."

The Count's country house is called the Hacienda di San Miguel. Before dinner we walked in a delightful little grove, where there was a beautiful display of fountains and jets d'eau.

*June 12th.* We visited the Hacienda de beneficio belonging to the Mines, that of Regla, of Sant' Antonio, and of San Miguel, adjoining the Count's house. The buildings upon them must have cost immense sums, but they are now in a state of decay, though not difficult to repair. They are ill-planned, and appear placed at random. The architect, whoever he was, was a sworn enemy of right lines and angles.

*June 13th.* We returned to Real del Monte, and proceeded to Pachuca, where we dined in another house belonging to the Count. Pachuca is distant only a league and a half from the Real, but totally

different as to climate,—it is considerably less cold. It rains frequently, I might almost say daily, at the Real, while it is perfectly fair at Pachuca. The white houses, with terraces on the roofs, give it the air of a Turkish village. It has two or three churches of considerable size, and two large monasteries. The Count conducted us to the best of the two, which was built by his father. In this dwell, in holy ease, twenty Franciscan friars, who can look back to the good times when there were two hundred. We were told to enter on tiptoe, as the reverend fathers were sleeping after their dinner, and we were not to disturb them. The principal, however, was awake, and came out to walk with us round a very extensive and well cultivated orchard, which supplies the monastery. He majestically drew out a number of books which had been contained with great ease in his immense sleeves, and distributed them among us. The friars are all Spaniards, except one, who is doomed to suffer their daily persecutions. These lazy beings are not much unlike the mouse in the fable, who forsook the world and all its affairs to live a hermit in the centre of a Parmesan cheese, while his companions exposed themselves to the danger of falling into the claws of the cat in endeavouring to catch hold of a scrap of rancid bacon or an end of candle. Thus do these disinterested men renounce the world, in which they have nothing, to shut themselves up in a cloister where they live on the labour of others, and, in the full enjoyment of health and strength, betake themselves to the last resource (as Sterne calls it) of the disabled and impotent—begging. In the afternoon, we took leave of those of our party who were going to Mexico, and returned to Real del Monte after launching them in an immense carriage faithfully copied from one of the first of the five hundred originally brought from Spain.

I can at present tell you little about my new abode, except that it rains every day, and that very often while you are refreshing yourselves with ices, I am cowering over the fire. I wish to reserve myself for a more full and accurate knowledge of the country before I write to you about it. I recollect nothing that remains for me to notice but the character of the Indians. So far as my present experience goes, they are all the gentlest creatures in the world; just such as they were described by Las Casas. They are not handsome, but they have nothing repulsive in their physiognomy, their black eyes are, on the contrary, expressive and interesting. They are for the most part beardless, and speak in a high shrill tone of voice. Their soft and gentle disposition is betrayed even by the turn of their expressions. Those among them who speak Spanish, universally reduce the words to diminutives. They are somewhat distrustful, but can it be wondered at that they have learned this lesson from their long and bitter experience? Their first answer is always in the negative. If you ask them for hospitality, they dare not flatly refuse you, but you may read through their embarrassment how reluctantly they grant it; if, however, you treat them with kindness, and make known to them that you are not a Gachupin, (a Spaniard) they are friendly with you, they talk and laugh, and lay open their hearts in all their simplicity and purity. Their clothing is of the simplest description, especially in the *tierra caliente*, where indeed they are nearly naked. The women are a little, and but very little more covered. In the colder regions they wear a garment, in which they



keep themselves enveloped even while at work ; this gives them a slothful and effeminate air very provoking to an European. Their fear of molestation causes them to prefer the mountains to the plains, and even to select the most remote and inaccessible spots amid the rocks. Nor is this all ; they take care to hide their dwellings among the trees, and to render the approach to them as intricate as possible. If, "*fra i molteplici errori labirintei*," you succeed in discovering the retreat, all the women run out of the house on your approach and hide themselves in the adjacent woods ; you, however, have nothing to dread from them. How forcibly was I struck with the contrast between these people and the insolent Arabs. If you meet them with a load of fruit or any other produce and ask them to sell you some, they manifest great reluctance to do so, from their fear of being cheated, but they dare not refuse, because in that case a law passed by their tyrants authorizes you to seize the whole, without payment. Human nature is bad enough in every form and colour, but the white part of it is certainly the worst. The Indians are great lovers of peace and repose, and are just now much annoyed by the introduction of the conscription. The military life is not at all congenial with their taste and habits. On our road, our most delicate instruments were carried by an Indian. When we arrived at Cicualtipan he disappeared, leaving us all in a state of the greatest anxiety ; from this we were soon relieved by a messenger whom he sent to tell us that he had escaped and hidden himself, for fear of being enrolled. What, thought I, could this unfortunate being lose by being a soldier ?—his day is passed in carrying heavy loads, he lives poor and goes naked ; nevertheless he prefers his hard but tranquil existence to the tumultuous life of a soldier, though affording greater means of enjoyment. They dislike labour, and are extremely averse to innovation. Every thing in their condition remains just as it was at the discovery of America, or indeed in some respects is much worse. The strongest obstacle to their improvement, next to the tyranny of the Spaniards, is that they are accustomed to live on almost nothing. Where the wants are so few, the useful arts must of necessity be regarded with indifference or repugnance. They sleep upon a bench if they have one, or on the ground. The most opulent among them have no other clothing than a square piece of cloth with a slit in it to admit the head. Their food consists of tortillas with some sort of fruit, and their drink of pulque, of which they are excessively fond. All these may be obtained with a very small degree of exertion. Tortillas are made by steeping the maize in hot water and sprinkling over it a little powdered lime to facilitate the maceration. When it is sufficiently soft, they wash it and grind it upon a stone, slightly concave, called *metate*, with a cylinder of the same material, called *meclapil*, which they hold by the two extremities ; these stone implements are usually basaltic. This work is performed entirely by the women, who are employed in it the greater part of the day. They do it kneeling, in the same manner as cacao is ground in Italy, to make chocolate. They have at hand some lighted coals, over which is laid a large thin plate of baked earth. As soon as they have ground the paste to a proper consistency, they take a piece of it and beat it between their hands till they have reduced it to a very thin cake, which they lay on the hot earthen plate to bake. They are very expert in turning it

while they continue to prepare others for baking. The tortillas are really very good, especially with the addition of a little salt. Pulque is extracted from a species of aloe called the *magey*. Nothing more is necessary to obtain the juice than to pierce the plant when it has attained the proper age: it flows in such abundance that one of these plants sometimes yields as much as a hundred and forty bottles per day. The liquid is then put into a bullock's hide, fastened up to a shed by the four corners in such a manner as to leave it hollow in the middle; here the fermentation takes place, and the process is thus completed. It would not be an unpleasant drink, if it did not contract from the hide a smell and taste of putrid flesh extremely disgusting to us Europeans; they, on the contrary, esteem the pulque delicious, exactly in proportion to the strength of this flavour. Their avidity for this drink is perfectly incredible: at Mexico the duty on the importation of it into the city amounted to 5,200 *duri* per day. The Spanish government, in its great wisdom, once conceived the project of prohibiting the use of it altogether, but the peaceable Indians, whom no other injury could move, were roused by this, and mutinied, so that the government was obliged to relinquish its intention.

I have already told you that they are almost entirely devoid of curiosity. The display of our instruments, which in any part of Europe would be sufficient to collect hundreds of persons around us, was here beheld with the utmost indifference. The barometers were the only things which they seemed to wish to know any thing about. This desire was excited by the strict charges which had been given to the man who carried them, to whom we exaggerated their value and delicacy in order to enhance his care. I was as much puzzled to answer their questions as they to understand my answers. They are perfectly honest, and scrupulously respect the property of others. On our way we met a stray hen, at a considerable distance from any habitation: "Take it," said one of our party to an Indian. "No, sir," replied he, "it belongs to somebody." "Well, if the owner enquires for it, you can restore it." The Indian hesitated a long time, at last he took it and carried it home with him. "Behold," said I, "the first fruits of an European lesson in morals."

The dress of the higher classes, the equipments of the horses, the spurs, &c. are exactly on the pattern of those in use in the time of Cortes.

I say nothing about the political state of the country, because I esteem it one of the great advantages of my present situation to know nothing of the politics of any part of the world. I send you, however, a copy of the political constitution of Mexico. I have only glanced at it, but it appears to me taken from that of the United States, with the exception of some of the worst articles of the Spanish constitution. Among these is the fourth, by which, in the teeth of the declaration contained in the second, the nation is made a slave and a dependant on the court of Rome.

I have given you no details as to the length, direction, &c. of the roads, knowing that you would, if you desired it, be soon put in possession of the most accurate information on those points. Some observations have been made with a view to correct the map we brought from England, which we found utterly false and useless. I have not



encumbered my journal with any botanical details, as the names of the plants I know are few indeed, compared with the number perfectly new to me. My opportunities of drawing have been very few, but I hope to have more hereafter.

I cannot conclude without again entreating your indulgence in favour of these hasty and desultory remarks. Remember how little can be accurately observed or recorded by a man who traverses a country, riding from the break of day to evening, making no longer stay than may just suffice to satisfy the demand for food and sleep, and often passing the whole day under torrents of rain, which destroy both the will and the power to observe. As to the garb in which they appear before you, I have only to say that I have never had time to copy or correct them, and that I am fully aware of their total want of claim to literary merit.

*Real del Monte, July 16, 1824.*

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#### THE OPERA.

WE thought last year that matters were pretty nearly at the worst at the King's Theatre, but we were in a great error, for the proprietor has, by a vigorous effort, made a surprising progress from bad to worse, and shown us how much could be accomplished in the way of deterioration by management. With an industry which cannot be sufficiently admired, this Theatre has been weeded of all its attractions during the period of its recess. The lovely Madame Ronzi di Begnis, Caradori, Ronzi Vestris, and Remorini, have all disappeared: the recruits are Signora Bonini and Madame Cornega in the Opera, and Mademoiselle Brocard and M. Coulon in the Ballet. Signora Bonini is recommended by past excellence; she *has been* a good singer, at least such is the general surmise. Madame Cornega is younger, and promises, we think, to become a favourite. There is something particularly pleasing, as it strikes us, in her style; but we have heard her only once, and therefore do not care to commit ourselves to a decided opinion on her merits. Signora Bonini plays the part, filled last season by Caradori, in Meyerbeer's *Crociato*, and Cornega has that of Mademoiselle Garcia, who is fortunately in America. The *Crociato* is the only opera that has as yet been performed; and we have not the slightest idea how any other popular opera can be produced with the present company, for Madame Cornega cannot take the first parts, as she has not the necessary power, and Signora Bonini ought not to take them, because her days of power appear to be passed. The male characters may be better supported than the female, but Remorini's loss will here be felt, and the more grievously because that huge *bore* Porto is to supply his place. All things considered, nothing can be more gloomy than the present aspect of affairs at the Opera; and the promised advent of the incomparable Pasta in the spring, and the rumoured return of the charming Ronzi di Begnis at the same period, are the only prospects which we can contemplate with pleasure.

Velluti is the manager of the Opera this year. We cannot say that we anticipate any happy results from his management. A foreigner who has been so short a time in our country, can hardly be

supposed to understand our tastes, and to know how to provide for their gratification.

In the autumn a morning paper published a paragraph, calling upon Sir George Warrender, and Lord Burghersh, in the most earnest and pathetic terms, to woo M. D'Egville to accept the office of Ballet-master. When we read this piece of quackery, we were perfectly well assured that M. D'Egville required no wooing at all, and that the honourable courtship imposed on Sir George Warrender and Lord Burghersh, was suggested merely in order to give *éclat* to M. D'Egville's appointment, which we regarded from this moment as a settled thing, and from the same period we laid our account with having the worst of all possible ballets, and consequently we have experienced no disappointment. Soon after the matter had thus been broken, it was stated that M. D'Egville had *consented* to accept the office of Ballet-master, and then the frequent puff appeared, announcing that we were to be blessed with such a ballet this year as we had never been blessed with before; that a corps of beauties had been imported to supersede the old timber-toed folks, and that the dancing was altogether to be put on what the French would call a most superb footing.

After all these flourishes, the season commenced with a new ballet, by M. D'Egville, called *Justine, ou La Cruche Cassée*, the most wretched, meagre thing we ever beheld within the walls of this theatre. We looked in vain for the new dancers, who have been for months figuring in the newspapers; we saw only Mdlle. Brocard, and Coulon. Mdlle. Brocard has a pretty face, and a light, pretty figure, and she is altogether a pretty dancer—more we cannot say. M. Coulon is one of the most ungraceful dancers of the day; his style is essentially vulgar; it is the style which would exactly suit the Cobourg Theatre, but it is miserably out of place at the Opera. However, the great gulls who sit gaping in the pit, do not find this out, and esteem him, we make no doubt, a prodigiously fine performer, for he jumps up, and comes down again, crossing his legs, and looking very much as if he had done an extremely fine thing. We were glad to see that Le Blond had been re-engaged; he is a good dancer—but what is one among so many? In the figurante department, we do not discover the great improvement which has been so confidently announced. The blaze of beauty that was somewhat indecently advertised, has dwindled down to a showy figurante. We will say nothing of the dancing in this department, because in the miserable piece, *ballet* we cannot call it, which is now performing, there is no opportunity of discovering whether the people who are pulled and hauled about the stage, can dance or not. This much, however, we will venture to say, that the ballet of this season is inferior to the ballet of last season. Last season we had Ronzi Vestris, one of the most accomplished *artistes* of the day, and her husband. We have now in their place, Mademoiselle Brocard and Coulon. Weak as the *corps de ballet* was under M. Aumer, he contrived to get up some extremely pleasing little pieces, in which he made the most of the talent at his command; and the music of his ballets was always chosen with great taste, and contributed very much to the success of them. M. D'Egville, with an infinity of parade and pretension, has brought out the most wretched piece of fantastic mummery that has ever been seen within the memory of man on the Opera boards,



and the music is as trashy and insipid as every other part of the performance.

The Opera has been as yet tolerably well filled, numerically speaking, but by no means well attended. Very odd-looking people may be observed in possession of the boxes, and the pit does not make half so respectable an appearance as the pit of the common theatres. It is evidently crammed with shop-boys and apprentices who are sent in with orders, as warming-pans, to make the house feel comfortable and look full.

If the interior of the theatre is warmed, a set-off to this advantage has been effected by means of an ingenious arrangement which keeps people shivering and shaking in the lobby (the very temple of the winds) waiting for their cloaks and great coats, which are now not to be had, if to be had at all, till after a severe struggle and an intolerable delay. This inconvenience, which did not exist formerly, is, we believe, the consequence of a little dirty job. The coating and cloaking of the public, which used to be done by the servants of the house about the lobby, is now, we understand, farmed out, and the lessee of this department does not employ a sufficient number of persons to coat and cloak seven or eight hundred people. Nor have his men the immediate interest in being active and attentive which the servants had who formerly performed this duty. The consequence is, that mistakes from inattention as well as delay occur; and after having been kept an hour freezing in the lobby, you have to go away in another man's great coat, which has been left in exchange for your own, or without a great coat at all, if the careful ministers of the pegs have given away yours by accident to an honest person who has left no coat in place of it, a catastrophe which has happened to our knowledge, and that on a night of extraordinary inclemency. This must be reformed, or all persons who have a tenderness for their constitutions will refuse to go to the Opera during the winter season.

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#### THE NAVAL SKETCH-BOOK.

THE Author of the Naval Sketch-Book, observing the lamentable ignorance of landsmen respecting nautical men and matters, has composed this work with the professed design of conveying more accurate ideas on these subjects. This object he has endeavoured to accomplish in a variety of tales, anecdotes, and essays, some of which are so good, and some so bad, and some so mediocre, that we can hardly believe that they are all the productions of the same pen. In the humour, if humour it can be called, we alone trace an identity of style, for the humour is throughout extremely coarse, and forced, and often flippant to a painful degree. The romance of one or two of the tales discovers genius, for that description of writing, of a very high order; but this talent is to be discovered only, as we have said, in one or two pieces. The dissertations on professional affairs bear a family likeness which we do not trace in the other compositions; they are, generally speaking, well reasoned, shrewd, and sensible, with the exception of one on the North West Passage, in the second volume, which is a remarkably tedious and confused piece of controversy. The Author loses no opportunity, in the course of his work, of sneer-

ing at the Polar Expeditions, and the immense fuss that has been made about these voyages of no-discovery. In treating this subject with ridicule, we believe he only represents the sentiments of the Navy; and, indeed, the public are now beginning to suspect that ships are sent out on these barren expeditions, merely in order to amuse Mr. Barrow, to freeze officers into claims for promotion, and to make big books for Mr. Murray. With regard to these big books, by the way, our Author has some just observations. The expeditions are fitted out at the public expence, and the information obtained by them, which therefore fairly belongs to the public, is converted into an article of merchandise by the superior officers, and sold for their profit, and that of the publisher of the Quarterly Review, at the highest possible rate. Government publishes an account of a battle; why should it not publish an account of a voyage of discovery, a copy of the information communicated to it? Were this done, the officers might, of course, afterwards put their own price on their own wares; but while they are permitted the monopoly of the information they have acquired at the public expence, we have a right to complain of the extortionate use which they make of their privilege. The Author of the Naval Sketch-Book says:

The fact is, that no officer, not a man of fortune, can afford to purchase books, indispensable for his professional information and improvement, at their present enormous cost. The worst is, the exorbitant price of 4*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* is justified on the grounds of the expence, labour, and pains bestowed on the drawings and surveys embodied in the work, when it is well known, that the surveys were contributed to it gratis, by officers sent out from the Admiralty for this express service, and that the drawings were executed by Captain Lyon, who most handsomely (though about to publish a book himself) made them a present to Captain Parry.—(Vol. i. p. 77.)

The above passage is quoted from a chapter, entitled, "Naval Authors," in which we find some criticisms on the naval tactics of Mr. James, (the Author of *The Naval History*;) the criticisms may be just, but the wit with which they are seasoned, savours strongly of the gun-room. The becomingness of the allusion, and the humanity of the jest, in the subjoined example, are truly remarkable.

Any one in the least acquainted with nautical phraseology, must be aware that no vessel can *bear-up* in the wind's eye; or, to be more explicit, pursue objects to windward of her, by any other practical mode than that of "*beating*." Indeed, upon the latter point, it might be presumed experience had taught Mr. James the *corrective* effect of this manœuvre.\*—(Vol. i. p. 103.)

The Author's wit is throughout of this base metal, but it has generally no point whatever, and also no ill-nature, in which respects it has commonly the advantage of the specimen quoted. We can excuse a bad jest, provided it be inoffensive, but when it has got just so much point as to make it a clumsy instrument of mischief, we think it right to hold up the bad spirit of the attempt and the awkwardness of the execution, to the becoming correction of derision. No bird was ever more justly ridiculous than was the jackdaw in the fable, when, in emulation of the violence of the eagle, it pounced on a lamb, designing to make minced-meat of it, but being, by good luck, only a jackdaw, instead of effecting its purpose, it entangled its weak claws in the wool of the intended victim. Much like this daw is the writer of this book, when making the terrible pounce we have noted.

If our Author's wit does not rise very high, he makes amends for

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\* Our readers will remember that Mr. James was the subject of a very brutal and ruffianly assault.



its lowliness in his sentimentality, which, when it does occur, which in justice we must admit is seldom, soars altogether beyond the reach of mortal comprehension. What, for example, can be made of this note on one Mr. McGregor, the high and mighty Cacique of Poyais?

The whole military annals of this country do not afford a parallel to the dastardly flight and treacherous desertion of the fugitive of Porto Bello. *A tear sacred to a friendship once fervent as memory is still faithful, traces that page which should perhaps glow only with the language of indignation.* But, even in thus paying a debt due to natural affection, this feeble pen may recall his crime to recollection, and brand afresh the Cain of modern times—the Cacique of Poyais.—(Vol. i. p. 129.)

A tragedy may possibly be lying in ambush in this passage, but as we do not happen to be in the secret, the whole flight about the tear sacred to friendship tracing the page, and the Cain of modern times, appears only superlatively bombastic and ridiculous.

The papers in these volumes discussing nautical subjects, seem to us to be, for the most part, sensibly reasoned. The writer has a just perception of errors and absurdities in the naval administration, and notes them honestly and with sufficient shrewdness; but, lest he should thence be taken for a reformer, he seems to think it necessary to rail against Radicals with extraordinary fervour. This is a littleness, but we suppose that worldly prudence required it.

We have said that the romance of one or two of the tales in the Naval Sketch-Book is of a superior order: we shall close our notice with a specimen, which strikes us as being of no ordinary merit; but before we take our leave of the work, we must recommend it to our readers as, *on the whole*, well worth their perusal; for though there is much in it obnoxious to criticism, there is also much in it that is clever, instructive, and entitled to their attention and their praise.

#### THE COAST BLOCKADE.

It was late in the afternoon of a gloomy day in the latter part of November, when, in consequence of a signal made, that a suspicious sail was seen off the coast, as if waiting for the flowing of the tide in the dark, Lieutenant —— had given orders to man his favourite galley, and proceed in quest of the stranger. The crew had been carefully, though to appearance hastily, selected from those inured to service, and bearing a character for intrepidity; some of whom had been partners of an enterprize, which was ever uppermost in his mind, when amongst the first to board the American frigate Chesapeake, as a young midshipman, he was stretched on the deck, by the stroke of a cutlass on the head. The strokesman of the boat, whose brawny arms had borne him on that memorable day to the cock-pit of the *Shannon*, as soon as the Americans had deserted their deck, and fled for safety below, as he now shipped the rudder, looked wistfully in the wind's eye. The glance was not unobserved; but the lieutenant, apprehensive that it might be accompanied by some remonstrance, (a liberty which *Jack* considered himself exclusively privileged to take,) quietly motioned him to go forward, in order to hoist the mainsail. The boat being shoved off the beach, after pitching twice in the surf, rose triumphantly over the third sea, which had now exhausted itself. In a moment the sail was hoisted, she instantly gathered way, and stood off in a lateral direction from the shore. The men seated themselves regularly on the thwarts, and the strokesman, after reeving the main-sheet through the fair-leader abaft, sat with it in his hand in such a position on the after-thwart, that, though his face was turned to windward, his eye would occasionally meet that of his commander. As the light-boat lay down to the wind, and became steady in her course towards the chase, the crew had time to look around them. The strokesman's eye was alternately turned from that part of the heavens, where he had vainly sought for any encouraging appearances, amidst the portentous indications of a wild wintry sky, to the beach; where, in a lonely romantic gorge, skirted with verdure, and leafless underwood, between two grey beetling cliffs, was discovered the compact, white, wooden station-house of the party, with its signal-post and miniature glacis descending almost to high-water mark. His look betrayed unusual emotion in one of his years and service, possibly occasioned by the intrusive officiousness of the remembrance, that

there were garnered up the source of his best affections—his wife and innocent little prattlers, whom, through some unaccountable presentiment, he foreboded he should never see more. A tear might have glazed the veteran's eye at the moment; for, as if unwilling to be longer a witness of the struggle between tenderness and duty, the lieutenant addressed him in a tone of evidently assumed ease, and enquired if the arm-chest had been kept dry? Receiving an answer in the affirmative, and having ascertained that each man had his cutlass beside him, he proceeded to examine the priming of his pistols, which he finally placed in his waist-belt, and wrapped himself in a cloak which had been spread for him in the stern-sheets abaft. Taking advantage of the first heavy swell, he rose in the boat to catch a glimpse of the strange sail in the offing, which was discovered broad on the lee bow. Having directed the attention of the bowman to her position, both resumed their seats, and the lieutenant shaped his course so as to board her on the quarter. Not a word, as yet, had escaped the lips of any of his men, who sat cowering in a bending attitude, with elevated shoulders and arms crossed, fearful of changing the position of a limb, lest it should occasion any alteration in the boat's trim. Thus, aided by every effort of art, and impelled by a light breeze, the galley soon gained rapidly on the chase; which, perceiving that the boat from the shore was evidently about to pursue her, bore round up, making all the sail she could carry before the wind. The bowman, just then looking under the foot of the lug, pronounced her to be a large lugger, which he had before seen on the station, under similarly suspicious circumstances. The lieutenant, putting up the helm, instantly edged into her wake, and followed precisely her track. A short period, however, sufficed to show that the chase, from the quantity of sail she was enabled to carry, had decidedly the advantage; and the wind continuing to freshen as the tide set in, she rapidly distanced her pursuer. In half an hour she was hull down; the haze of evening growing every moment thicker, she became almost imperceptible to view. The men now involuntarily turned their eyes, which had hitherto strained on the chase, to the stern of the galley; the appeal was unnecessary—the lieutenant was already occupied in council with the coxswain; his trusty favourite hesitated not to dissuade him, in terms respectful, yet decisive, from continuing so unequal a chase; more particularly as there was no chance, in the dark, of communicating by signal, either with the shore or any cruiser which might be then off the station. A heavy swell had now set in from the same point in which the wind had continued all day. The sun had set with every indication of stormy weather: a pale yellow streak of light over the land, partly reflected on the east, formed the only contrast to the general murky gloom of the horizon; across which the gull, and other sea-fowl, hastily fled the approach of the gale, already indicated by the swift drifting of the scud which overtook them in their flight, and suddenly enveloped all in darkness, without the intervention of twilight. They had got so far to leeward, that to return with the lug was impossible. The sail had already been lowered, the mast struck, and the boat brought head to wind; when the crew, shipping their oars, bent their broad shoulders to pull her through the heavy sea, which flung itself in sheets of spray over the bows, and drenched every man on board. It was soon found that oars were unavailing, to contend against the force of a sea like this, in which it was scarcely possible so small and delicate a bark should live much longer. The waves were rolling from the main with aggravated violence, and the united strength of the men could barely keep her head to wind; who, perceiving there was no longer the slightest prospect of making any progress, or the wind moderating, sullenly contented themselves with hanging on their oars. Apprehension soon put an end to all subordination. Remonstrances on the impossibility of successfully persevering in their present course, were now muttered by every seaman, except the coxswain, whose features betrayed, notwithstanding, no less anxiety than the rest. A heavy sea, which now struck the larboard bow, making, in consequence of its being impossible for the crew to keep the boat's head on, a rapid accumulation of water every minute, soon decided the reluctant lieutenant to run (though at the obvious hazard of her destruction) the boat a-shore in the first situation which might offer of saving the lives of his brave companions. "Lay in your oars, my lads," cried he, "step the short mast—close reef the storm lug: we must run all hazards, and beach the galley under the canvass." Whilst executing this order, the bowman sung out, "a sail close aboard sir; if she don't keep her luff she'll run us right down."—"Luff, luff!" cried aloud every man in the boat. The lugger's course, however, remaining unaltered, there could be now no doubt that she had seen them first, and perceiving her to be a king's boat, her object was to run clean over the galley, by taking her right a-beam. Destruction appeared inevitable in their helpless condition. A shriek of despair, mingled with execrations, succeeded as she neared the galley, when the lieutenant rose in the boat, levelled his pistol at the steersman,



and fired: the hand which grasped the tiller relaxed its hold and the miscreant his life\*. The lugger instantly broached to, passing to the windward of the boat. "Out oars, my lads," said the lieutenant, "we'll board the villains."—"Aye, aye, sir," exclaimed several voices, with an alacrity which might be taken for the surest earnest of meditated revenge. The oars were again manned, the boat in the mean time pitching bows under and shipping green seas fore and aft. Before she had got way on her, two of the weather oars snapt short in the rullocks, and her intention to board being suspected by the smuggler, she had no sooner paid off, so as to get the wind again abaft the beam, than shaping a course edging in for the land, she quickly dropped the galley astern. Having run so far to leeward in the former chase, no one was now able to decide on what part of the shore an attempt to land might be practicable; all was darkness around; and although from two or three flashes, discernible at an elevation considerably above the sea, and which appeared to be signals made from the heights to assist the desperate outlaws they had just encountered, there was no doubt they could be at no great distance from the land; still, to follow her was to brave unseen dangers. The men were clamorous to hoist the lug and give chase; a sentiment in which the unpresuming coxswain concurred, as he observed, "that capture or no capture, they were more likely to find a smooth by following the lugger, which clearly was herself making for the beach." A heavy lurch, which nearly swamped the boat, soon created unanimity. The lug was hoisted at all hazards; at the lieutenant putting the helm up, she flew with inconceivable velocity in the lugger's wake, though not without imminent danger of being pooped by every successive sea. The roaring of the surf was now distinctly heard, and soon the whole scene was lighted up by its luminous appearance. The bowman, alarmed, now vociferated, "breakers a-head! hard down, sir, hard down!" Before the word was repeated she had entered into the frightfully agitated element. "Down with the sail, or we're lost," exclaimed the crew. "Hold on, hold on every thing!" cried the veteran, "'tis our only chance to beach her." The surf now reared itself in boiling masses higher than the mast, and as it fell thundering on the shore, the wild din burst on the affrighted ears of the seamen like successive salvos of heavy artillery. An enormous sea, striking her on the quarter, swept her broadside to the surf, washing out the lieutenant, with one of the crew; and the next, bursting with wilder fury, turned her bottom upwards, burying beneath her the seven unhappy seamen in one common grave.—(Vol. i. p. 195.)

#### THE DUTIES OF A LADY'S MAID.†

HERE is a specimen, and one of the most insufferable that we have ever seen, of those catch-penny impostures with which the modern press abounds. Whether it is most ignorant, most vulgar, or most impudent, it would be hard to say. Suffice it, that in all these respects, it would not be easily exceeded. And to what purpose a censoring press, if it is not to be directed against such impositions as this; which, while they disgrace literature, (if, indeed, the term literature can be applied to such abominable stuff as this,) are but schemes for picking the

\* As the author professes technical accuracy, we must put it to his conscience, whether this is not rather a surprisingly good shot. The whole length of the lugger and some spare space of sea must have been between the man at the lugger's helm and the officer in the galley; the galley must also have been so much lower than the lugger, low as luggers, especially smugglers, commonly are, that we cannot understand how the officer in the stern sheets of the boat could have taken aim at the man at the helm of the vessel. We have said nothing of the intervening lug sails, which would obstruct the view of the lugger's helm, supposing her to be descending one sea while the galley, right a-head, was rising on the other—the only position we can conceive in which the quarter-deck of a vessel could be exposed to the view of persons in a small boat right a-head. Even in this case, however, we ask whether the lug sails of the lugger would not obstruct the view, unless the galley was a little to windward of the lugger, which she was not, for the galley's people called to the lugger to keep her luff. As the author insists much in his preface on technical accuracy, we have suggested these important doubts, and we do so with the diffidence which becomes landmen when meddling with matters which they can never pretend to understand.

† The Duties of a Lady's Maid, with Directions for Conduct, and numerous Receipts for the Toilette. London. 1825. 12mo.

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pockets of the ignorant and confiding? If we can save but seven shillings to one "Lady's Maid," it will be at least an act of charity.

What species of animal is employed in this genus of manufacture, it would be hard to conjecture; but it is probably some wretched being of that class which caters for the Arrivals and Departures of the Fashionable World. This is evidently the nearest approximation which the manufacturer has ever made, either to a lady or lady's maid. That he is utterly ignorant of that class of society in which this peculiar servant is required, is most evident; as he is completely so of the duties or feelings of this very respectable class of females. To say that he is ignorant of every thing which he has crammed into his farrago, will, after this, be unnecessary: and that he is the regular trader in this line is plain, because he has taken especial care to recommend the Directions to Housekeepers, and other works of a similar stamp.

To analyze such a compilation, is out of all question; equally so, to give extracts from it, other than may be briefly required on one or two points that we shall notice. But we may say that it is a compilation from Enfield's Speaker, from the English Grammar, from twopenny religious pamphlets, from D'Israeli, and from different vulgar receipt books; the whole tacked together by certain vulgar paragraphs of his own manufacture; teaching nothing on earth of all that it pretends to, and much more likely to do harm than good, if it could produce any effect at all.

It is sufficiently disgusting to find religion intruded now-a-days into every abominable novel; but we have it here as a preface to a work, which details practices and offers hints as to female dress and female frauds, that are often too indecent and disgusting to read, much less to quote. We shall not say more on this subject; but really we do not see why such indecent approximations of religion and rouge, the Deity and cosmetics, are not as fitting subjects for corrective associations, as much with which those institutions have thought proper to interfere. But that is their affair. What we shall chiefly notice in this book shall be of another cast; because our remarks may perhaps be turned to some use by the foolish people whom these receipts might otherwise mislead, to their great trouble and cost.

We pass over the whole stupid farrago of moralities, which serve no other purpose than to aid in swelling the book up to seven shillings, together with the philology, and all else, equally appropriate, in general, to Dick the ostler as to a lady's maid. The second division consists of natural philosophy, instead of moral; rules for dress, rules for beauty, rules for heaven knows what all; in all of which it would be most difficult to say whether the utterly shameless ignorance, or the vulgarity is greatest. It is amusing enough, nevertheless, to see, at times, who are the authors put under contribution—Burke, Alison, and others equally strange; though it is tolerably evident that they have been found at second-hand in some Encyclopædia, on the subject of *Colours in Dress*. Thus every thing attainable has been raked together, without comparison or understanding; so that a subject really curious and interesting has been utterly marred. We shall not, with such a text-book, attempt to put this question to rights for any lady's maid; but whatever unlucky girl shall attempt to dress her mistress by those rules, will find herself in a "peck of troubles," to borrow some of the author's genteel phraseology.



In a similar manner, and with no small attempts at "fine writing," he has blundered through the whole subject of fashions, following it by a detail of costumes, borrowed, as we already remarked, from D'Israeli, and serving no possible purpose but to add to the bulk of the book by sixty-six pages. Thus far, however, the greatest damage sustained will be the loss of seven shillings; but having some feelings of charity towards the pockets, both of ladies' maids and their mistresses, we shall attempt to teach them how to save their money in the matter of pomatums and cosmetics, by exposing the abominable stuff which follows; and which, we know well, has a very captivating effect on female vanity.

If the ladies will trust to our science on the subject of hair, in the first place, we can assure them, most confidently, that so far is it from being true that oils and pomatums increase the lustre of hair, that their effect is to diminish that polish which it naturally possesses; while, whatever gloss they may give to hair which is naturally dull, is false, and, like all falsities, disgusting. Absolute cleanliness, by means of water alone, to commence, followed by brushing in the direction of the hair itself, in a dry state, is the true method of giving to the hair all the polish of which it is susceptible; and it is the effect of oils of all kinds to disturb or injure this; to say nothing of the disgust and the necessary dirtiness of greasy hair. It is the effect of oils also to prevent it from curling; and this object is most effectually obtained, if without artificial means, by curling it when wet, and suffering it to dry in that state. And as it happens that almost all hair has a tendency to curl in one direction rather than in another, it is useful to study that tendency, so as to conform to it in the artificial flexure given. As to artificial applications, the whole of the so-called curling fluids are mere impositions; while one, which is really effectual, and at the same time inoffensive, is a weak solution of isinglass, by which a very firm and permanent form can be given to the hair.

Let us still remark, while on the subject of oils or greasy substances, that while there are perhaps five hundred pomatums and oils, the object, whatever it be, can be equally attained by one, or at least by two, a fluid one, and one more solid. Bear's grease, as it is called, is a common imposture; in the first place, as there is very rarely such a thing in reality to be procured; while, if there were, it is no other than any other lard. The reason why bear's grease was, or is, esteemed better than any other, is absurd enough, resting on the ancient Rosicrucian doctrine of signatures; and, as in the case of the yolk of an egg and of dandelion for jaundice, and of a thousand similar nostrums with which medicine was so long and still is encumbered, the mere detection of the cause of its adoption ought to be sufficient proof of its *value*. The bear has long hair: ergo, his grease must be good for promoting hair.

No grease on earth, though the bear that bore it had hair reaching from Greenland to Kamtschatka, has the least effect, or can have the least effect, in making hair grow thicker, unless grease could produce in the skin those radical organs whence hairs grow with a growth resembling that of vegetables. Thickness is number; and he who would multiply the number of hairs, might as well attempt to multiply the number of legs and arms. Nourishing, and all this phraseology, is just what phraseology always is—words. One only effect is asserted upon

*ideas* ; namely, that oil prevents the hair from splitting at the extremities. How, it may be asked ? When the hair splits, it is because that portion is dead : the vegetable life has ceased thus far ; and unless oil could restore that life, unless bear's grease, or any grease, had the power of conferring immortality on hair, it will split and wither, in spite of all the grease of the biggest whale that ever ploughed Baffin's Bay, or all the bears from pole to pole. We might as well attempt to revive the rotten branch of an oak with bear's grease, or make the mast of one of his Majesty's seventy-fours shoot forth a goodly crop of branches.

The fact is, that the whole is an imposture ; oils, pomatums, and all ; bear's grease, Macassar, and Rowland, huile a la tuberoze, huile antique ; huiles and pomades, divine, or whatever else. Excepting so far as pomatum may be used for stiffening or compacting the hair into dirty and greasy masses, or oils for converting the easy and loose flow of nature's ornamental locks into nasty rat's tails, the whole is but a method of extracting money from vanity and fashion. It is but a rivalry of the stinking Hottentots, a relic of savage barbarism. As to the chemistry itself, if ladies *will* make themselves greasy and disgusting, olive oil, alone, is the only oil that is necessary, hog's lard is the only pomatum ; and if it is not sufficiently stiff, let it be stiffened to the taste by wax. It is an apothecary's plaster, or an apothecary's ointment, according to its consistence ; it is neither more nor less ; though the *fair* might be shocked at an insinuation to plaster their seducing locks with Turner's cerate, or Unguentum Simplex. Such, nevertheless, is the simple fact ; of such use is philosophy and analysis. The rest is all perfume ; nothing more ; and the lady's maid, or the lady herself, who desires to have a greasy head, may save her money and her care, by sending down to the cook for a little oil from the flask, or a little lard from the bladder ; or else, to the apothecary, for a little simple ointment, preparing it to her own fancy. Perhaps Mr. Rowland will call us out, at least our publisher ; but we hope that he will refuse to fight, as we certainly shall.

However, as long as female vanity exists (and when will it cease ?) we write in vain. The five hundred oils and pomatums will go on being made, and the angel who loves herself better than cleanliness, will go on making herself greasy and odorous. But it is all for the best ; or how should trade flourish, how should money circulate from pockets too full into pockets too empty ?

That is no reason, however, why any one should be so silly as to follow the receipts of this exquisite author ; cheating Mr. Rowland, running the risk of setting the house on fire, and making ointment which she will never be able to use. Here is a condensed specimen of the gentleman's knowledge in chemistry and pomatum. To twenty-nine pounds of fat, we are to add eleven ounces of various essential oils, and so on. We do not know what length of life any lady expects, who presumes on the consumption of thirty pounds of pomatum ; while the eleven ounces of perfume are at least sufficient to perfume as many hundred weights of any fat that ever grew on pig or sheep. The rest are of a piece ; and the quantities of pomatum and perfume specified in this philosophical work, would suffice to catch every rat in every one of his Majesty's dock-yards. The receipt given for the Macassar oil, is that which farriers use for the heels of horses. As to a solution of gum



guaiacum in olive oil, here called *huile antique verte*, it is a receipt for rheumatism, which he has probably found in Mrs. Glasse, and has extracted, by mistake, for hair-oil. A curling fluid, made of soap and alkali, would soon leave little hair for curling or any thing else. We hope that no lady's maid will follow this scientific process, unless she wishes to see her beloved mistress in the condition of a company of soldiers, whom a certain captain is reported to have powdered with quick-lime, to save the expence of flour. Were life, instead of hairs, concerned, the promulgator of such receipts ought to be hanged. As to castor oil, it is usually recommended to a different part of the human anatomy; but this gentleman is probably not aware that the oil of *Palma Christi* is neither more nor less than this said cathartic. Such is the grievous ignorance which sets about to compile books.

The receipts for staining the hair are of the same philosophy. Out of the whole farrago, not one can produce such an effect. Gall-nuts and charcoal boiled in olive oil, in which both are insoluble; lead ore and ebony boiled in water; oil of tartar, which he does not know to be potash; and more of such trash. Painting the eye-brows with burnt cork is intelligible; but lamp-black in abundance can be purchased for a halfpenny, instead of burning frankincense and mastic under a plate. It is "his opinion"—good—that red lead and lime would not make the hair black, but chesnut-coloured. We can only assure the lady's maid in this case, that the colour of her hair subsequent to this pretty operation, would depend upon the wig she would soon be obliged to buy. Whether there has been yet time for this beautiful book to scalp the heads of any of the fair, we do not know; but we conclude that an action for damages would lie against the publisher.

The department of cosmetics is equally luminous, equally scientific, and equally true. Does any one know how many cosmetics are sold in London? We do not; but we have reckoned more than two hundred and fifty soaps alone. We believe that we should have no difficulty in making up the total cosmetic regiment to five or six hundred.

And will the ladies believe us when we tell them, upon our honours and verities, that not one of the whole of this preposterous collection (excepting one or two pernicious mineral compounds) is of the slightest possible use; of any more use, that is, than simple soap, or water? No, certainly, they will not. Never will woman believe any thing when her vanity is engaged on the other side.

Nothing, however, is more true. With exceptions scarcely worth noticing, and not worth noticing for our purpose, every soap, every soap at least used on the person, is the same substance, the same chemical compound, with the same precise effects on the skin; the only differences among them being those to the eye and to the smell; colour, form, and perfume. These colours and perfumes cost money, as they ought; but as to their fancy prices, prices beyond their real value, this is a matter of conscience on the one hand, and folly on the other. It is indifferent whether the soap be made from vegetable oil or animal tallow; for, in the state of soap, all oils are equal. All soaps are equally cosmetic, be the name, be the smell, the price, the colour, what they may; liquid or solid, virgin's milk, milk of roses, Bandana, or jasmine.

Cleanliness is the true cosmetic; and it is *The Cosmetic*, or the *Cleanifier*; nothing more. You cannot alter the colour of your

skins ; for nature has placed her laws here against you ; but you may scrub and scour off the dirt, which we strongly advise you to do whenever it is necessary. Thus you will be cleaned and cosmified ; and having done this, it is no matter to you how soon Messrs. Bailey and Blew are blown up or burnt down.

Wash your faces, dears ; that is all ; and if water will not make them clean, use soap, and choose the one that gratifies your noses most ; that is all. As soon as the dirt is off your skins, you are as beautiful, precisely, as nature—and your sweet tempers—choose ; and all else is hopeless toil ; hopeless as bleaching a blackamoor, though you were to labour on all the milks and soaps that have been created from the days of Judith or Faustina, down to those of Del Croix.

These are sad vulgar truths ; yet, alas ! no less true. The thing is impossible : be content : and as you can as little add one tint to your complexion as one inch to your statures, without paint or without high heels, do what you can to apply the cosmetics to your minds—as you have been often told how. That is the true art of beauty. A gentle soul and a sweet temper, intellect and virtue, these are the cosmetics which will take out all your freckles and smooth all your wrinkles, which will render you beautiful even above your beauty, and beautiful even through your plainness.

Most seriously is this all fact, as to every soap, as to every cosmetic in this class. With respect to the rest, there is but one simple principle ; with respect, at least, to those in common use. Almond paste or meal may be taken as standing for the whole of these, and they are but oils. The natural oil of the skin is removed by soap ; and this process is necessary whenever foreign matter, soot, &c., as in London, is so united with it that water fails. Otherwise, there is no cosmetic like warm water—water, warm, hot—not cold.

But, to remove this natural oil too effectually or too often, is sometimes injurious, as it is this which renders the skin soft ; while there are some persons in whom, naturally, it is deficient. Here, the extreme use of soap is injurious, and oil becomes necessary. It is a cosmetic, however, incapable of changing or bettering the colour of the skin. All that it can do is, to prevent harshness ; and, of course, when this is extreme, producing scaling, it diminishes or removes that tendency.

Such is the use of oily substances ; and they are all equal, whether it be almonds or pomatums, or aught else. Of the propriety or utility of their application, it must be for the owner of the skin to judge ; as, with the principles already laid down, he may judge of all other cosmetics, instead of using them merely from their names, and without being aware of their peculiar action. But there is one other use in the oils, of which the cosmetic mongers are ignorant, and which it is our duty to the lovely sex to detail, hoping that they will profit more, maids and all, by our commentary, than by the gentleman's seven-shilling book. The previous application of them entirely prevents the action of the sun on the skin, in as far at least as that produces blistering, and is also very conducive to the prevention of freckles and sun-burning. Hence, ladies, when you attend reviews, or go on the water in boats, or pick cockle-shells on Margate sands, we advise you to oil your sweet faces, or put on your almond pastes, instead of waiting till the mischief is done, when the cure, though it is still a sort of cure, comes somewhat too late.



Such is the philosophy of the two great classes of cosmetics; soaps and oils. But there are two more, far more rare, and which it is more important that the fair sex should understand, lest they be "taken in," to resume more of our author's genteel phraseology, and "get themselves into scrapes."

The balsam of Mecca, which this blockhead has mistaken, with a few other stimulant substances, have a real action on the skin, resembling that of a blister. They, in fact, take off the surface in minute scales, so as to lead, necessarily, to the formation of a new one. These are not much used in this country, though adopted occasionally in the East; nor are they to be recommended, since they produce, in the result, far more harm than good. We shall therefore pass away from them, cautioning our fair readers, however, from paying any attention to the nonsense which the writer before us has collected on this subject.

While on this subject, we may also explain the mysteries of lip salve, out of compassion to the young ladies whom we have seen, with as much earnestness as the Miss Primroses, weighing, and boiling, and stewing all kinds of trumpery, in a pan purloined out of the cook's stores, till their cheeks were roasted to a colour which, if it could have endured, would have saved them rouge as long as they had lived. If the object of all this private concoction is to produce a compound of virtues, we will teach them a shorter road; if to save money, our secret is of equal value; and certainly, there is considerable economy in making, or purchasing for a penny, what is sold for five shillings, because it comes out of some shop of admirables.

The matter is perfectly simple; in fact, it is a good deal too simple; for, who ever had faith in what was intelligible? When the mystery is cleared up, away flies the faith. Not so, however, the virtues of the lip salve; which is, very honestly and truly, nothing more than the apothecary's simple ointment, stained red by alkanet root, perfumed with whatever the ladies prefer. The grease requires boiling with the root to extract the red colour: but after that, a good economist will perfume it when cold. All else, raisins, benzoin, healing gums, Tolu, and so on, is just so much trash. The medicinal action is not less simple and mechanical,—alas! how shockingly vulgar! The grease softens the hard skin, so as to allow the fissures to approximate and heal; or else permits the loosened skin to scale or peel off, just as far as it is detached, and no more, instead of progressing, as Jonathan would say, down to the sensible parts. As to lip salves, intended to make lily or violet lips of a cherry colour, that is another matter; but even then, all they require is a little rouge to render the colour solid, and a little more wax to make it stick on. As to the lips themselves after this operation, we hope the ladies do not look forward to any thing beyond a very distant admiration; lest he, who dared to sip the sweet, should complain with Juvenal, "*hinc, male viscantur labra mariti.*"

The last class consists of applications which are truly of a medicinal character, and which ought never to have found their way among the innocent trash, innocent as to all but their pick-pocket quality, which forms the great army of cosmetics. These are intended for eruptions of the skin; and as we have here undertaken to make ourselves of use to the fair, we will even bestow an extra word on the subject;—at the risk, too, of becoming serious and medical; but who would

not be serious when female beauty is so deeply concerned? We, at least, cannot be tranquil on such a subject; recollecting even in our midnight and solitary elbow chair, those beatings of the heart which the heavenly aspect of heavenly woman did produce, still produces, on us, even on us, alas! now long past those days of joy and sunshine.

Horace Walpole's epigram on Miss Conway shall serve us for a preface:

And did ye not hear of Miss Con-a-way?  
And did ye not hear of Miss Con-a-way?  
She drank lemonade  
At a masquerade,  
And now she is dead and gone away.

Even so, "*Hinc illæ lacrymæ.*"

What is the reason why young ladies, yes, even young ladies, blooming in youth and lilies, are—must the vile words be said—covered so often with pimples? *Fy!* and yet they bare their backs to the bottom of the shoulder-blade lest we should not see them plain enough. *Fy!* *fy!* it is an ugly sight. Thus erupted, when men are comparatively free; men, young men, who are supposed to seek such causes in overdoings of claret and champagne.

She drank lemonade  
At a masquerade.—

Such is the sufficient reason.

It is all, generally at least, but a minor degree of that dangerous and often fatal eruption which proceeds from drinking cold water when heated, and which has so often been the cause of death to boys at cricket and to soldiers on a march. Balls and ices, balls and open windows, first a waltz, and then a glass of cold water, cold lemonade, or cold ice, such is the cause, though the ice is the least pernicious of the whole, because it requires some time to swallow, and cannot therefore make the sudden impression on the stomach which a cold fluid quickly swallowed does. If you cannot restrain your love of dancing, dear ladies, learn at least to restrain your appetites. It is not pretty to be gobbling ice, and swilling lemonade at every moment, as if you came, to use the vulgar phrase, for the sake of what you can get, as if you were not allowed ices by your papas or mammas, and were resolved to make up for it, like Diogenes, at your entertainer's expence. Look at us, dears, we are not always gormandizing at balls, pushing for the best places at supper, greasing ourselves in contests for dirty chickens, plaguing our neighbours to get us this and the other, as if we came for the purpose of eating and drinking. Indeed, dears, you are not pretty-behaved, at all; and you cannot conceive what unhappy impressions you make on us, and on your lovers. You have lost many a lover by your cruel appetites; upon our honours, we assure you it is true: and many a good settlement, moreover. Positively you have lost settlements—settlements—think of that.

And have we not just been telling you that you lose your beauty, that you get the back of your necks covered with little buds, which we do assure and aver to you, faithfully, are not rosebuds,—alas! no—far from it! Nay, and upon your sweet faces too: spots, blotches, pimples, odious, fearful things, sights abhorred by gods and men; and all because you *will* eat and drink, all because you will not control your appetites. Pray, excuse us all those naughty and vulgar words, for they are all meant for your good, and we really must try to frighten you into good and pretty behaviour, for your own sakes: and



for ours too ; as we *do* love a damask cheek, and an ivory skin, adore lilies and roses, are worshippers of purity, and are your most obedient humble servants, the writers of the London Magazine.

The disease is a disease of the stomach ; and if you do not believe us, ask the doctors. If the previous heat—and fatigue, mark you—for that is part of the mystery, are very great, and the draught very cold and very sudden, the incautious person sometimes falls down, not exactly dead, but dies in a few minutes or hours. The stomach is injured ; we need not here explain how. If the causes are less active, it may require a day or two to kill the patient, and sometimes he recovers. In this case, always, or almost always, there is an eruption, very often on the face, sometimes over the body ; and here, let us remind you that a blast of cold wind, or cold externally, in any way, by putting the hands and feet, even into cold water, will often produce the same effects as drinking cold things. Did not poor Lady W. die from a cold bath after a ball ? This is an argument, ladies, against your smuggling yourselves behind a curtain, to steel a fresh breeze at the open window. They tell you that you will catch cold ; you find that you do not get a sneezing cold, which is all that you think or know of a cold, and you go on despising your mamma's advice, or ours, as it may be. But you get pimples on your faces, and you do not know that the window is the cause, if the lemonade was not, because nobody ever told you. This is what, out of our extreme love to you and your lovely cheeks, eyes, lips, and bosoms,—not your backs, dears,—we are telling you, in hopes that you will take heed and warning. And if you have a spark of gratitude, you will unite in a subscription of your best and sweetest embraces for us ; and, flocking to our levee, present your lovely cheeks, as in honour bound ; whereby, if you are at any loss to know where we hold our court, our publishers, Messrs. Hunt and Clarke, will be most happy to show you the way. If it will console you, we are not particularly old, particularly ugly, nor particularly disagreeable : and how dearly we love you, you must already be convinced.

But to return to our medicine, from which we have just digressed sadly. The injury, as we have just told you, is committed on the stomach : on the real stomach ; not on what you call the stomach, ladies, when you have little nameless pains, in a certain nameless region. Now, as the doctors speak, the skin sympathises with the stomach ; or, in plain English, when the skin, in this particular case, becomes inflamed in certain parts, producing these various eruptions, the disorder which was formed originally in the stomach, disappears. The skin, in short, becomes a sort of deputy. Thus, if there should be a large eruption, the original injury to the stomach has been great ; and, had it not been for the eruption, the person would have died, as sure as a gun. When the injury is trifling, the eruption is so too ; and these are your pimples. But the eruption, remember, is life, it is salvation, if a large one ; and, be it ever so small, it is the relief of inconveniences in the stomach, which, we can assure you, are by no means trifling. Therefore, however you may lament the loss of your beauty, you must recollect that it has saved your life sometimes, at others your health. Whether beauty is better than life or health, is a question which we do not pretend to solve.

Now, we hope that you understand it clearly ; and we assure you that is all true, most veracious, and most medical. And the reason

why you are more subject to these misfortunes than we beaux, is precisely your avidity for lemonade and ices. Pray remark, that we seldom indulge in this manner; and that you have no restraints over your pretty little appetites. Mr. Gay says, that gluttony is of the seven deadly sins the worst; it is a barbarous word—gluttony—but the thing itself is much worse, for many other reasons besides these same detractions from a lily skin. Pray, dears, avoid it; for be you assured that never yet, since the creation, did man love that woman who was fond of eating and drinking—Pah!

Look here. If you must eat ices, eat them slowly, and do not swallow the frozen compound. Thaw it in your sweet mouths. If you *will* drink cold drinks, drink them slowly; warm them in the same place. But if you really do wish to cool and to refresh yourselves, drink the hottest drink that you can get: and—do not stare—for it is very true. Why do you not introduce the French fashion, and send round hot soup? That is the *veritable rafraîchissant*. Hot soups, pepper, Cayenne pepper, these are the truly cooling things; these will make you dance with renewed vigour, though you were fainting or half dead. We tell you truths. Cold water is weakening, not strengthening; because it destroys the tone of the stomach, as the doctors say, and when that is gone, adieu to the legs. Porter is safe and good; but it is vulgar and inadmissible. Wine and water will make you tipsy; and that is not pretty. You are very apt to be a little in this way at balls, ladies, without perhaps knowing it. But we can see it plainly enough. Avoid Negus; he is an insidious personage. Colonel Negus has much to answer for.

Now we have done with our advice; and, alas! we must come back to the Lady's Maid and the cosmetics. But we have given you good advice, and without a fee; more good advice for the tenth part of three shillings and sixpence, than the whole Lady's Maid contains under seven shillings.

There are cosmetics against these said unhappy pimples. Mark well! Mrs. Gowland's lotion shall stand for the whole, because it is the best; that is, the best, inasmuch as it is the worst. The gentleman-usher to the Lady's Maid does not know what this is; but it is a solution of corrosive sublimate of mercury, disguised in the milk of bitter and sweet almonds. If it cures the pimples, it is by sending them back to the stomach; since we have already shown you that they originally came from thence. If the eruption were large, and thus cured, the lady will die, it is very probable; if small, she must pay such penalty as may be, in disorders of the stomach and general loss of health. Such is Gowland's lotion, and such are all of the same tribe—vinegar of lead, or what not. It is a bargain between comfort and beauty, health and pimples; perhaps between an eruption and a coffin. It is not for us to strike the balance in the estimation of the fair.

But those who are prudent will avoid all unknown cosmetics directed to this end. They are always hazardous. There may be, and indeed there are, eruptions which do not belong to the stomach; for our rule is not universal. But the ladies cannot judge of these distinctions, and there is no security but in renouncing the whole. Let them avoid Gowland as they would poison and death. Let them consult their physicians. There are safe methods of cure, even for the eruptions produced by cold water; but we cannot write medical treatises here.



If any lady, less fair than she wishes to be, wants advice, we are the Brodums, we are the Solomons; let them come to us, or "enclose the compliment of a small note," as the doctors say, and then they shall see what they shall see.

Now for the Lady's Maid. The receipts for removing freckles are as ignorant and absurd as all the rest. Bullock's gall and alum would require a good nose to endure. Strawberries, grapes baked with salt, milk and lemon juice, chervil water, and such like stuff, will serve, perhaps, to amuse young ladies, and cannot, at least, do them any harm. As to acrid matters, such as the juice of wild cucumber, they will certainly take off the freckles, since they will take off the skin. The ladies are at liberty to try; but we can assure them, in the mean time, that the freckles will come back again with the new skin, more brilliant than ever. It would be much better to persuade themselves that freckles were a beauty and an ornament, as is our opinion; because that will save a great deal of trouble.

But the gentleman has remedies, even for old age; he can remove the old skin when it has acquired, to use his own elegant comparison, the thickness and aspect of "boiled leather," and bring on a new one rivalling that of sweet seventeen. This boiled leather of threescore and ten, is to be first softened by emollients, and then "destroyed by caustics." Are there old women foolish enough to believe in such philosophy as this? Yes, verily, there are.

A *non sequitur* here, will serve to show the way in which books of this complexion are written; and it is the only quotation that we shall make from this elegant performance. "These spots are said to attack particularly such women as have been in the habit of using cosmetics. This is the hideous stamp which the Deity of the Toilette impresses upon all those who have not frequented his altar. It is thus that he punishes them sooner or later, for their neglect of his worship, and that he demonstrates to the whole fair sex the utility of cosmetics." The *truth* is in the first sentence, not in the conclusion so blunderheadedly drawn.

Wrinkles! the gentleman can even remove wrinkles: the wrinkles of age. By onions, white wax, honey, barley water, and balsam of Mecca. He is the rival of Medea. Thus much for his impudence—his indecencies here, we must pass over. What the morality of his Lady's Maid is likely to prove after these studies, may be questioned. Ladies are exhorted to make their virgin's milk themselves, as it is "the easiest thing in the world." Here is one, out of many:—Sulphur and alum dissolved in rose-water. We suppose the writer is a Scotchman: we, at least, should be very shy of coming into contact with a lady who washed her face with this sulphureous milk of virgins.

The chemistry of talc water would rather puzzle Mr. Faraday, and so would oil of talc. The Danish ladies, who preserve all the bloom of youth at fifty, by means of cucumber seeds and cream, are at least on the safe side of the cosmetic system. Pigeon water! It is really worth while to extract this precious nostrum, which reminds us of a celebrated receipt *anent* a baked fox, in one of Scott's novels. Eight hashed pigeons, sugar, camphor, borax, French rolls, white wine, water lilies, melons, cucumbers, lemons, briony, succory, lilies, borage, and beans, to be boiled for seventeen days, and then distilled. Here is another:—calves' feet, rice, crumb of bread, milk, fresh butter, eggs,

to be mixed with camphor and alum, and distilled. Can there be lady or lady's maid so absurd as to believe in such cosmetics as these? Waters distilled from sulphur, alum, resins, and so on, are more specimens of the chemistry of these incredible receipts. But why should we doubt that they are followed, even without the authority of the Miss Primroses, since we have seen the stolen alembic, and detected the fair operators, ourselves, in the very moment of projection? Rose-water is to be made by infusing rose-leaves in water with sulphuric acid!—and much more, equally scientific. The division on paints is another passage of the same ignorance. Utter and absolute ignorance about every thing which is here brought together, is of course the author's characteristic; but he might at least have compiled better, since there is not a Handmaid to the Arts, or an Encyclopædia so base, as not to furnish what was here wanted. Carmine is prepared from cochineal and alum! The green papers and the pink saucers are preparations of cochineal! Safflower is a moss-like drug—and it is doubtful whether it is as innocent as cochineal—and so on. But enough of such blundering and ignorance. A word of our own on paints—and we have done.

It is possible, and that is all, to paint the skin white, so as to bear some kind of resemblance to nature; but by any paint ever yet used, it is perfectly impossible. Dry and dusty whites never can look like aught else than the most detestable *fard*; and such are pearl white, and flake white—the oxyde of bismuth, and a carbonate of lead: and these, notoriously, become black in crowded rooms, from well-known chemical causes; the pearl white being the most ticklish. Powdered talc or steatite comes nearer to the lustre, as well as the colour of the skin, while it coheres better, and does not blacken; but it is commonly too glossy. But nothing white can ever serve as white paint, because no skin is white. It is surprising how little common-sense observation has been exerted on a matter so extremely simple; that is to say, if the object be deception, or a real remedy for defects: if paint is to be used, declaredly, as hair-powder was, or as rouge was, under the old French regime, that is another question. By the aid of a painter's eye, and by day-light, corrected by candle-light, it is possible to paint the white parts of the face and neck, so as to produce a very tolerable remedy; but as we have no affection for fraud, we shall keep our materials and our secret to ourselves.

As to rouge, the first question is the same. Is it to be fraudulent, and a remedy, or is it to be acknowledged? If the latter, let it be the most brilliant carmine, and let it be put on square; a red plaster, as of old. If adopted to remedy occasional paleness, or to correct habitual paleness, it is intended to mend a defect; and for this end, it ought to resemble nature. Whether, here, it should be declared, or not, is a mixed question of convenience and morality. If concealed, it is a fraud: but how far fraudulent, is a question of morality, on which, as usual, persons differ. To deceive a lover, is a fraud on the husband; and the morality of this will scarcely be defended. To deceive the public at large, is a fraud which injures no one, and which cannot, therefore, be very criminal. To declare the art, removes all crime: it is then as excusable as any other mode of dress. After seventeen, the bust is a fraud; curled hair is a fraud; we do not perceive the moral differences: and there are many far deeper frauds of



concealment, as to the lover, for which the husband will suffer, practised daily, and defended. We cannot see the deep immorality of rouge, unless in the excepted case: we should think it fortunate, if the sex had never any deeper frauds, even of person, to answer for.

And if we are right in our moralities, there is at least no question about the advantages as to beauty. Why should it not be acknowledged and declared? all the crime then vanishes, as much at least as in any other case of dress, and the convenience remains. But people are guided by words and not ideas. There is a prejudice to the term rouge, and therefore to its use: that is all.

Admitted that it may be used, under convention or not, then ought it to resemble nature. Now, every rouge is either the dye of the *carthamus tinctorius*, safflower, a marigold rather than a "moss"—whether in the shape of saucers, green leaves, or wool, or cakes; or else it is the carmine of cochineal, cochineal precipitated by alum, and the muriate of tin, either pure, or diluted by means of talc or steatite.

And there is no one of those colours which resembles the healthy red tint of any skin that ever was created. All are too pure, too crimson, too pink, or reds too free from yellow. Yet they are indiscriminately applied to all skins, all complexions; to the most purely white, and to the most dingy yellow. This is blindness, or gross ignorance, or want of observation. And thence rouge so seldom resembles the real tint of the cheek, even when applied with the utmost care. To render rouge natural, which is the object in this case, the natural red of the skin itself should be noted, if there is any present; and if not, a correct eye will easily discern the tone of red which harmonises with the peculiar white or yellow of the complexion. Almost every complexion, in fact, requires a rouge of its own; and therefore it would be in vain to expect to purchase a true colour, were the colours sold in the shops even less absurdly crimson than they all are. To say by what colours and what mixtures true and natural rouges can be produced, would be a task which we have not here undertaken to execute; but if one example will serve to illustrate our meaning to the apprehension of the fair sex, we may suggest that, out of perhaps twenty complexions, there will be nineteen, where vermillion will, by mixture with common rouge, give the best chance of suiting the natural colours of the face.

Let the fair also here recollect, that dusty rouge, like dusty whites, betrays its own secret. Talc, by giving a slight lustre, remedies this evil to a certain degree; and it is the common diluent for the carmine or the red of *carthamus*. But the same end is also obtained, and still better, by mere oil, which requires, however, to be used with care; as, in fact, the whole operation, if meant to emulate nature, requires the attention of a painter, and a certain degree of knowledge in portrait painting: Sir Thomas Lawrence would be the true hero of the toilette in this case; or the Deity, as our elegant author would express it.

We might here also inform our fair readers respecting a secret in the form of liquid rouge, capable of being made in a minute, and applied in such a manner as to incur no hazard from wiping or other casual injury; even from tears, should tears start in indignation at the successes of a rival. But we believe that we must keep our secret, lest the gentleman of the Lady's Maid should borrow it for his second edition, and murder it to keep company with calves' broth, bullocks' gall, and pigeon-water.

Yet one other secret do we possess, and it is the means of producing a rouge which neither age, nor fainting, nor sickness, nor soap and water, nor even death could affect or remove. This *is* a secret indeed. We have tried it, and it has succeeded. To be sure, it has its inconveniences with its merits; since to faint and retain the bloom of life and health, is somewhat awkward. Still, to possess a colour which is real, true, permanent, not to be rubbed off by a cambric handkerchief, not to be blotted or striped by tears, not to be washed off, never to require being renewed, impossible to be known or suspected, unless under fainting, is no small merit. What shall we do with our secret? Sell it, of course; sell it for so many guineas, a hundred of guineas, and under an oath of non-divulgence, like the gentleman who cures stammering. Who will bid? who will buy? How much will you give, ladies? We shall not tell the gentleman parturitioner of the Lady's Maid; that is most certain. A hundred guineas is the price; and five per cent commission to the publishers of this Magazine.

And now, ladies—and their Lady's Maid, farewell.

L. I. T.

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#### MUSIC OF THE MONTH.

THAT fashion can do every thing for music, nay, can gain great reputation for a composer who possesses none of the qualifications for his art, we were never more firmly convinced than on attending the performance of *Il Crociato in Egitto* at the Italian Opera House a few nights back. We were not inclined previously to anticipate much gratification in hearing this highly extolled production of Mayerbeer; some specimens of his composition which we had seen in the *Harmonicon*, had convinced us that gross plagiarism from Rossini was not one of his least faults. As long as we were able to endure this disgusting German's far-fetched and unmelodious opera, it was impossible to help noticing, that the modulation in his recitatives (a circumstance in which the good musician always betrays himself) was invariably bad; that the motivos of his airs were as unnatural as if they had been brought from the Antipodes; and that he deals very largely in unexpected transitions and remote keys, which, though good in their way, discover affectation and want of genius, if injudiciously used. Add to these, that grossest of all appeals to a vulgar taste, the alternation of extreme loudness and softness, an unreasonable dwelling on discords and appoggiatura, and drumming and trumpeting, which will bear comparison with Tarrare and the Coronation. In musical thought, eccentricity is a very cheap sort of originality; if, after all, a new thought give us surprise only, what is it worth? These sort of unconnected freaks are called original; they are the fruits of a bad and *French* taste, which is unfortunately becoming fashionable; for our parts we are content with the originality of such men as Sphor, Cherubini, and Beethoven, which consists chiefly in the design. At the close of each succeeding opera season, we have been left wishing for good music, and wondering why the bad was preferred; but the love of novelty, and the caprice of singers influences the performances more than we could have imagined, and the reason why Rossini and the whole tribe of frivolous composers have had such continued success, is that the singers find their music much easier to execute, and the capacity of an opera singer of these times is very limited indeed. It is of no avail that



there exist fine operas by Mozart, and Winter, and Paisceilo, and Cimarosa, and Righini, and, lately, of Sphor; we have no singers capable of performing them. What can Madame Bonelli do? or Velluti? certainly not sing. We recommend them to try every thing else in the world but singing, for that is assuredly not their *forte*. Having noticed the splendid talents of the singers of the present opera establishment, we may ask if it is necessary to import a parcel of ignorant and incapable Italians to carry on the performances, when they might be much better supported by many of our own vocal performers, who possess all the requisites of an acquaintance with the style, and infinite superiority in point of voice and execution? We have, however, some delightful singers among the Italian women. Madame Ronzi di Begnis is possessed of the true feeling, and discovered, in the part of Donna Anna, in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, wonderful energy and tenderness. Her performance in that recitative, in which she laments her father's death, so full of passionate melancholy, and in the duet with her lover, "*Fuggi crudele*," are never to be forgotten. Miss Corri (who was driven from her situation in our Italian Opera by a cabal among some of our aristocracy, because she happened not to be handsome) was a singer of the very highest order, an exquisite voice, polished style, and the most correct intonation that can be conceived. The triumph of this lady's performance was in Mozart's *Zauberflöte*. Madame Camporese, though rather too old for the *Prima Donna* at the time she left England, was excellent in her way. In the absence of singers like these, why not substitute Miss Paton and Miss Goodall for the ladies at present engaged; and if etiquette require that their names should be *italianised*, let them imitate Madame Caradori, who has adopted that pretty and well-chosen appellation, instead of the unromantic one of Münck.

The musical attraction of the theatres has lately been rather in the revival of old and favourite pieces than in the production of novelties. Sheridan's excellent opera of the *Duenna* has been brought forward by the managers of Covent-garden Theatre, and performed to very great houses. It is impossible to speak too highly of this admirable mixture of sterling humour and good music. The airs in the *Duenna* are chiefly of the most natural and pleasing class, remarkable for a certain elegance and tenderness, particularly that by Donna Clara, "*When sable night*," and those allotted to Don Carlos. The selection of these melodies will be a lasting proof of Sheridan's good taste in music, as those in the *Beggar's Opera* will always be of Gay's. The character of the music in both operas is similar in one respect, namely, its simplicity; although the style is different, that of Gay's selection being of a much older school, more quaint and severe. The air of Purcell, "*Virgins are like the fair flower*," &c., and the chorus adapted to Handel's march in *Rinaldo*, "*Let us take to the road*," will always be worth hearing. The last time the *Beggar's Opera* was performed at Covent-garden Theatre, this season, the audience seemed neither to understand the wit, nor relish the music. The age for enjoying this feast of sound and sense has gone by for the present. The only circumstance we have to notice particularly in the performance of the *Duenna* is the slovenly manner in which the orchestral accompaniments are generally played to the old school of music; and this is a mistake which the instrumental performers run into, from a notion that as they do not abound with solos, they are not worth taking pains to execute with precision.

Much, however, is to be said in extenuation of the fault, when we recollect the undue licence which the singers take with respect to time, which renders the difficulty of accompanying them almost an impossibility. This practice of theatrical singers not only mars the expression of their songs, but much injures the effect of the music. We have a quarrel with our favourite Miss Paton, partly on this score, and partly for luxuriating (not to our taste) too much in cadenzas; she inserts them on every occasion, in every sort of melody, and this fritters away the sentiment of many of her songs.

The "Tempest," with Dryden's additions to Shakspeare's text, and an heterogeneous compound of ancient and modern styles in the music, consisting of Purcell, Rossini, Pucitta, &c., has been performed at Covent-garden Theatre. We may safely say, that a great deal of genius and invention are here thrown away; for Dryden's impurities and Rossini's common-places are the salvation of the piece, the only things to which any attention is given. The absurdity of engrafting new music upon old poetry we shall not attempt to show; there is, however, something satisfactory and unique in the utter contradiction and opposition of all the parts in this piece; a sort of pantomime going forward on the stage, with the characters speaking the finest poetry in the world,—Shakspeare's Miranda and Dryden's disgusting contrast—then Miranda singing an air by Meyer—and Dorinda favouring us with "Away with Melancholy,"—and a chorus of fiends by Purcell,—and a finale by Rossini. Miss H. Cawse (a pupil of Sir G. Smart's) performed the delicate Ariel, and sang her songs fluently and well in tune.

At Drury-lane Theatre, Miss Stephens and Mr. Sinclair have been displaying their vocal powers in the Siege of Belgrade, the Cabinet, and other musical pieces. Miss Stephens has acquired a great and merited reputation from her manner of singing Handel's songs, and old ballads; her taste remains as good as ever, but her voice (at one time one of the finest ever heard) is much altered in quality, we suppose the result of indisposition. As we have never heard better singing than this lady's, it would be ungrateful in us to manifest any impatience at a circumstance which is only to be regretted.

The Lent Oratorios take place at Covent-garden Theatre, under the direction of Sir George Smart; and at the Opera House, under that of Mr. Bochsa. One of these speculations must fail; there is not an audience capable of filling two theatres at a musical performance: those who remember the Concerts Spirituelles, introduced into this country last season by Signor Benelli, will, we should think, not manifest any very feverish anxiety to attend Mr. Bochsa's Oratorios.

As a part of the MSS. in the Fitzwilliam Museum, in the University of Cambridge, has just appeared, consisting of compositions by Leo, Carissimi, Clari, Padre Martini, Buononcini, Durante, &c., edited by Mr. V. Novello, (to whom the musical world is much indebted for many masterly compositions and arrangements,) we lose no time in recommending those of our readers who love the sublime of church music to a perusal of them. The original score of these writings is printed on a handsome page, with an accompaniment for the organ or piano-forte added by Mr. Novello; a facility is thus afforded to those, who, like ourselves, wish to see as much as possible of the composer's design, and the organ part will assist the uninitiated in the art of score playing.



THE SIEGE OF THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS,  
IN THE YEARS 1821—22.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

MUCH has been said and written for and against the Greeks. Some have lavished extravagant praises upon them as the immediate and worthy descendants of Miltiades and Themistocles, whilst others, from the beginning of the war, have depreciated their character, blamed, decried, and condemned their conduct, either because they had taken a dislike to them from hearsay, or because, acting up to the spirit of the Holy Alliance, they hate every revolution, whatever may be its cause or object. The former laid themselves open to painful disappointments; they had forgotten that the slave is seldom better than the master—that the Greeks were little better than slaves, a long time before the Turks conquered Greece—that a long slavery will not improve the moral condition of a people—and that a revolution, after centuries of slavery, will rather show forth the sore parts of the body, than heal them. But if these were led astray by the enthusiasm of their minds, and the intemperance of their wishes, the others evinced an absence of feeling for the true interests of humanity. Whoever doubts the possibility of regeneration by good government and wise laws, utters blasphemy against human nature, or wishes the causes of degeneration to be perpetual.

Athens ranks first among the cities in Greece. Attica is one of its finest provinces; and the siege of the citadel of Athens may be considered as one of the great incidents of the Greek revolution, little known in its details, but intimately connected with the whole drama of the present war, and not devoid of interest, even after a considerable lapse of time, for those whose attention is not absorbed by the events of the day. The present narrative is drawn from the Journal of one who passed above a year in Greece, shortly after the beginning of the war; who had an adequate knowledge of the language to carry on a familiar intercourse with all classes, and was therefore enabled to collect information whenever it was wanted, from different quarters.

Those who planned the revolution of Greece could certainly not have chosen a better moment than when the Sultan was involved in a war with Ali Pacha. The first efforts of the Greeks would have been crushed, if the Ottoman Porte could have commanded the Albanese against them at the beginning. It is well known, that the insurrection of the Morea broke out at Calavrita, a little town nearly in its centre. It spread itself over the whole of the Peninsula, before the Turks of Athens could persuade themselves that the disturbance in the Morea was of a truly serious nature; they believed, and the belief was carefully instilled into them by the Greeks of Athens, that a numerous gang of robbers had started up, but that tranquillity would soon be restored. In a country like Turkey, and especially in this part of Turkey, such things do not strike the imagination as they would in a well-regulated state. The people of the mountains had always maintained themselves as independent robbers, and often had the Pachas been obliged to

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march with a large body of troops to chastise their boldness; the modern walls of Athens had been built in former times against them, and the profession of a robber (*klephtis*) was altogether, in the eyes of the Greeks, a dignified one, being blended with a defence of faith, and a struggle for liberty, that had never died away entirely in Greece. The Turks of Athens had therefore no correct idea of the object and extent of the disturbances in the Morea; and the Turks of the Morea having retired into the several forts of Modon and Coron, Napoli di Romania, Monembasia, Patras, Corinth, and Tripolizza, the former could not get any other information than that which came from the Greeks.

The communication with Corinth had been cut off since the first days of April; (the insurrection in the Morea began on the 25th of March;) the Turks of Salona, after a short siege of a fortnight, were obliged to surrender, and were killed by the Greeks, those of Livadia met with the same fate, those of Thebes fled to Negropont, Tripolizza was blockaded, and the islands of Spezzia and Hydra, the latter not till after Captain Constantin had been murdered at Constantinople, had also raised the standard of insurrection.

The Athenians had already, by a letter dated the 31st March, and signed by three bishops, been summoned, in the name of the *Cross and Leonidas*, to take up arms to kill the Turks within their town, and to send troops for the defence of the Thermopylæ. The Turks, although the Greeks endeavoured, with artful dissimulation, to keep them in ignorance of the danger of their situation, thought it prudent to retire every evening into the castle, and to come down into the town only in the day-time; they carried provision and furniture up into the Acropolis, where a number of families had small houses; all the other Turks, who lived at Salamis, or on the isthmus, or in Attica itself, joined them, and their flocks were taken away by the Greeks, and their country-houses plundered and destroyed. The bazaar was closed, and all business stopped; and the Turks, after having been kept long under the delusion that all would soon be settled, perceived at last that they had been duped by the Greeks; but these being superior in number within the town of Athens, the Turks did not venture to make the first attack, and still less as the Greeks had retired within strong houses, four or five families together.

At the distance of nine miles, at the foot of the mountains north-east from Athens, is the village of Menidi, on the site of the ancient borough of Acharnes. There the flag of liberty was hoisted, first by the inhabitants of Cassia, another village, twelve miles from Athens, surrounded on all sides by mountains, in the vicinity of which the ruins of Phyle are to be seen, where Thrasybulus assembled his men against the thirty tyrants. The Turks, when they saw from the Acropolis the crowds of Rajahs encamping in the plain of Menidi, made no efforts whatever to dispel the rebels by a bold attack: which would not have been difficult, as few of the Greeks were properly armed; but they seized three primates, two priests, and other Greeks of distinction, twelve all together, and carried them up as hostages into the citadel.

The camp of Menidi, whose numbers had been increased by people



from all Attica, was broken up on the 7th of May, in order to make an attack upon the town of Athens.

Athens is defended by a wall, flanked with towers; but as the Greeks of Athens amounted to two-thirds of the population, the Turks gave up all idea of defending the town. The Greeks, after a few shots, escalated the wall between the gate of Thebes and Marathon, with the cry: “Χριστὸς ἀνέστη, Ἑλευθερία!!” The Greeks of Athens rushed out of their houses to join their brethren, and the Turks shut themselves up in the castle. On this day one Greek was killed, seven or eight wounded. The conduct of the Turks evidently betrayed pusillanimity and cowardice. But the Turks of Athens had a long time ago ceased to be warlike; the mildness of the climate, and a life spent in luxury and pleasure, without exertion or labour, had subdued and broken the original vigour of their character; they fed upon the produce of a country, in the conquest of which *their* blood had not been spilt. Women, and good fare, were all they cared about; and whenever the Sultan was involved in war, their contingent was made up with rajahs or the poorest rabble among themselves, whom the Pacha was obliged to send home again. The Turks of the Morea, especially those of Lala, who defend, up to this moment, Patras, were much more warlike than those of Attica. Such people, it was believed, would not hold out a long siege. Some eighty men, Albanese soldiers, the body-guard of the waiwode of Athens, were alone supposed to be capable of making a vigorous resistance.

All was merriment and joy the first day among the Greeks. The Turkish houses were ransacked and plundered, and the booty deposited in the churches, to be divided afterwards. The Turks fired a few cannon-shots upon the town, but did it no harm.

However, the Albanese did not remain long quiet within the castle. The next day, the 8th of May, they made a sally towards the heights of the Pnyx, but were repulsed, the Greeks being so much superior in number. A vessel from Hydra arrived a few days after in the Piræus, carrying ten guns, two of which were brought up to erect a battery on the Museum, which is the highest hill south-west of the Acropolis, with the monument of Philopappus upon it. The Greeks endeavoured to dislodge the Turks from the outer forts of the castle between the theatres of Bacchus and Herodes Atticus, but without success.

The 14th of May, forty or fifty people from the island of Zea arrived, well armed, as auxiliaries of the Greeks; and about the same time, a Turkish woman, that had fallen into the hands of the Greeks, was burnt by them as a witch.

The Turks on their side killed nine of the Greek hostages, but the remaining three were at last, through the influence of the *Cadi*, after having suffered repeatedly all the terrors and agonies of death, sent back into the town.

The Turks, from the beginning of the siege, hoped that Omer Bey of Caristo, the Seraskier of the Archipelagus, would come to their relief. The short distance of Caristo from the coast of Attica enabled him, who was well known as a courageous and active man, to make a sudden and powerful diversion in behalf of the Turks of Athens. The coast of Attica opposite Negropont, the ancient Eubœa, offers several points,

where a landing can be effected with little difficulty. The villages of the Greeks are seldom near the shore, where they would be more exposed to the pirates than at a few miles in the interior. The plain of Porto Mendra, (the ancient Thoricos,) or Porto Raphti, (the ancient Prasiæ,) or the celebrated fields of Marathon, all lay open to the enemy, who crosses the straits between Attica and Negropont, and from each of these points is a single day's journey to Athens. Egripo, on the situation of the ancient Chalcis, where the Turks of Thebes had taken refuge, is also a strong and populous place, and the Turks of Negropont in general are supposed to be brave soldiers. It was necessary, therefore, to inform the Turks of Negropont of the precarious and perilous situation of the citadel of Athens. The provisions had become, after a three months' siege, so scanty, that each individual received, as a daily allowance, only seventy-five drachms of corn, and an *occha* of brackish water, which they got from a single well; and even that might fail, (the season being now very advanced,) or might be taken by the Greeks, it being defended only by a miserable wall.

Whilst the Turks were threatened with the horrors of starvation, the Greeks began their harvest on the banks of Ilissus, and near the columns of the temple of Jupiter Olympius, in sight of the Turks. But the Albanese immediately rushed out, drove off the Greeks by a furious attack, and some Arabian women they had taken with them gathered the corn; but before they could reach the citadel again the Greeks rallied, the Albanese were put to flight, little or nothing of the corn was carried to the fortress, and several women killed. It became high time to get succours from any part whatever. In the middle of the night, a dozen men well armed left the citadel, and, unobserved by the Greek posts, ran down over the fields to the sea. They entered a boat that was laying close by the shore, and killed the Greeks that were on board, in profound sleep; they got out of the Piræus, sailed round Cape Columna, and reached Caristo, the Greeks being too late in pursuit of them. A short time after, the approach of Turkish troops forced the Greeks to raise the siege.

Choursit Pacha, who commanded the Turkish forces against Ali Pacha, detached five thousand men under the order of Omer Pacha (formerly in the service of Ali Pacha, but since he deserted him, appointed Pacha of the Aulona) and Mehmet Pacha, who had been appointed Pacha of the Morea. These forced the Thermopylæ, took and burnt Livadia, and arrived without resistance at Thebes. Thence Omer Pacha went with a small division into Negropont, to bring to obedience the rebels of that island; and having been joined by Omer Bey of Caristo, they marched against Athens with a detachment of one thousand four hundred men, well armed, the greater part mounted on horseback or mules. Omer Pacha left Oropus on the 30th of July, and arrived by a different road between Decelia and Marathon (called the Descent, *κατὰφορος*) the same day at Menidi, eighty miles distant from Oropus. The Greeks heard of his arrival at midnight. Resistance was thought impossible, because few of them were, as yet, well armed, and the troops of the Pacha were all Albanese, or Geggides, and Dgiamis, and supported by the cavalry of the Delis. It was impos-



sible to defend the walls of Athens without a very numerous garrison, and at the risk of being harassed and attacked in the rear by the Turks of the castle. Some of the inhabitants of Athens had retired to Salamis, Ægina, Zea, or Syra, at the beginning of the revolution; others as soon as they heard that the two Pachas had forced the Thermopylæ; but if Omer Pacha had not lost his time in the island of Negropont, and had immediately marched from Thebes to Athens, the Athenians might have suffered greatly. Now, those that had remained at Athens had time to escape the same night the Pacha arrived at Menidi; the last gun-shots were fired from the battery on the Museum at daybreak, when the Turks appeared already from behind the Anchesmus on the road of Kephissia; at that moment all the Turks of the citadel appeared on the battlements, and filled the air with cries of joy, the high voice of the Imam was heard, offering up prayers above the rest, and the remainder of the Greeks hastened with their flags to the Piræus. Soon the cavalry of the Delis were seen galloping round the walls, and some pursuing the Greeks on the road to the harbour. Some of them were overtaken and killed. The besieged having opened the gates, murdered a few old men, women, or children, in the streets, that had been forgotten and left behind, set fire to several houses, forced the doors and plundered the churches. The houses of the French, Austrian, and Dutch Consuls were alone respected. The Dutch and Austrian Consuls had remained at their posts, the latter having kept thirty-four Turks in his house, who had fled there the day the town was taken by the Greeks of the camp of Menidi, and who had remained there unmolested, even after the Turks had killed the nine hostages. A Turk, who during the siege had deserted the castle, was killed within the precincts of the Austrian Consulate by an Albanese soldier.

In the middle of the day arrived the Pacha himself, and took his quarters in the house of the Austrian Consul: there he received the chiefs of the Turks of Athens, and there also the heads of the Greeks were brought, that had been killed, for every one of which he paid twenty-five piastres. Some neighbouring villages were plundered, and the churches destroyed every where, since the Greeks on their side had not spared the mosques. Even the church of the Catholics in the hospice of the Capuchins was burnt down, and the beautiful monument of Lysicrates (called the Lantern) damaged by the fire. This monument, only six feet in diameter, had a triangular apex for a tripod, and had been erected by the Choregus Lysicrates in commemoration of a musical prize gained in the theatre of Bacchus, and the frieze, in beautiful workmanship, represented the destruction of the Tyrrhenic pirates by Bacchus. It was built in the time of Alexander the Great, and contained the oldest specimen of the Corinthian order. The temple of Theseus, where several English travellers are buried, was plundered, and the graves opened by the wantonness or avarice of the Turks. In the month of May the lightning had struck this temple, and thrown down a part of the cornice of the north-east angle, and split its columns.

The Pacha soon after made several excursions to different parts of Attica; Eleusis, Cassia, and Menidi were burnt. Once, however, he had a narrow escape himself: an old Greek, who had concealed himself

behind some bushes, fired at the Pacha, and rushed forth desperately to strangle him with his hands, his musquet having flashed in the pan, but the Pacha killed him with a pistol-shot. Omer Bey, of Caristo, remained only a fortnight at Athens, and Omer Pacha left it on the 10th of October. On the borders of Attica he was rejoined by Mehmet Pacha; the Albanese who had defended the citadel during the first siege, went off with him, so that the Turks of Athens were compelled to shift for themselves. The Pacha had even extorted from them the sum of twenty thousand piastres, for having forced the Greeks to raise the first siege. But during the time the Pacha was at Athens, they had collected provisions in abundance from all the villages in Attica; and had they cleaned the cisterns in the Acropolis, and filled them with water, (they being of considerable depth, and of ancient construction,) they would have avoided the dreadful fate which befell them afterwards. But, as they never imagined that the Greeks would drive them from the exterior forts of the castle, whence they had been supplied with water during the first siege, they had scarcely filled half the cisterns of the citadel. The Greeks remained till the 1st (13th, O.S.) of November, at Salamis and Ægina, or came over in small numbers to plunder sheep. Some were taken by the Turks, and impaled.

In the Morea, Tripolizza had fallen into the hands of the Greeks on the 5th of October. That event raised again the spirit of the Athenians. They knew that Omer Pacha had gone back to Albania, that Captain Odysseus had retaken Thebes, and surprised, one dark night, the Turkish garrison of Livadia, and destroyed the castle there. Being safe from that quarter, they thought of driving the Turks once more into the castle, and after a brisk action at Calandri, where the Turks were completely routed, the town of Athens was again taken possession of by the Greeks. The citadel itself was very near being taken by a stratagem. The Greeks had entered Athens during the night, in the greatest silence, and expected the Turks in the morning to come down into the town according to custom. At that moment a body of Greeks was to have rushed through the open gates of the citadel, and taken possession of the fort, before the Turks could return from the town; but some dogs which the Greeks had brought with them into the town, betrayed this plan by their barking, and in the morning the Turks were seen, instead of opening the gates, to run to the battlements and cover them with stones, as if they expected an assault. Then the Greeks, disappointed, appeared in the streets, and made, forthwith, preparations for attack. In the night of the 25th of December, one hundred and fifty men got up the wall of the first battery, between the theatre of Herodes Atticus and the Iron Gate, killed a dozen Turks on the first battery, and forced the others to save themselves within the citadel. Some Turks had not even time for that, but concealed themselves behind some rocks at the foot of the southern wall, where the Greeks could not follow them, on account of the musquetry of those from the battlements. The besieged got them safely up by ropes, and a kind of hammock, in which they wrapt themselves up with cushions. The greatest loss which the Turks sustained, was the cistern outside the walls, by which they were reduced to the water in the citadel. A short time after, the Greeks hoped



to find their way into the castle by means of a subterraneous passage, the entrance of which is seen on the north side of the Acropolis ; but on having entered it in the night, they found the passage obstructed by parts of the vault which had given way ; all, however, succeeded in escaping out of it again before daybreak, one excepted, who was killed in the attempt to run over the open space between the rocks of the fortress and the walls of the town. Great events had taken place in the mean time in the Morea. Deputies from all parts of Greece had met at Argos, to establish a provisional government, and to put an end to the anarchy which had hitherto greatly paralysed the efforts of the Greeks. A draught of a constitution, chiefly the work of Mavrocordato, was laid before the assembly, and adopted at length, after a long play of intrigues. The party which Ipsilanti had formed since his arrival in the Morea, was entirely defeated by the superior skill of Mavrocordato and his friends, and Mavrocordato himself was elected President of the Executive. Shortly after, the Turkish garrison of Corinth was, for want of provisions, obliged to surrender, and were nearly all slain, contrary to the capitulation. One of the Turks taken at Corinth, was brought to Athens, to confirm the news of the fall of Corinth to the Turks there ; he spoke to them from below the walls, but they declared that they believed him to be a deserter, and left him with dreadful imprecations.

The Greeks of Athens soon after brought some mortars and shells from Corinth, and a French colonel came over to bombard the citadel. About the same time Ipsilanti had left Corinth, where the government had taken its residence, and arrived at Athens by the way of Megara and Eleusis. He entered Athens accompanied by a few followers, and was received with all the attention he deserved for his disinterested patriotism, and the undaunted valour he had shown on all occasions. He summoned the Turks to capitulate, but they would not listen to any proposals, and he soon after left Athens to join the Greek troops near the Thermopylæ, that were collected there for the purpose of attacking Zeitouni, a Turkish town at the entrance of Thessaly.

I arrived at Athens in the month of March, a few days before the bombardment began. The preceding part of the narration is therefore drawn from information carefully collected at Athens, while the following part of it is entirely taken from my own Journal.

I had arrived in the night in the Piræus, and rose with daybreak to go up to Athens. The sun was just rising behind the mountain Pentelicus, and threw a glowing light on the highest edifices of the Acropolis. The rays that were glancing on the Parthenon were seen dying away on the summits of the dark and frowning hills of the Morea. Now I felt treading upon holy ground ; and as if the gigantic spirit of antiquity were hovering over me, I paid, with idolatrous joy, dutiful homage to the immortal goddess, whose temple I saw re-emerging from darkness, and I hailed the omen that was thus presented to me. Walking up along the road where remainders of the high walls are seen, built after the battle of Salamis, and partly destroyed by Lysander, in rapturous recollection of past ages, past magnificence, and past glory, I entered, after having left behind me a little olive-wood, the plain close by Athens. The whole amphitheatre encompassed by the Parnes, the Pentelicus,

and the Hymettus, had by this time from darkness come forth in the charming beauty of the day, and after a few moments the town of Athens itself was expanded before my eyes.

But is this the gate of Dipylum? this the holy road, where the procession went along to Eleusis? Where are, Athens, thy temples, thy gods? Where are the heroes to go forth with Miltiades to Marathon, to fight with Themistocles at Salamis? where the statesmen to sit with Pericles in council? where the philosophers to walk with Plato in the Academy?

Full of these ideas I proceeded to the bazaar, through dirty, narrow streets, jammed in by small, miserable houses, built mostly of clay or of wood; and passing along, I saw the people sitting in the shops or along the benches before the numerous coffee-houses, smoking their pipes, with pistols in their belts, and glancing from time to time up to the Acropolis, where the Turkish flag was waving on the walls. Heaps of ruins were seen in every part of the town; whole streets forsaken and abandoned, especially all those adjoining the Acropolis. From time to time a musket-shot was heard either from the citadel or in the town. Some captains with silver inlaid pistols, a shaggy capote, breast and neck open and sunburnt, paraded through the streets, followed by a dozen soldiers.

I hastened to recover from the gloomy impressions which the sight of so much desolation on the loveliest spot in the world had left in my mind, by a pilgrimage to the magnificent remnants of antiquity with which this city abounds. Here rises the chaste, but still sublime architecture of the temple of Theseus; there the lofty and luxurious pillars of the temple of the Olympic Jupiter; and no paltry houses are standing near to displease the eye and to diminish the effect. These remains are now seen on the opposite sides of Athens, quite lonely and deserted, in solitary magnificence, as if the modern town of Athens had felt its degeneracy, and had kept at a distance from these holy buildings in due reverence. And yet every quarter of the town has its sacred inheritance from the ancient time; every street contains something to awaken great recollections; the walls of the houses enclose fragments of columns, stones with inscriptions; and ascending the staircase in some of the more respectable houses, you tread upon Pentelic marble, that once decorated a temple or some other monument. But it not being the object of this narration to enter upon any subject that might satisfy the antiquarian, we proceed therefore with the account of the siege.

The bombardment began on the 22d of March. The mortars had been placed on the Pnyx, where anciently the assemblies of the people of Athens had been held; how singular, that there the thunder should roll forth again against the foes of Greece! The Turks, who had seen the preparation, put their women and children in the casemates; but the men were seen sitting on the walls, smoking their pipes, or walking about the Propylæum, easy, seemingly, and unconcerned. The second shell having exploded in the citadel, the Greeks raised a great cry, and at that very moment a Turk appeared between the pillars of the Propylæum, stretching out, in a solemn attitude, the five fingers of each hand; it seemed to me I heard him cry—Πεντε κακούς χρόνους νὰ ἔχης.

The bombardment lasted for several weeks, did no harm, either to



the Turks or to the citadel, where it might have done considerable injury to the beautiful remains of antiquity which the Acropolis contains.

I shall only notice one singular circumstance. The Turks met every evening at a certain hour for their prayers in the Mosque, which they had erected in the middle of the ruins of the Parthenon: the whole people was heard at times answering the Imam; it is impossible to describe the sublime effect which the deep echoing sound made on those who heard it below in the town. Now just this moment was chosen, to throw shells into the citadel, in order to multiply death and destruction. A less pious multitude would have changed the hour of devotion, or made their prayers silently; but they met in spite of shells, just as before, to say their prayers to *their* God.

Seeing no probability of a speedy surrender of the citadel, as the bombardment had passed without effect, I left Athens to make some excursions in Attica; my first was to Marathon. There is still a poor village extant with that name; I visited the barrow of the Athenians, where they buried their slain in battle. It struck me forcibly that there can be no better monument on a field of battle than such a one. Every structure of iron or marble may be destroyed by time or avarice, but a lofty hill, in a wide plain, thrown up for a tomb of the dead, sets oblivion at defiance. And who does not prefer the sublime simplicity of such a monument to the laborious but perishable works of man? I met with great hospitality from the monks at Diana; (where once *Diana Brauronia* was worshipped;) they were surprised at my speaking Greek so fluently. Few remains of the villa of Herodes Atticus are seen there. Shortly afterwards I went to Thebes by the road of Cassia, near which I saw the ruins of Phylæ. Ascending the hill, upon which Phylæ is built, I enjoyed the most surprising and magnificent view I ever met with in all my travels. I suppose that you have left the plain of Athens, and have entered the wild but romantic vallies that lead to Cassia, twelve miles from Athens. Thence you ascend Mount Parnes, on the road to Bœotia. After two or three miles' walk you turn round, and as if by enchantment you see again the Acropolis of Athens with the Parthenon on the loftiest point of it; and to your left the Pentelicus and the Hymettus, which enclose your view on that side—the Hymettus streaming to the South of Athens towards Cape Sunium; to your right you behold the Saronic Gulf, and the range of hills along the coast of the Morea. The effect of this view is most truly sublime. I found Thebes in ruins, gloomy like a desert, as if the anger of the gods were still pursuing the house of Labdacus. There are scarcely any vestiges of antiquity, except a few columns, some inscriptions, and an ancient tower, (at least, the lower part of it,) supposed to be one of the Seven Towers so famous in early history. At Thebes I took leave of a Danish gentleman, the companion of my excursions, a young man of a noble mind, full of zeal for the cause of the Greeks, whom he went to join before Zeitouni, where he was killed in the first engagement:

Κουφὰ οἱ χθων

ἐπάνω πέσειε.

From Thebes I went to Plataea, now Kokla, where still surprising walls are seen, astonishing specimens of the fortifications of those

times; thence to Erinno Castro, (anciently Thespiæ;) and after a short visit to Thisbe, I crossed the Gulf of Corinth; and having passed a few days at Corinth, I returned to Athens by the way of Megara, and thence by water between Salamis and Eleusis, through the very straits where the fleet of Xerxes was defeated.

At my return, I was informed that the Greeks intended to make an assault; the signal for which was to be the explosion of a mine. Ladders were prepared, and people flocked from the country to take a part in the assault. The evening before, the Bishop of Athens offered up a prayer in presence of all the people; promised to the faithful absolution for their sins; and pointed to Heaven, where, as in the time of Constantine, the clouds were shaped in the form of a cross, which, by the aid of a pious imagination, was taken as a good omen. The mine was sprung on the 29th of April, an hour before daybreak: it did considerable damage, and several Turks were killed by it; but in a moment the whole garrison was on the alert; basketsfull of stones were thrown down on the assailants, and a murderous fire kept up for some minutes, when, it being found out that the ladders were too short, the Greeks gave up the attempt, and returned with a loss of from forty to fifty men into the town. The few Germans and Swiss that happened to be at Athens at the time, were all present at the assault; one of whom was killed, and two others wounded. After this unsuccessful attack, the Greeks began immediately to dig a new mine, by which it was intended to blow up the Venetian tower to the right of the Propylæum, flanking the last gate of the citadel. It was of paramount importance to force the Turks to surrender before the threatened invasion of Choursit Pacha (who was collecting a considerable body of troops in Thessaly) might force the Thermopylæ. A Turkish lad, who had succeeded in making his escape from the Acropolis, brought information to the Greeks that the Turks suffered greatly by disease and want of water, the season being extremely dry, and their cisterns being nearly exhausted, or containing unwholesome water. This statement was corroborated by two Turkish women, who shortly afterwards, in open day, by means of ropes fastened to the walls, ventured to slide down along the rocks, and, protected by projecting stones, waited until the twilight of the evening allowed them to pass the open ground between the fortress and the town. They even affirmed, that water had become so scarce, that within a few weeks the Turks would be obliged to surrender; they further said, that, during the most oppressive heat of the day, scarcely a man remained behind the loopholes; that they all retired to sleep, and that the women alone were on the look-out, but that the men were at their posts during the night.

It was considered by the Greeks as a very providential circumstance, that the dry weather continued throughout the whole season, without a single rainy day. The clouds were seen sometimes gathering over the Acropolis, but of their blessing a few drops only fell occasionally on the Acropolis, and then the Turks were observed scrambling up the walls of the Parthenon, to catch, with sponges, the little humidity that was to be found on the marbles. One day, a Turkish woman was seen with a jug in her hand near the temple of Erectheus, so as to be recognized by one of her friends in the town, and turning it thrice upside



down, as a sign that they were in need of water. Under these circumstances, the Turks gave a proof of their kindness towards animals, that might be triumphantly quoted by the member for Galway. A great number of donkeys had been carried up to the Acropolis by them, and they kept them, although they did not want them, until the extreme scarcity of water forbade them to keep them any longer. But rather than kill them, they contrived, by means of ropes, to let them down in the night from the citadel; and the Greeks divided the booty that had been delivered over to them.

From day to day the distress in the Acropolis increased, and despair began to creep into the boldest heart. The lower and poorer class of the Turks wished to capitulate; but the grandees rejected, with proud perseverance, to the last, every suggestion of surrender. They assured the people, at one time, that Choursit Pacha was approaching to their relief; at another time, that the Capudan Pacha had put to sea with his fleet, to come to their assistance; some proposed to kill all their women, and to make a sally into the town, and thus to sell their lives dearly. But one thing remained yet to be tried. A large sum of money was offered to any one that would attempt to make his way through the Greeks, in order to inform Choursit Pacha of the dreadful situation of the Turks of Athens. Two offered themselves for this hazardous enterprise; they got as far as Cassia, but there they were arrested. One of them was immediately killed, his head sent to Athens, and shown upon a pole to the Turks; the other was brought back to assure them, verbally, that their last hope had failed. Not a moment was to be lost, for it had been ascertained that the cisterns had only water for three days longer. They asked for a suspension of hostilities; it was granted. Two of their chiefs came from the citadel, for the purpose of treating with the Greeks—Mehmet Aga, and Hassan Aga; the first well known to the Greeks for his probity and manly courage; the other considered as a very able negotiator. They declared to the Greek magistrates, that the Turks were grown weary of this bloody warfare, and although they were enabled to hold out at least a month longer, (there being plenty of provisions in the citadel, and water enough for that time,) still they felt disposed to put an end to this war, which they had not begun, which, in the midst of tranquillity and peace, had come unawares upon them, and the cause and origin of which they had always been at a loss to find out. Have we not lived (continued Hassan Aga) for centuries together in friendship and peace? Why, then, this sudden rebellion, this dreadful, sanguinary war? If you have suffered wrongs, why did you not complain? have we never given redress? We have heard that you have taken up arms for your faith. Who molested you for it? have we ever forced you to embrace ours, and was it not in our power for centuries to have done it? Have we not all one God, and are we not all his children? Is it for his glory that you have murdered so many of us, that our houses are burnt, and that you take the fruit of our trees? We have conquered this country, it is true, but not from you, from the Franks: and were they better masters than we? You have had some success; but have you heard that Turkey has perished? Let us make a fair agreement. These words flowed from the lips of the venerable-looking old man with much dignity and animation.

The following are the conditions of the surrender, which were at length agreed upon :—

Συνθηκαι, τας ὁποιας εκαμον οἱ ὑπογεγραμμενοι επιτροποι της ὑπερτατης Διοικησεως, οἱ τε εφοροι των Αθηνων, και Καπητανοι με τους εν τη Ακροπολει πολιορκημενους Τουρκους, οἱ κατα πολεμηθεντες οὔτοι ὑπο των Ελληνων και εις εσχάτην αναγκην ελθοντες επρεσβευοντο περι των συνθηκων,

Κεφ. α. Οι Τουρκοι να παραδωσουσιν τα οπλα των και την Ακροπολιν με ολα τα εν αυτη ευρισκομενα πραγματα ανευ τινος δολου.

Κεφ β. Οἱ Ελληνες να φυλαξωσιν με ὑλην την δυνατην επιμελεια την ζωην και τιμην των τουρκων.

Κεφ γ. Πασα φαμιλλια Τουρκικη να λαβη ενα ιφορτωμα απο τα ρουχατης, εννουν τας ρουχα του ὑπνου και της αλλαξιας, δυο τετζεριδες με τα σκεπασματα των, δυο σαχανια με τα σκεπασματα των.

Κεφ δ. Απο ασημικον και μαλαγματικον μαργαριταρι : συμπεριλαμβανονται και τα μετρητα, και καδε τζεβαερικον, (πολυτμα) ὅπου ητον εξ αρχης κτημα εδικον των Τουρκων, εκτος δολου των οσων ελαφυραγωγησαν απο χριστιανους, να λαβουν το ἡμισυ.

Κεφ ε. Οσοι των Τουρκων θελησουν αυτο προαιρετως να μείνουν εις τας Αθηνας, να τους συγχωρηθη ελευθερα ἡ κατοικια. Οσοι δε θελησωσι να απελθωσι εις Ασιαν, να τους εμβαρκαρηση ἡ διοικησις εις Ευρωπαϊκα καραβια διδουσα εις πασαν φαμιλλιαν το αρκετον δια το ταξιδιον της παξιμαδι και τυρι, πληρωνουσα και τον ναυλον των.

Ταυτα εσυμφωνηθησαν μεταξυ των δυο μερων ἀμεταβλητως και ἀπαράβātως. Και οутως εδοθη το παρον εις χειρας των Τουρκων ισφραγισμενον τῇ σφραγιδι της κοινοτητος και ὑπογεγραμμενον παρα των κατωθιν

Εν Αθηναις του 9 Ιουνιου 1822

Δεσποτης. (THE BISHOP.)

Οἱ επιτροποι της διοικησεως

Αλεξανδρος Αξιωτης Αρεοπαγιτης

Ανδρεας Καλαμοειδαρτης Γερουσιαδης

Οἱ Εφοροι των Αθηνων

Ο ἡγουμενος Γαβριελις

Παναγης Ξαχαριτζης

Ο Λογοθετης

Σπιρο Πατουσας

Νεοφυτος Πεντελικιοτης

Διονυσος Πετρακης

Χατζης Οργανδας

Ιωαννης Βλαχου

Αγγελος Γεροντας

Οἱ Καπητανοι

Παναγης ταξιαρχος

Αναγνωστης Μενιδ.οτης

Νικογης Σαρης

Συμεων Ξαχαριτζης

Αποστολης

Γεοργιος Λελης

Γιανις

Χριδτοδουλος Ρεντοπουλο

(TRANSLATION.)

Agreement concluded between the undersigned Commissaries of the Government, the Ephors of Athens, and the Captains, and the Turks besieged in the Acropolis, who having been reduced to the last extremities by the Greeks, sent Deputies to negotiate a Capitulation.

1. The Turks shall surrender their arms and the Acropolis, with all the objects found in it, without any reserve.

2. The Greeks shall preserve, with all possible care, the life and honour of the Turks.

3. Every Turkish family shall receive one bundle of clothes, viz. their night-clothes,



and those requisite for change, two kettles, with their covers, two plates with their covers.

4. Of gold, silver, and jewels, including cash, and all kind of ornaments (valuables) that belonged originally to the Turks, those excepted which they took from the Christians, they shall receive half.

5. As many Turks, as of their own accord, wish to remain at Athens, shall be allowed to live there freely. Those who wish to go to Asia, shall be embarked by the Government in European vessels, and every family shall receive as much biscuit and cheese as is necessary for the voyage, and the passage shall be paid by the Government.

This Agreement between the two parties is to remain unaltered, and to be kept faithfully. A copy to be given to the Turks, sealed with the Seal of the State, and signed as follows.

The 22d of June was fixed for the surrender of the fortress. An immense number of country-people thronged, the evening before, into the streets of Athens; and early at daybreak all the avenues to the Acropolis were beset by the crowd, to witness the glorious event. The sun rose over the mountains of Attica in magnificent splendour; it was a day suited to the transports of liberty. At eight o'clock the gates of the citadel opened, and the Disdar with Mehmet Aga appeared, to deliver the arms into the hands of the Greek magistrates, who remained outside the gate. After this was done, the Greek magistrates and captains entered the Acropolis under immense shouting from the people. The Turkish flag was taken down from the wall, and Captain Panagi, the chief commander at Athens, gave the first signal, by a gun, that the Acropolis was in the hands of the Greeks. But a most dreadful accident threw a gloom over the transports of the day. Captain Panagi, when about to discharge the second gun, (in consequence of some neglect or oversight, the gun going off on a sudden,) was thrown over the walls, and dashed to pieces on the rocks.

The Turks, after having got what belonged to them, according to the capitulation, were brought down from the Acropolis, and lodged in different houses, but the greater number occupied the Konaki, or the house of the waiwode. Of about two thousand individuals, only one thousand one hundred and forty had survived the siege, and half of these were almost in a dying state; the want of water, and the unwholesomeness of that which they had got from their cisterns, having brought diseases upon them.

As the Greeks had pledged themselves to send the Turks in European vessels to Asia, the foreign Consuls, and particularly the French Consul, Fauvel, expressed a wish, that this might be done forthwith; as he apprehended that the Turks were not out of danger from the fury of the populace. The Greek magistrates gave evasive answers, and a few days after the Consuls heard that a direct breach of the capitulation had already taken place, the Greeks having taken in the night seven Turks of distinction up into the fortress, and killed them there. The magistrates of Athens pretended that this had been done by the captains without their knowledge, and that they were very sorry for it. It was represented to them that their honour was at stake if they did not hasten the embarkation of the Turks; and Fauvel offered to give one thousand francs towards the expenses of the transport, if a contract was immediately entered into with some of the vessels that were lying in the Piræus. This was done at last; but, alas! too late.

The day before the Turks were to be embarked, letters were brought to Athens from Livadia, that Choursit Pacha had passed the Thermopylæ with thirty thousand men, and that he swept every thing before him. Now, shrieks of despair were heard in the streets of Athens. To the Turks themselves this news was truly dreadful; for, disarmed as they were, what could they do, if popular fury broke out against them? It is impossible to describe the confusion and despair that prevailed at Athens, on the morning that this news arrived. Great numbers left the town immediately, and fled on the road to the Piræus. The magistrates did not seem to make any efforts to tranquillize the people—the panic had become general. Only the captains and soldiers were seen in the streets, with their fierce countenances that foretold some dreadful deed. At two o'clock in the afternoon I heard the discharge of some pistols, and a wild uproar in the streets; I ran out towards the bazaar, and on the way to it, I met some soldiers carrying away a few Turkish women, whose deadly pale countenances betrayed the agonizing state of their mind. Shortly afterwards I saw some Turks weltering in their blood in the middle of the street.

The gates of the Konaki, where between three and four hundred Turks had been quartered, were shut; a Greek soldier, whom I knew, allowed me to enter. Having gone into the court-yard, a large and spacious square, I met with the most appalling and dreadful sight; numbers of dead bodies were spread about, all stripped, with gashing wounds, and from the different apartments, every moment fresh sacrifices were brought out to receive the deadly stroke. One Turkish woman, with a wound in her neck, half stripped, had escaped from one of the rooms, where the work of slaughter was going on; but as she was getting down the staircase, to fly through the court-yard, the dead bodies with which it was strewed over, presented themselves to her view, and there she stood a few moments, with her child in her arms, unperceived by the Greeks, her eyes rolling in despair, her hair dishevelled, and her countenance bespeaking horror and agony, till some ruffian got up stairs, dragged her down, and having torn the child from her arms, dashed it on the ground. When she saw her infant weltering in blood, her eye flashed with horror and indignation for one moment, and in the next she fell dead over her child. In less than two hours, about six hundred Turks were killed. Amongst them was the Turkish servant of the Princess of Wales whilst at Athens. In the evening the magistrates appeared on the bazaar, and read a letter to the crowd that had gathered there; according to which Choursit Pacha, although he had passed the Thermopylæ, was yet some distance from Livadia. The soldiers shouted, and began to dance the romaika in the middle of the bazaar, with pistols in their belts, and the bloody swords in their scabbards. Wild songs resounded in various parts of the town, and a horrid merriment succeeded the terrors of the day.

Some Turks had in the confusion made their escape into the houses of the French, Austrian, and Dutch Consuls; others were rescued for money the following days, and carried safely by a French brig to Smyrna.

To relieve my mind from the horrors I had witnessed, I left Athens for the Archipelagus, and after a short excursion to the islands, I arrived again in the Piræus, at the moment when all the Athenians,



except the garrison, had gone to Salamis, Ægina, or Poros (the ancient Calauria), the Turks having penetrated through the Isthmus into the Morea. For a long time an invasion of Attica was expected either from the Turks in the Morea, by the way of Megara, or from the Turks of Negropont; but, fortunately, this invasion did not take place; for had it taken place, the dissensions among the Greek captains in the Acropolis might have enabled the Turks to retake the citadel without much resistance. The most important event during the three months I stayed after the massacre of the Turks at Athens, was the discovery of a well, outside the castle, near the grotto of Pan, and of a subterraneous passage, that anciently led to it.

A passage of Pausanias, cap. 28, led to the discovery, and, singularly enough, the copy I had brought to Athens, was the only one to be found in the town at that time. The passage contains the following words:—"Καταβᾶσι δὲ οὐκ ἐς τὴν κάτω πόλιν ἀλλ' ὅσον ὑπὸ το προπύλαιον, πηγὴ τε ὕδατος ἐστὶ καὶ πλησίον Απόλλωνος ἱερὸν ἐν σπηλαίῳ καὶ Πανός."

The walls of an old Greek chapel were found, decorated with fresco paintings in the style that is still prevalent in the Greek churches. This place contained the well. It was plentifully supplied with water, in spite of the dry season; the Greeks immediately erected a battery for its defence, and joined it thereby to the Acropolis. There was also search made for the well, which, according to Pausanias, existed anciently in the temple of Minerva Polias, but without success; but the beautiful porch, where the Turks kept their powder-magazine, was opened again, and the magazine removed to a more convenient place.

All the cisterns were cleaned, and filled with water; the wall between the citadel and the town, which had done so much harm to the Turks, demolished; and the avenue to the Acropolis cleared from all incumbrances. Captain Gouras, a stern but courageous chieftain, was appointed by Odysseus, as governor of the fortress; and there is no doubt, that under his command, the fortress could stand a long and obstinate siege. Before my departure from Athens, I witnessed the ceremony with which Captain Odysseus was proclaimed the Commander of Oriental Greece (Τῆς Ανατολικῆς Ελλάδος) by deputies of Talanto, Livadia, Thebes, and the magistrates of Athens: he was presented in the same court-yard, where the Turks had been killed, with a sword of Damascus; and he pledged himself, in the presence of all the people of Athens, to use it in defence of liberty and the faith. Since that time he has drawn it against his country, and a disgraceful death has closed the life of a man, who with more exalted and less selfish principles, might have become a bright ornament to the annals of Greece. His valour and his abilities entitled him to wear so splendid a name.

The house of the Austrian Consul, Gropius, who had shown on all occasions the warmest interest in the cause of the Greeks, and by whom I was received with the greatest kindness, at the time Athens had been abandoned by its inhabitants, became, after the embarkation of those Turks that had been rescued immediately after the massacre, again the refuge for those unfortunate people. A great number were, for money, released by the Consul; amongst them were several Turkish ladies of distinction, as the wife of Hassan

Aga, with her daughter, two sisters of Mehmet Aga, the wife of the waiwode, with two Circassian slaves, the wife of the disdar, or the Turkish governor of the castle, and the cadi and his wife. Born at Athens, they all spoke Greek fluently, as well as Turkish, and some knew the Arabic language. Every one had her own tale of horrors to tell; there was scarcely one that had not to bewail the loss of a brother or sister; their husbands had been slain either on the day of the general massacre, or before, in the course of war. Some knew not whose slaves their children were; others asked in vain, where the aged mother had been dragged. Most of them behaved with that dignity which becomes deep and silent grief; sometimes, to cheer themselves up, they would gather together in a room; but who could stem the current of conversation, and turn it from the most doleful recollections? Tears would begin to sparkle in their eyes, and clouds of sorrow darken their countenance. A Turkish song had been composed, whilst they were besieged in the Acropolis, relating the events of the war, and their own sufferings; sometimes, when collected together, they would sing it, as if the heart felt alleviated by throwing the charms of music over dreadful remembrances. The song done, every one present would burst into tears, and give themselves up to all the extravagance of grief. On other days they assembled and sang by heart devotional passages of the Koran. Some of them were bright specimens of Oriental beauty, and endowed with great vivacity of imagination; their conversation betrayed a shrewdness of spirit and depth of feeling, it was such a flow of easy, natural eloquence, as may hardly be met with among the fashionable ladies of Europe. Many evenings I heard them tell fairy tales, similar to those of the Arabian Nights; not a breath was heard, and they would listen for hours with the deepest attention. Although their singing is at first disagreeable to one whose ear is used to European music, yet it cannot be denied, that some of their tunes are beautiful, and expressive of great feeling. Their dancing was particularly graceful and dignified. When it was explained to them with what regard the ladies were treated in Europe, how universal deference was paid to them, and what a conspicuous element of society they constituted, they expressed an astonishment, as if our practice were a subversion of nature; and with self-denying resignation, they chose to live in the Harem, in indolence and obedience; and never spoke of their husbands by any other name than that of *αὐθέντης*, or my lord. They seemed to prefer the large silk cloaks which conceal the shape of the body, and to cover the face with a drapery with eye-holes in it, to the elegant appearance of our women in public. And still they were very fond of dress, and not deficient in taste, although unacquainted with any *Journal des Modes*; just as their mind seemed to have treasured up many romantic notions without the aid of novels. I have remarked, that Oriental people are superior to us in the knowledge of man; theirs is the produce of conversation, intercourse, experience, and acute observation, and therefore drawn from real life, whilst we get our notions chiefly from books. It is well known that the Turks have shown, in all diplomatic transactions, such calmness, perseverance, and judgment, as have often baffled all the skill of European Ambassadors.



## DIARY OF "A CONSTANT READER,"

FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY.

*Jan. 1st.*—Instances of the ruling passion strong in death are abundant. Stories of Rabelais' sportiveness and wit to the last are familiar to every one; such as his dressing himself in a domino a short time before he died, and sitting in it by his bed-side, in order that when asked why he committed so ill-timed an extravagance, he might reply: "Beati qui in *Domino* moriuntur." An anecdote of Malherbe, who was critical to a furious degree, is, perhaps, not so well known as those of Rabelais. An hour before his death, (says Bayle,) after he had been two hours in an agony, he awakened on a sudden to reprove his landlady, who waited upon him, for using a word that was not good French; and when his Confessor reprimanded him for it, he told him he could not help it, and that he would defend the purity of the French tongue until death. When his Confessor painted the joys of Paradise with no extraordinary eloquence, and asked him whether he did not feel a vehement desire to enjoy such bliss, Malherbe, who had been more attentive to the holy man's manner than to his matter, captiously replied: "Speak no more of it; your bad style disgusts me." He was critical to his last gasp. Poor Sheridan, like Rabelais, in the midst of all his miseries, preserved his pleasantry, and his perception of the ridiculous, almost as long as life lasted. When lying on his death-bed, Mr. R. W. the solicitor, a gentleman who has been much favoured in wills, waited on him; after the general legatee had left the room, another friend came in, to whom Sheridan said: "My friends have been very kind in calling upon me, and offering their services in their respective ways; Dick W. has just been here with his *will-making face*."

— The John Bull has taken to puffing a Mr. Decimus Burton with extraordinary fervour. It is never weary of talking of Mr. Decimus Burton's *elegant* lodges in Hyde Park, which it declares, in the regular advertising tongue, have given "to *that popular place of resort* the air of a royal domain, which it never had before." Who could have thought that so much was to be done for a fine Park by three nice little white boxes, with very large pillars! The John Bull promises to rejoice when this talented young architect, Mr. Decimus Burton, does a little something at the top of Grosvenor Place. This egregious puff concludes thus: "We have no doubt of the good effect of Mr. Burton's design when completed." The writer had forgotten that he had described the effect as already produced—"the air of a royal domain, &c."

*2nd.*—Mathews has thought it worth his while to reply to an attack on him by an American in a Magazine. The *native* charged Mathews with having brought together all the peculiarities of all descriptions of Americans in his Jonathan, and urged that an American might as justly mix Scotch, Irish, Yorkshire, &c. together, and produce the jumble as a sample of an Englishman. Mathews alledges that he is not answerable for any of the solecisms in "Jonathan in England," and confines himself to the defence of his representation of Americans and their manners in his At Home. The truth is, that his At Home

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was rendered rather mawkish, by the liberality with which he sweetened it. The chief absurdity in the entertainment, indeed, was to hear Mr. Mathews holding forth in the lofty character of peace-maker between the two nations, and lecturing us on the propriety of loving our big little brother on t'other side the Atlantic. The "Jonathan in England," on the other hand, in which he disclaims any part, excepting his part on the stage, was a piquante thing, a peppery morsel, a grilled and deviled Yankee. Nothing could be better in the way of a farce. That it was like the truth nobody suspected, but that it was irresistibly laughable every one confessed. I don't know that I have ever seen comic acting superior to that of Mathews in this piece. His working himself up into a rage for the honour of his country, when no affront was offered to it; and his look of astonishment on seeing that a letter had dwindled to half its size in the course of a night, (owing, as an Irishman would say, to its having been changed,) were masterpieces of the comic art.

4th.—There is no tyrant like a mob. Mobs are mighty in theatres, and grievous is the slavery of little managers, who must submit to their dictation. The mob of Manchester took it into their heads that the manager of the theatre should not be permitted to dismiss a Mrs. M'Gibbon, who had found favour in their sight; accordingly, like free-born Englishmen, they kicked up a number of rows, to compel the manager to engage such performers as they pleased to prescribe. On Wednesday last, they mustered at the theatre, displaying placards appropriate at once to the importance of the occasion and to the nature of their proceedings: "*Britons detest Tyrants*," &c. After this magnificent sentiment, we descend to, "Lewis is in the house."—"The Manager ought to be fined 100*l.* for not suffering Mrs. M'Gibbon to play her character this evening." "What ruined Macready? discharged favourites."—"Six hundred frequenters of this theatre will not be seen here after the 2nd of January."—"Manchester will have Mrs. M'Gibbon." In the end, the manager gave in, and Manchester had Mrs. M'Gibbon. With all his faults, E—— had the one virtue of knowing how to despise a public. Of all monsters your public is at once the most ferocious and the tamest, the most insolent and the meanest. Give it head and it is a raging and a roaring lion; but ride it with a tight curb, and it is a docile and a sorry jade, with which you may do any thing. E. knew this well, and when the public ventured to complain, which he frequently provoked it to do, he used just to come forward, and say something saucy to it, and to give it a good kicking; which the docile animal received, not only with patience, but like a Russian wife, with rapture. No matter how indignant they had been before, the moment E. offered an insult to the audience, bravo! bravo! resounded from every part of the house, and the clapping of hands attested the public taste for an impertinence, even at its own expence. An impertinence is on these occasions dignified with the name of *spirit*.

I recollect having been present at the representation of a very bad comedy, which was very properly hissed. E. came on at last, and, assuming the rebukeful air of a dissatisfied schoolmaster, took the public to task for its hasty sentence, observing, that "it was a difficult thing to write a comedy, but it was a more difficult thing to



judge of one." This threw John Bull into raptures. It was so manly—so spirited! When E. had the Olympic, a piece called "Rochester" had a great run. An actor of the name, I think, of Carl, had a part in it. The story goes that Carl, one day, received his congé, and the Briton who frequented the Olympic, like those of Manchester, detesting tyranny, resolved to compel the manager to retain in his service such performers as they liked; accordingly, they made a row, and drowned the voices of the performers on the stage, by cries of Carl, Carl, Carl! After a time, E. came on with an air of deep solemnity, and asked the audience what they desired? Carl, Carl, Carl, was the reply. Observing one man in the pit particularly boisterous, E. fixed his eye upon him, and addressed himself directly to him: "Is it your desire, Sir, that Mr. Carl should appear before you to night?" "It is, it is," was the reply; and the whole house echoed "it is, it is." "And how do you know, Sir," said E., again addressing the same forward individual, "that Mr. Carl is not at this moment stretched on the bed of sickness, perhaps of death? How do you know, Sir, that his fond and affectionate wife, his aged mother, and weeping children, are not shedding the tear of sorrow over his couch of sickness? Can you picture to yourself, Sir, the distress of a family about to be reft of their dearest earthly tie and support; and can you desire, Sir, to aggravate their anguish, and to hasten the dreaded catastrophe, by requiring the sick, perhaps the dying man, to put on the garb of mirth, and to appear here on these boards for your amusement? If, however, Sir, such is your pleasure, Mr. Carl shall certainly be sent for, and called out of his bed." "No, no, no, no!" cried the audience. "But if the gentleman requires it"—continued E. "Turn him out! turn him out!" shouted the mob. Turned out the poor man was; and then E. read the people a lecture; the substance of which was, that he always, like another Providence, did every thing for the best for them. As for the story of Carl's sickness, and his fond wife, aged mother, and weeping children by his bedside, wiping their eyes, as Sterne has it, with the tails of the curtains, it was all purely imaginative.

5th.—Colburn writes thus in a morning paper of this day:—

"THE NOVEL OF GRANBY.—We were sorry to observe, in a periodical publication of the present month, some very unjust and malignant reflections on this work and its publishers, grounded on an assertion, *made by us* some weeks since, that it was the production of a young man of fashion, and of a noble family. With regard to the work itself, its merits will be *too* apparent to the public in general ["that phrase smacks strongly of the advertiser"] to be affected by any such attacks; but in justice to the publisher, we think it right to state (and we do it on the best authority) that it is written by a relative of Lord Ribblesdale." Miserable man that I am! 'twas I who said that Granby was drowsy stuff, pretending to fashion, but in fact extremely vulgar. And a relative of Lord Ribblesdale, not a footman, as I assumed, wrote it! Well, after all, there is not much in that; the name of Ribblesdale has not proved quite a thunderbolt to me. There are Lords, aye, and Dukes too, who are as vulgar as the footmen that wait behind their chairs, and as "dull as the fat weed that rots on Lethe's shore." If it were advertised that all the Ribblesdales in the world had had a hand in Granby it would not make Granby a particle less vulgar, stupid, and

unreadable than it is. I have often thought that it would produce a pleasant effect if the disguises were to drop off newspaper paragraphs; and the inditers of them were to appear puffing in their own persons. Let us imagine this to happen to the above quoted paragraph:

"THE NOVEL OF GRANBY.—I, Henry Colburn, am sorry to observe, in a periodical publication of the present month, some very unjust and malignant reflections on this work, and me its publisher, grounded on an assertion made by me, in all the newspapers, some weeks since, that it was the production of a young man of fashion, and of a noble family. With regard to the work itself, its merits will be too apparent to the public in general, and to my critics in *The New Monthly* in particular, to be affected by any such attacks; but in justice to myself I think it right to state (and I do it on the best authority, that is, my own) that it is written by a relative of Lord Ribblesdale."

— The January number of Blackwood opens with a preface which is a whimsical mixture of vaunt and niaiserie—it is a composition of the Twaddling and of the Bombastes Furioso styles. Reviewing the state of public affairs, the writer says: "When peace came on, the reaction which men of sense anticipated—the change which Lord Castlereagh's phrase *so admirably expressed*—"the transition from a state of war to a state of peace," was productive," &c. It is one of the characteristics of the Twaddlers to find something particularly admirable and original in every common-place phrase. Again, speaking of the Whigs: "Their character as prophets in the war had gone—they were, as the *Quarterly Review*, *i. e.* we believe, John Wilson Croker wittily said, not merely *μαντεῖς κακῶν*, but were *μαντεῖς κακοί*." Men always find a joke in Greek extremely good, and laugh at it immoderately, because it shows that they understand the Greek. For the same reason it is observed that folks never laugh so heartily any where as at the French play in London; and in an inverse proportion to their knowledge of French, is the violence of their cachinnations, those who are wholly ignorant of the language, laughing to a painful excess, when other people acquainted with it scarcely smile. It is diverting to see the good folks on these occasions laughing for the honour of their educations. The Blackwood scribe having quoted his witty Greek *jeu de mots*, condescendingly appends a translation to it, considerably, though somewhat loftily observing, that "every body is not bound to know Greek." On the subject of the achievements of Blackwood, the writer naturally warms and becomes eloquent. Having expatiated on some signal victories which are claimed by that respectable publication, he communicates a remarkable secret, "The secret of our power lay in these few words:—'We wrote like Britons!'" I thought the fanfaronade of doing this and that "like Britons" was confined now to the Coburg, or Covent-garden Theatre, or Sadler's Wells. How we laugh at the Americans when they tell us that they do "like Americans," and at the French when they perform every action of life "like Frenchmen."

The following is a fine flourish to the praise and glory of Blackwood:

"For upwards of eight years has this inexplicable system prevailed; and with the true '*vires acquirit eundo*' spirit, the Magazine is now more pregnant and productive than ever,—boiling over like a Geyser, scalding all natural philosophers that approach without wisdom or



warning; but diffusing a flowery warmth over every region it overflows, and astonishing the natives with unexpected and almost untoiled for harvest."—This has at least the merit of modesty, whatever may be said of its truth.

6th.—From the report of the New York papers, it would appear that the Italian Opera has succeeded in America, and Brother Jonathan seems delighted with himself for being delighted with this polite entertainment. There is, however, a suspicious passage in the New York paper, which gives me to infer that Italian music, though in prodigious favour, is still accounted in that part of the world not quite so desirable as English:—"The *prima donna* continues to be received with great enthusiasm. She (in Rossini's masterpiece, *Il Barbiere*) broke upon the audience in a manner at once agreeable and surprising, *by substituting for the admired Spanish, or, as we consider it, Moorish ballad, the English air of Home.*" Here we discover the genuine taste; the audience went to the theatre expecting to hear fine Italian music, and they were agreeably surprised when their *prima donna* sung an English ballad in the place of the appropriate air of Rossini! A familiar ballad was to them, under such circumstances, as the face of an old friend to one in a strange country. What would have been the effect on the New York organs of hearing, if Mademoiselle Garcia, as Rosina, had warbled, instead of "Home," "Yankee Doodle," in a *spree* style? There would have been a pretty considerable d——d particular tumult of applause, I guess. But why should we laugh at the Americans for these things? their taste in good music cannot yet be born; ours is very young, and "*cruel* small." A taste for good music—I don't mean mere pretty music—is an acquired taste, it is the result of experience, of an acquaintance with the various styles, and a comparison of their respective excellencies and qualities of constantly pleasing. Every body has a taste for music, as almost every body has a taste for painting. The clown esteems the sign of the Christopher and Dragon, under which he fuddles his sublime faculties, a perfect specimen of the art, and thinks, if he ever thinks at all, that he has a taste for painting; but the landlord who draws his liquor, and who has seen the pictures in the 'Squire's hall on quarter-day, suspects that the Christopher, after all, if not a daub, is at least far short of the perfection of the 'Squire's paintings; and the 'Squire in turn, who has seen Titians, is conscious that the resources of the art have not been exhausted on the performances on his walls. It is so with music: people become first acquainted with the lowest specimens of the art, and lay claim to a taste for the whole art because they relish the simplest and rudest production of it. We hear every day the declaration: "I am enthusiastically *fond of music*, but to my taste there is nothing like a simple ballad—those sweet pretty things, such as 'The Cottage in a Wood,' and the 'Nut-brown Maid.'" The clown might as well say: "I'm mortal fond of painting, but to my mind there is nothing like a banging bran-new blazing sign, such as our Christopher." Until the beauties of superior compositions have been forced on the perception of people by frequent repetition, which trains and drills their ears, nothing can be more tedious to them than the infliction of good music; and great is their delight when, in the midst of a fine, and to them unintelligible performance, some hacknied strain is introduced with which they are

well acquainted; as I said before, it is as the face of an old friend, and they testify their joy at the rencontre by shaking their noddles from side to side, beating out of time with their feet, and drumming with their fingers. Rousseau remarked this phenomenon at the Paris Opera in his time, and it may now be occasionally observed at our Opera. I remember when the *Zauberflöte* was produced some years ago, the people were dying of *ennui* during the performance of its noblest pieces; but when they were suddenly surprised by the hacknied but beautiful *Dolce Conento*, (better known by the name of "Away with Melancholy,") their grateful surprise and rapture were unbounded.

The same cause rendered the "Home" of Mademoiselle Garcia so agreeable to the Americans; and I do not a little admire the young lady for her tact in introducing it. She took a just measure of the depth of the American taste for Italian music, and knew that nothing would delight them so much in an Italian Opera as an English ballad.

7th.—A meeting of the shareholders of the Arigna Mining Company. I observe that the Duke of York's oath is quite the fashion with the directors of this concern. Sir William Congreve at the first meeting protested that he thought the transaction, touching the buying at 10,000*l.* selling to the company at 25,000*l.*, and sharing the difference among the directors, honourable—"So help me God!" At the meeting of yesterday, Mr. Brogden swore like the Duke, but in a key very different from that of the martial Sir William. "So help me God!" "So help me Heaven!" and "As sure as there is a God in Heaven!" were the adjurations with which he seasoned his exculpation. From the account of the matter given by the chairman of the Ways and Means, it would seem that the directors of this Company have been the most innocent and injured of directors. They were ruined in their sleep, as it were; poor beguiled gentlemen! While they were all in the dark a certain genius came round, saying: "Shut your eyes and open your mouths, and see what God has sent you," and then he slipt a bon-bon into the unsuspecting innocents' mouths, which they swallowed like mother's milk—excepting indeed Mr. Bent, who had penetration to discover, and the honesty to denounce the trick. At the first meeting, it will be remembered, that the directors carried the matter with a high hand, and the shareholders, like the bamboozled ants in the fable,

— Passed the accounts as fair and just,  
And voted them implicit trust.

Now a very different face is put on the matter. Sir William Congreve's mustachios no longer overshadow and overawe the meeting, and the transaction of the 15,000*l.* before voted *honourable*, is undefended by a single voice.

8th.—The John Bull is again trumpeting Mr. Burton. It prophecies the effect which will be produced by some building of his at the corner of a street. This paper is becoming very dull, and as nauseously adulatory as the Morning Post ever was in its most fulsome days.

— The anecdote, now going the rounds of the press, from the last *London*, of General Wirion's advice to the Frenchman who complained that an Englishman knocked him down whenever he attempted to rise—"Mon ami, when an Englishman knocks you down, never do you get up until he is gone away," reminds me of a story of Serjeant



Davy. The Serjeant having abused a witness, as Serjeants will abuse witnesses, was, on the following morning, whilst in bed, informed that a gentleman wished to speak to him; the Serjeant, concluding that it was a client, desired that he might be shown up; the visitor, stating his name, reminded the Serjeant of the abuse which he had heaped on him on the preceding day, protesting that he could not put up with the imputations, and must have immediate satisfaction, or he should resort to personal chastisement. On this the Serjeant, raising himself up, said: "But you won't attack me surely while I'm in bed, will you?" "Certainly not," said the aggrieved party; "I should never think of attacking a man in bed." "Then I'll be d—d," said the Serjeant, as he laid himself down, wrapping the clothes round him, "if I get out of bed while you are in this town."

— The minor theatres, of course, cater for the vulgar taste; if the proprietors of the Coburg perform this office judiciously, the vulgar taste for horrors must be of insatiable voracity. I have now the bill of the horrors of this theatre before me. The first entertainment is called, "The City of the Plague, and The Great Fire of London." The incidents of the piece are thus temptingly set forth—we begin with The Plague:—

Scene 1.—Part of Blackheath, with view of Shooter's Hill, Greenwich and London in the distance. The terrified Citizens, with their Families, escaping in alarm from the City of the Plague,—their progress into the Country opposed by the Magistrates, from a fear of the Infection spreading. The unhappy Fugitives supplied with Provisions, encamp on the open Heath,—extraordinary Precautions to prevent any Communication. The horrible Situation of a Family reduced to Starvation by the Desolation of the Plague,—sudden appearance of that fatal Malady,—the horror attendant on it,—the Mother flying from her Child, the Husband from his Wife; the closest and tenderest ties snapped asunder by the terror of the Disease,—miserable state of those thus deserted and left to perish. Agonizing state of a Father and Husband whose Wife and Daughter are infected with the fatal Malady.

View of Aldgate High Street, exhibiting the Desolation of the City during the Rage of the Disorder. Precautions used to secure Families against Infection,—horrors of the Infection felt by Fathers of Families who dared not to enter their own Doors to relieve the sufferings of their nearest connexions. Most pathetic instance of a Child dying in the sight of its Father. Dreadful Delirium occasioned by the Disease, the sudden manner in which the Victims are struck with Death. The Watch and Ward. Placing of Guards at the Doors of infected Houses to prevent all Communication,—the extreme hardship of healthy Persons shut up in infected Houses. The Dead Cart. Manner of removing the dead bodies,—desperate expedients resorted to by Persons shut up in infected Houses to escape. The Construction and Incidents of this Scene will illustrate, as accurately and forcibly as the Stage will admit, the Desolation, Horror, Misery, and Despair which that dreadful Visitation the Plague produced.

Entrance to Aldgate Church Yard,—Burying the Dead.

Aldgate Church and Church Yard by Moonlight,—with the Immense Pit for the Burial of the Dead. Solemn Penitential Procession and Anthem for Mercy. The Despair felt by a Father whose whole Family have been cast into the Pit, his Desperate Resolution to cast himself amongst them,—the fated existence of a Man on whom the Infection cannot take hold,—sudden appearance of the intended Victim of Assassination,—Pardon and Reconciliation. Abatement of the Ravages of the Plague announced by the Funeral Bell, and Resumption of the usual Rites of Funeral.

There is consummate art in doldrums in making the tolling of the funeral bell the gayest, and most cheering and cheerful circumstance in the piece. After the Plague comes the Fire of London, just by way of a relief, a change, a *transition*, as Lord Castlereagh would have expressed it, from the frying-pan to the fire.

Scene 1. Splendid Banqueting Hall in the Royal Palace of Whitehall.—Grand

Entertainment in honour of the return of the Court to London after the Cessation of the Plague. Festal Masque, entitled *The Emporium of Beauty*.

2. Bosky's House adjoining the Baker's. Commencement of the Great Fire!

3. Apartment in Fitzhoward House.

4. Ancient Street. Progress of the Fire,—Alarm of the Inhabitants, Calumnies against the Papists, interference of the Trained Bands to maintain order.

5. Cheapside in Flames, with St. Paul's Cathedral burning. Confusion and Despair of the Inhabitants as the Destruction became universal, anxiety to escape with their property,—advantage taken by abandoned Characters of the dreadful Calamity to Plunder and Murder the unhappy Citizens,—Attack of the Trained Bands on the hardened Spoilers,—Appalling Climax of Terror and Distress.

6. Gallery in Fitzhoward House. Advance of the Fire seen at a Distance. The Nobles commissioned by the King to repair to the Scene of Destruction, and arrest the progress of the Flames by pulling down and blowing up Houses, and to protect the Property of unhappy sufferers.

7. The Burning City seen from the Fields near Highgate, with the Encampment of the Fugitive Citizens. Distress of the Inhabitants compelled to fly with the remains of their property to the open Fields,—Alarm that the Fire was occasioned by the machinations of the French and Dutch,—Desperation of the Sufferers,—interference of the King, who calms the effervescence of popular feeling by promises of succour.

8. Vaulted Passage under Fitzhoward House. The Conflagration Encreased. Court next Baynard's Castle, in Upper Thames Street, the then Residence of many of the Nobility,—dreadful Situation of several Families enclosed in the Court by a Wall and Gate, whilst their Residence is in Flames,—the entire Court involved in the Conflagration,—encreasing Peril and Distress,—the Buildings successively fall a prey to the Flames, exhibiting a dreadful Picture of the horrors attendant on the Fire,—the destructions of the Houses affords an open View of the River, illuminated with the Flames, with a distant View of Southwark and the Globe Theatre.—Tremendous Spectacle of the Universal Conflagration.

The piece goes on, it will be observed, like a house on fire, always getting on for the worse, and ends well with matters at the worst. The second entertainment has for its pleasant plot the tragic death of poor Mungo Park.

9th.—On Saturday there was a report in town of Lambton's death. I observe that there is a lie broached regularly every Saturday; the lie of the Saturday before last was the death of the Duke of York. The advantage of lying on Saturday is, that the lie lives till Monday, and has two whole days in which it can work all over the country. The rumour of Lambton's death puts me in mind of rather a good story which is told of him, I know not with what degree of truth. Lambton, like most other men, is extremely fond of being "*in for a good thing*," as the slang has it. When the Alliance Insurance was coming out, Lambton wrote to Rothschild for four hundred Shares, and receiving an answer that his application should be attended to, took it for granted that he was to have them. Going into the City one day before the thing came out, and finding the Shares at three per cent premium, he directed his banker to sell his four hundred Shares at that premium, and hastened to Brookes's in great glee, where, with his hands in his pockets, he recounted to envying Whigs what a good morning's work he had made. Peter Moore turned pale with envy, and Colonel Davis sighed a wish that Rothschild had given him such another job. In a few days, however, out came the Alliance at 20 per cent premium, and Lambton, to his unspeakable dismay, found that, instead of 400, he had only 100 Shares allotted to him. Here was a circumstance! a false position! He had sold 400 at 3, and had only 100 to make over, consequently he had 300 at 20 per cent premium to buy in order to fulfil his contract. This he was of course obliged to do; when the



account of his good day's work stood thus:—gained on the lucky day by selling 400 Shares, in the forthcoming speculation, at 3 per cent premium, 1,200*l.*; disbursed when the scheme came out, 6,000*l.* in the purchase of the 300 Shares to supply the deficiency, at 20 premium; loser on the *hit*, 4,800*l.* When the news of the issue of the affair reached Brookes's, Colonel Davis confessed that Heaven was just, and Peter Moore *looked up*.

10th.—There is in the Blackwood for this month another posthumous letter of Charles Edwards, Esq. These epistles are by a Cockney who cannot, and therefore does not write English. The man, who never in his days can have aspired to any thing above a jaunt in a one horse chaise on a Sunday, talks in this frantic strain of driving to a hotel with four horses: "Well, here I am once more in London. *You saw my name among the arrivals*" [the vulgar dog!]"—"Charles Edwards Esq. [always insist on the *Esq.* while you live] from a tour! They would have said as much, although I had come from Botany Bay, so that I drove to P—'s hotel with four horses." Indulging in some common-place regrets, to the effect that there are now-a-days no romantic adventures, or romantic rides or walks in England, he laments that he cannot in these days take his luncheon *under a cork tree* (query cock tree) as he used to do formerly when on a journey. God bless the poor man! what has he been dreaming of? A cork tree was never seen in this country except as an exotic; but what can a Peter Pastoral know about trees? I marvel, nevertheless, what tree of the road-side he imagined to be a cork tree. Some one said in the London Magazine, that with this Charles Edwards, *Esq.* a Cheapside housemaid in her Sunday *things*, was the perfection of female elegance; he in this epistle furnishes evidence of the truth of this assertion. Speaking of the dresses of the lower classes, he says: "And for the lower ranks, as regards external appearance, literally, now, *you can't even guess at the condition of any female in London by her dress.*" There is not a woman servant in this house where I am living, who does not go abroad on her holidays, in velvet and feathers," &c. A man who has been used to the society of ladies could never be deceived for one instant by the finery of a housemaid, her velvet and feathers; and would guess pretty accurately of the condition of any female in London by her dress. But this is obviously not the case of Charles Edwards, Esq. He has no idea of an elegance beyond velvet and feathers, poor man! Anon our would-be man of fashion, who drives to P—'s hotel with four horses, complains bitterly of the new houses. They are showy, but, alas! there are no conveniences in the drawing-rooms, "not a closet, a recess, a foot deep," in which Charles Edwards, Esq. can lock up his little matter of bread and cheese, and tea and sugar, and gin and whiskey, when he arrives in town in a chaise and four from a tour. Speaking of coats, on which, like all vulgar pretenders, his head is incessantly running, he says: "If you want a coat, the fashion changes five times before you can determine which of the five hundred professors best deserve your attention." Now, to my certain knowledge, and I am not very curious about these matters, the fashion of a coat has not changed for the last three years. Stultz himself only confesses to having made them within that period *a thought* lower in the collar, and I don't believe that Weston has done even that. But

the five hundred professors of Cheapside and Fleet-street doubtless have fashions unknown to the two great men I have named. Charles Edwards, *Esq.* (how I love that *Esq.*) concludes by laying down the plan for a small establishment which he intends to form. "I shall keep a small establishment in town—that I am fixed on. The house that I have taken in Park-lane [Jupiter!] is a nutshell. One chariot, and that shall serve for travelling *and all*; nothing expensive but my horses, and, of those, *not one running one*, believe me." No, no, "not one running one," all rocking-horses; I do believe you there; faith, its the only true word you have spoken. But in this house in Park-lane there is no mention of a closet in the drawing-room. What's to become of the bread and the cheese, and the tea and the sugar, and the gin and the whiskey? Oh! Lubin Log, it is a wasteful thing to leave these matters at sixes and sevens, and you will surely be plundered of your substance by the maid-of-all-work, or the char-woman, while you are airing yourself in the Pentonville-road, in your one chariot, drawn by four horses. In his last paragraph, Charles Edwards, *Esq.* commends himself to Lady Susan. Lady Susan! Lord save us! this is one of the ladies in velvet and feathers, commonly called, on week-days, *our Sue*, but as fine as a duchess on Sunday, when she walks with Charles Edwards, *Esq.* in his bran new blue coat, with a power of gilt buttons, a brimstone-coloured waistcoat, a pink stock, white hat, &c.

11th.—That Colburn is certainly a crafty fox, full of cunning and subtle devices. Finding that the uniformity of his panegyrics in the various newspapers has been noticed, he has altered his plan of operation, so that the identity of the *critiques* in the different prints, may not strike the reader as suspicious or extraordinary. He now inserts a puff in one paper, and pays another to publish it as a piece of interesting intelligence, *copied* from the first paper. Thus, in a Morning Paper of the 9th, there appeared this paragraph: "Horace Smith, one of the Authors of the Rejected Addresses, will shortly publish an historical novel, in three volumes, called, Brambletye House, founded upon the period of our history, in which, at present, the pen of the great known Unknown is employed."

An Evening Paper is paid to copy this paragraph, which it does with a "We copy from 'The Morning Chronicle'"—and the New Times of the 11th copies again from the evening paper; but here a new turn is given to the introduction. The paragraph runs thus, in large print:—"Horace Smith, *Esq.*—An evening paper *asserts* that this gentleman (one of the authors of the *Rejected Addresses*) has been some time engaged on a novel, to be called Brambletye House." This is extremely ingenious. An importance is given to the advertisement, that Horace Smith, *Esq.* is writing a *Brambletye House* by treating it as an *assertion*—as a thing not to be too hastily credited. All the other journals will now have the glad tidings of Brambletye House; those of the same politics copying from each other, and those on the other side of the question inserting the intelligence as an *assertion*, and the simple readers will be gulled into a belief that the whole world takes an interest in the news of the Brambletye House of Horace Smith, *Esq.*

13th.—The New Times of to-day has this paragraph, which is of a kind to take—



*Eternity.*—The following beautiful answer by a pupil of the Deaf and Dumb School at Paris, contains a sublimity of conception scarcely to be equalled:—"What is eternity?" was the question: to which he immediately answered, "The *life-time* of the Almighty."

This was very well for the speaker, a deaf and dumb pupil; but, critically considered, the sublime conception, as the *New Times* calls it, is nonsense. To define eternity by time, the idea of which is excluded by eternity, is a solecism; and ascribing time to the eternal Almighty, and *life-time* to him who has no death, is an absurdity of any thing but a pious character. If this same pupil had been asked, "what is infinity?" he might with the equal "beauty" and "sublimity of conception," have answered, "Infinity is the measure of boundless continuity," or, "infinity is an inch of immeasurable sunshine," or a y other confusion of terms that might have entered into his head. When ideas are in themselves of allowed dignity, the incomprehensible combination of them always passes for the sublime.

15th.—Murray the bookseller, who understands business, is bringing out his newspaper with a notable fuss. He does not fail to let us hear, among other things, that he has taken a great house in George Street, Westminster, for the concern, and fitted it up with an immense number of *beds* for the writers of the newspaper. He should do the handsome thing, and furnish sleeping accommodations for the readers of his paper too. I never could understand why he gave his new paper the name of the Representative. What is it to represent? Surely not the slumbers and the dreams of the bedded writers. Considering that the chief novelty of the undertaking is the arrangement for sleeping, I have noted—The Dormitory, or, the Feather Bed, would have been a more appropriate title. A night-cap and pillow would then have been appropriate emblems under the name, in the manner of the John Bull's crown, cushion, and rolling-pin; and for a motto, the Dormitory might have taken, "We dose."

17th.—Poor dear deluded brother Jonathan will insist on it, honest man, that he has a taste for the Italian Opera; and, Heaven help his innocence! he obviously imagines that the Signorina Garcia is a prodigy. To-day I read this in the extracts from the New York papers:—"The Opera.—The Garcia, [the fiddlestick!] was enchanting on Saturday. She never looked so well, or was in finer voice. Her *little Scotch Ballad*, 'And You shall Walk in silk Attire,' with her own accompaniment on the piano, took prodigiously, and, *when encored*, she gave 'Sweet Home,' instead of repeating the same song." (How particularly obliging!\*)

It is too plain, from all the reports, that Jonathan has no taste for Italian music. He deceives himself altogether; it is obviously the English music which delights him, and he suffers the other. The master-piece of Rossini, the gay, the brilliant, the sparkling opera of *Il Barbieri*, is brought out in America, and we hear not a syllable of praise of any of its music, not an air, not a piece is even mentioned; but the visitors of the Italian Opera are in ecstasies with "Sweet Home," and, "And you shall Walk in silk Attire." If this does not shew which way the taste

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\* This sort of *encore*, which should be peculiar to Ireland, seems to be the fashion in America. I see, in another account, that "the fair Signorina was twice ENCORDED in her song, in the second act, and gave each time a different one!"

sets, I have nothing more to say. And perfectly natural the taste is, and exactly what was to be expected, as a musical taste is not to be formed in a day; but the absurdity lies in the affectation of pretending to a more refined taste, while such manifold proofs are given that it has no shadow of existence. The raptures about the Demoiselle Garcia, sufficiently show that the New York folks know nothing at all about singing. The Signiorina, *the* Garcia, was here considered as rather a smart little performer, who might fill parts of the second rank extremely creditably, provided she conquered a wicked ambition that had unhappily possessed her, and also abandoned a vicious style, which she had acquired from her father.

Dr. W——, the chemist, being asked, on one of the extremely cold days during the frost, what he thought of the weather, said, "What do I think of it? Why that it's weather to go to —— and to shut the door after you."

18th.—The newspapers have favoured their readers {with the subjoined exquisite mixture of vulgarity and absurdity. It should obviously have been inserted under the head of ADVERTISEMENT, but whether the puff is meant directly for Mr. Henry Hunt, jun. or, indirectly for his father's matchless blacking, or for both the one and the other, I cannot venture to say.

*Singular Exploit.*—On Saturday last, Mr. Henry Hunt, jun. betted one hundred guineas with a Noble Lord of sporting celebrity, that he would drive his father's blacking van and four blood horses, yesterday at two o'clock, across the Serpentine, accompanied by his two servants. At an early hour in the morning, an unusual crowd was assembled in the Park, and Mr. Hunt was seen in his Stanhope trying the strength of the ice in various places; but although it was rumoured that some extraordinary performance was to take place, the particulars were known only to the friends of the parties and a few of the *scientific*. A few minutes before two o'clock, the van entered the Park. Young Mr. Hunt was dressed suitably to the occasion, with a *white upper tog* and *cord kickseys*; he wore a regular four-in-hand *tile*, and had all the air of a *swell dragsman* of the first water. *He is a handsome young man; his countenance appeared flushed with confidence, and reminded us of his father some years since, when engaged in enterprizes equally dangerous, though of a different description.* A few minutes before the appointed time he drove two or three times up and down the grand drive, and upon the signal being given, he boldly pushed for the river; his father, accompanied by some friends, had obtained an open space about the centre of the north bank, and Mr. Hunt preceded the van to point out the direction his son was to take. Young Mr. Hunt showed the greatest coolness; he kept the *pruds well together*, and *tooled* them over the river in a style that would have done Sir John Lade no dishonour in his best of days, and left behind him many a patrician aspirant to *four-in-hand* celebrity. *The two servants played "Rule Britannia" and other popular tunes on the key bugle; and when Mr. Hunt reached the opposite bank, and turned round to come back again, the concourse of people, skaters and others, drawn to the spot, was so great, that the most serious apprehensions were excited lest the ice should give way under the pressure of so many hundreds of persons.* The fears of the spectators were, however, happily disappointed, and young *Jehu* returned to the starting-place amid the acclamations of the multitude. *The bank was crowded with elegant ladies, in carriages and on foot, always ready to reward the courageous with their smiles.* Here, however, the *deafening shouts of the multitude* startled the leaders, and threw into some confusion the equipage of a Reverend Divine, who was gazing on the novel scene. Mr. Hunt, however, brought up his team with the skill of an experienced whip, and left the Park without the smallest accident having occurred.

If, instead of driving his father's blacking van over a sheet of ice which would have borne a train of artillery, Mr. Henry Hunt, jun. had blacked the Serpentine with his father's matchless blacking, and then polished it, "the two servants playing Rule Britannia, and other popular tunes," he might have attracted a little notice; but such an exploit



as the above would interest none but the nursery-maids, and the idle boys who pelt the brass Gog in the park.

20th.—More news of the Italian Opera in America. One of the New York Papers has this delightful hint. "While on the subject of the Opera, we may as well make a remark that, perhaps, may not be deemed misplaced. It is relative to the restraint which the audience has evidently imposed upon itself *in respect to encoring songs*, particularly those of the Signorina. Now, *we believe* an artist is always flattered by being encored; and we are persuaded, it would be as grateful to Rosina to respeat the beautiful cavatina, *Una Voce poco fa*, as to the audience to hear it."

This is by no means so certain. The Americans seem to know perfectly well how to ask for what they want. They encore Sweet Home, and the Scotch Ballad, but they do not call for a repetition of Rossini, because, honest people, in their secret souls they don't relish his music.

— Melancholy news from Ireland. Our navy is no more! our glory has departed! Mr. O'Connell tells us too plainly, that the first ship in the English navy, commanded by the greatest captain in the British fleet, would not face the smallest cock-boat America might place on the water. Alas, alas! and are we come to this? Is it indeed true that an English first-rate would crowd all sail in a fright, turn tail, and crack on under every stitch of canvass to fly from a single American sculler in the smallest conceivable American boat? O'Connell says it, and O'Connell is, we all know, a great and infallible oracle. But I will copy his very words; for if, after this, ministers have the assurance to ask Parliament for the Navy Estimates, they must have the impudence of the devil. It would be rather too much to require us to pay for a navy which may at any day be chased from the seas by a flotilla of American punts or cock-boats. Arguing from the O'Connell datum, I doubt whether the whole combined British Navy would venture to face a single Yankee gun-boat.

"Let him [Mr. Canning] now look to free America, great and glorious in her liberty, and I defy the English boaster—and if there is a greater boaster, I do not know where he is to be found [*γνῶθι σεαυτὸν*,] I defy the proud Briton to say that the first vessel, bearing what is called the meteor flag of England, which has beamed for a hundred years, and manned by the greatest captain of the British fleet, would face the smallest cock-boat America would place on the water."—*Mr. O'Connell's Speech to the Catholic Association.*

Marry, these are truths!

It must be confessed that these great Irish orators have the art of doing things in fine taste. Mr. Shiel, a gentleman who wrote screams for Miss O'Niel, thus gave an account of an affair of words he had had with Mr. Peel:

"The sarcasms of the Secretary of State for the Home Department were not wholly unprovoked; for I had ventured to intimate that his language was bald, his reasoning disingenuous, his manner pragmatistical, affected, and overbearing; and that to his opinions, more than to his talents, he was indebted for his elevation. [There is no harm in all this; so far it is all fair enough, but now we come to the smart *hits*.] Mr. Peel retorted, he spoke of fustian, and *I talked of calico*. He touched on Covent-garden, and I referred to Manchester;

he alluded to Evadne, and *I glanced at spinning-jennies.*" Oh, brave! Mr. Peel accuses Mr. Shiel of bombast, and Mr. Shiel retorts by reminding Mr. Peel that his father made calico; Mr. Peel urges against Mr. Shiel the authorship of a tragedy, and Mr. Shiel glances at the spinning-jennies of Mr. Peel's father. What a gallant defence! A. attacks B. for what B. has done, and B. replies by reproaching A. with what his father has done! "*You talk fustian,*" says Mr. Peel. "*Your father made calico,*" retorts Mr. Shiel. "*You wrote Evadne,*" says Mr. Peel. "*Your father amassed a fortune by spinning-jennies,*" says Mr. Shiel.

I think that Mr. Peel's father's calico and spinning-jennies have, all things considered, done more for us than Mr. Shiel's Evadne.

But if we are to believe in the boasts of the Irish orators, there is an end of both our maritime and our commercial greatness; for American cock-boats scare our fleets from the seas, and the fustian of the poet prevails against the calico of the manufacturer.

21st.—It has been long reported that Mr. Manners Sutton will retire from the chair of the House of Commons on the opening of Parliament, and that Charles Wynn will become a candidate for the Speakership. If he should do so, and succeed, the title of the office will be altered, and he will be styled not the Speaker, but the *Squeaker* of the House of Commons. Every body remembers one occasion on which, when this Hon. Gentleman attempted to address the House a second time, in the course of a debate, instead of the usual objection of *spoke*, a cry of *squoke, squoke, squoke*, was simultaneously raised from every part of the House. There is one good reason for making Mr. Wynn Speaker, and that is, that it would prevent him from speaking: and, considering the unpleasantness of the noise which he makes when he does squeak, I do think that his silence would be cheaply purchased at the price of the chair.

— Irving has varied his entertainments. He is now predicting the end of the world; and I understand that it takes, and draws prodigiously.

22d.—A weakly publication called the Literary Gazette advertises "a description of the New Royal Palace, building on the site of Buckingham House—its form, extent, *accommodations*, &c." This is pleasant enough, considering that those persons who should have the best information on the subject, say, that the project of the Pimlico Palace is at least suspended for the present, while others, who should also know something of the matter, confidently assert that it is abandoned. But, nevertheless, "a description of the New Royal Palace—its form, extent, *accommodations*," &c. will serve to amaze and to amuse the simple readers of the Literary Gazette; the good people who read this sort of publication being commonly persons who believe in every thing that appears in print, and to whom, to use the vulgar "phrase, one story is a ways good until another is told." Such folks will swallow a new Palace on a new site, with its "*accommodations*," once a-week, without any sort of difficulty or inconvenience whatever.

By the bye, talking of this same Literary Gazette, the editor of it has just been exhibiting himself in a most ludicrous false position. A severe criticism lately appeared in that publication, on a production called the Mirror of the Months. This book is undoubtedly written



with a laboured silliness ; but, obnoxious as it was to fair criticism, the Reviewer is charged with having resorted to the arts of garbling and misquoting, in order to effect its demolition. Well, after this worthy triumph, after the Gazette had thus, by unfair means, taken immense pains to write down the author of the *Mirror of the Months* an ass, it appeared that this author of the *Mirror of the Months* has been the the *Mirror of the Literary Gazette*, or, in other words, a solicited and highly valued contributor to that ingenious miscellany ! In fact, the *Gazetteer* had been unconsciously foully blackening and belabouring one of his own crack critics, and endeavouring, per fas aut nefas, to prove the ignorance and inefficiency of one of his best writers. The sagacious editor is obviously placed in a most unenviable dilemma. If the author of the *Mirror of the Months* merits the abuse heaped on him in the *Literary Gazette*, how happens it that he was a leading contributor to its pages ? If he does not merit this abuse, what are we to think of the Editor ?

24th.—The Times is in great disgrace with the people of the city. I haer that at Lloyd's, where they formerly took in twenty copies of the Times, they now only take in four. This is merely the consequence of a pet which will pass off, as many other similar pets have passed off, and the Times will again be the oracle of the city. The sages of the East treat the leading journal as savages treat their idols ; in a moment of provocation, they espy all the worthlessness of their god, and kick and cuff his logship about with right good will ; but the next instant they will relapse into their former infatuation, and prostrate themselves and their understandings at his crooked feet.

25th.—After a glorious clucking, Murray has brought forth the Representative. The first number made its appearance this day at a late hour, the writers having overslept themselves. The leading article is four mortal columns long, and is written in the agreeable style of a state-paper. Murray talked (ye gods how he does *talk* !) of giving Sir James Quackingtosh an incredible number of guineas for a leading article. I do not know whether he has been as bad as his word. The writers in this new journal give us plainly to understand, that they are persons of prodigiously fine breeding. I think they beat the John Bull folks in this particular. Why, even the compiler of the Table-talk, talks (it is all talkie talkie here,) of *his* Champagne : " We will collect," says he, " the thoughts which sparkle with *our* Champagne at dinner ! " What a thing it must be to write paragraphs for Murray ! Another gentleman of the press, the theatrical critic, says : " We have no ambition to be one of an opera pit ; there a man may call out, Mr. Smith is wanted, and one half of the spectators cry, here—here." The same fine person talks of *his* opera box : " We could not help smiling," says he, " at the apology which we found in *our* box on Saturday ! " Does Murray keep opera boxes as well as beds for them ? One confession is ingenuous—they declare that *they cannot see the utility of wisdom after six o'clock*. This is rather unlucky, considering that the business of a morning paper does not begin till after that hour—we see what we have to expect. As they go to work in this mood, the sooner Murray puts them all to bed the better ; and if he were to reduce the subs to half allowance

of Champaigne, I think the reports would be greatly improved. There is at present a crapulous manner about them. Men that can't see wisdom after six o'clock, should not be trusted with pens in their hands; for if they are, in those unhappy moments what can we expect but frantic talk of their Champaigne, and their opera-boxes, their society, and such boasts; and well it is, indeed, that they are of so innocent a nature.

26th.—Received a letter from a friend in Italy, dated Bologna, January 9, 1826, in which he speaks thus pleasantly of Italian weather: "I can readily believe, that persons who are so fortunate as to catch the beautiful year, find the winter in Italy fine; but it appears to me, after many enquiries, that that is never the present year, but the last, or some other. This winter, if there has been a little less bad weather than is usually met with in England, that bad has been much worse; it is now snowing, and with an air of cool deliberation that convinces me it is not the first offence; but this place is said to be up in the mountains, which is true; Florence down in a valley; one place near the sea, another quite inland; it may be proved always, with mathematical precision, that it ought to be very fine in some other place.

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#### NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW ON LORD BYRON'S WORKS, AND PINKNEY'S POETRY.

In the last number of the North American Review there is an elaborate Review of the character and writings of Lord Byron. This is the article of a clever man, who is thoroughly impregnated with cant, and possessed of a taste decidedly American; that is to say, a taste (the prevalent one of the country) for extravagance and inflation. In his criticisms on Byron's poetry, it is perfectly curious to observe how he fastens on every thing tumid and exaggerated, and rejects with contempt passages which have here been esteemed of matchless spirit and beauty. A thought rapidly, simply, and familiarly expressed, is manifestly found insipid by the North American critic, who delights in the *grandeur* which borders on bombast. As it may not be uninteresting to the readers of the London Magazine to observe how our critical brethren of the New World appreciate the beauties of the great poet of our age, we shall cite a few examples of censure and commendation.

There is, in our judgment, no description in Byron's writings more vivid and animated than the following, quoted from the *Siege of Corinth*, by the American Reviewer:—

The steeds are all bridled and snort to the rein;  
Curv'd is each neck, and flowing each mane;  
White is the foam of their champ on the bit;  
The spears are uplifted; the matches are lit;  
The cannon are pointed, and ready to roar,  
And crush the wall they have crumbled before;  
Forms in his phalanx each Janizar;  
Alp at their head; his right arm is bare,  
So is the blade of his scimitar.



This, however, is not to the taste of the North American critic: he says that "*this*, and some of the passages which follow it, have the air of being written in sport, as examples for a new treatise of the Bathos." It is evidently not sufficiently stately and dignified for the taste of our Republicans.

It has always seemed to us that the following was a passage of wonderful power, and of fine, though appalling effect. It contrasts admirably with the foregoing description; in the one we see the gallantry of war, in the other the horrors of a field of carnage:—

And he saw the lean dogs, beneath the wall,  
Hold o'er the dead their carnival,  
Gorging and growling o'er carcass and limb;  
They were too busy to bark at him!  
From a Tartar's skull they had stripp'd the flesh,  
As ye peel the fig when its fruit is fresh;  
And their white tusks crunch'd o'er the whiter skull  
As it slipped through their jaws, when their edge grew dull,  
As they lazily mumbled the bones of the dead  
When they scarce could rise from the spot where they fed  
.....

The scalps were in the wild dog's maw,  
The hair was tangled round his jaw.

The delicate taste of the North American critic is offended by this picture; the subject is declared disgusting and loathsome—dogs at dinner on the bodies which men have just thrown away!—And he seriously apprehends, that if such descriptions become popular, we shall shortly be entertained with "details of the symptoms and sufferings of Elephantiasis or Plica Polonica."

Another passage in a very different style is quoted:

There is a temple in ruin stands,  
Fashion'd by long forgotten hands;  
Two or three columns, and many a stone,  
Marble and granite, with grass o'ergrown!  
Out upon Time! it will leave no more  
Of the things to come than the things before!  
Out upon Time! who for ever will leave  
But enough of the past for the future to grieve  
O'er that which hath been, and o'er that which must be;  
What we have seen our sons shall see;  
Remnants of things that have pass'd away,  
Fragments of stone, rear'd by creatures of clay!

The familiar flow, and colloquial language of these rapid lines are not calculated to recommend them to those who have a taste for the grand and the stilted, and our North American Reviewer disapproves them altogether, finding especial fault with that "Out upon Time!" which pleases us for the very same reason that he objects to it. We quote his criticism:

The tame description in the first four lines, the triteness and exaggeration of the sentiment which follows, the *strange* exclamation, "Out upon Time," and the tripping versification, render the whole passage almost burlesque."

Now, the "Out upon Time," is obviously any thing but *strange*; but by *strange*, in this place, the American meant to say that it was familiar, and therefore strange, according to his ideas, in verse; which ought to be, we suppose, as the vulgar phrase expresses it, "something out of the common way." We, however, of the old country, who have arrived at the height of civilization, have an extraordinary relish for

every thing that is natural; our brethren of the new world, on the other hand, who are in a ruder state, delight in art. The stern Republicans must have finery, and nothing will satisfy the sophisticated subjects of a gaudy old monarchy but simplicity. They have too much of nature in America, and we have too little of it here; each people therefore admires that which is rare to it.

We have given some examples of what our American critic dislikes in the writings of Lord Byron, we shall now quote a passage to his taste. The thunder storm among the Alps:

The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh night,  
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,  
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light  
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,  
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,  
Leaps the live thunder! not from one lone cloud,  
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,  
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,  
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

This throws the Reviewer into raptures.—“Nothing can be more magnificent. There is here no imperfect personification. The mastery of the poet’s spell is complete; and *the thunder and the mountains are alive.*” That *beauty* is just the fault which we should find with the passage—the thunder and the mountain are alive, which thunders and mountains never are, happily for the peace of the elements, and the good order of geography. Fine as the sound of that hemistick is, “leaps the live thunder,” the image is bad, bordering on the ridiculous. One cannot by any force of imagination fancy a sound leaping about from peak to peak like a bird hopping from spray to spray—if we may compare small things with great. The mountains finding their tongues, and the Alps and Jura having a little chat for once in a way, are ideas which would have been particularly fortunate in a piece of burlesque. The American Reviewer, indeed, who is in ecstasies with this stanza, takes the alarm at the next, in which

———the glee  
Of the loud hills shakes with their mountain mirth  
As if they did rejoice o’er a young earthquake’s birth.

While the mountains, like the old people, were having a grave chat together, the little folks, the hills, were laughing away, as little folks will do, and shaking their sides as if there had been an earthquake. But this is too grand, even for our Reviewer. He is right in rejecting this image as in bad taste, and he is right in many more of his critical observations, which often discover very considerable acuteness; his bias is, however, generally for the extravagant, dignified by the name of the *sublime*, and for the mere wordy glitter which passes for fine writing: the opposites of these things he appears to condemn as tame and vulgar. Whether his is the true taste or not, we cannot pretend to determine: we find fault with it because it is not ours.

In the number which contains the Review of Byron’s Works, there is also a Review of the Poems of a Mr. Pinkney, a native, and it is not a little curious to contrast the manner in which the two poets are treated. Pinkney’s poetry certainly carries off more praise than Lord Byron’s. But there is one fault which the Reviewer finds even with



Pinkney; he does not like the moral tone of his poetry. The fact is, that Mr. Pinkney makes his hero a paw-paw person, or what the young ladies call a sad rake, or what the world calls a man of gallantry. His amiable weakness is a tenderness for another gentleman's wife, and having been inopportunately interrupted in a tête à tête by the husband, he was so vexed that he cut the good man's throat! As Mr. Pinkney has suffered these knock-me-down doings to take place in his imagination, he is, according to the law of modern criticism, held accountable for them, and pronounced immoral for keeping a disorderly brain. But though his morality is condemned, his poetry is immoderately commended, and certainly it takes a soar far above Byron's. In the specimen first quoted, the author invites his mistress to hasten with him to Italy, a land which, he remarks, "lovers ought to choose," by reason of the dews, and because there are "crystal rivers" and "purple vintages," and the "balmy breeze," "vernant trees," and "shady groves," where birds discourse their "careless loves;" having summed up these attractions, cum quibusdam aliis, which, for the reason assigned in the Latin grammar, we forbear to recite, he invites the lady to speed until her feet press that "green shore's yellow sand." The next stanza is really pretty; but the third, which is the admiration of the Reviewer, we shall quote as another example of critical taste. The subject is still Italy.

It looks a dimple on the face of earth,  
*The seal of beauty*, and the shrine of mirth;  
 Nature is delicate and graceful there,  
 The place's genius, feminine and fair;  
 The winds are awed, nor dare to breathe aloud;  
 The air seems never to have borne a cloud,  
 Save where volcanoes send to heav'n their curl'd  
 And solemn smokes, like altars of the world.  
 Thrice beautiful!—to that delightful spot  
 Carry our married hearts, and be all pain forgot.

Loquitur North American Reviewer. "Are not the two lines beginning 'Save where volcanoes,' sufficient to give a more than ordinary character to this piece? Are they not poetry, and grand poetry? The similitude contained in them is one which the memory cannot refuse to keep and cherish, because it is rich in those sublime associations, which the memory loves, and loves to hoard among its treasures."

The critics on the other side of the Atlantic like their images large, and a brace of bouncing volcanoes are sure to be acceptable to persons who have a taste for ideas on a great scale. To us, the idea of likening the two volcanoes to altars of the world, seems perfectly unmeaning; but it is accounted poetry, and grand poetry, and so be it.

The Reviewer, in continuation, observes, that it is one of the peculiarities of the volume before him, that it is replete with comparisons of a highly poetic nature; and a singular peculiarity this is in a volume of poems! He proceeds to examples, and gives an extract, containing, as he says, "no less than three-figures;" it is really a tit-bit, a genuine piece of poesy.

The sportive hopes, that used to chase their shifting shadows on,  
 Like children playing in the sun, are gone—for ever gone;  
 And on a careless, sullen peace, my double-fronted mind,  
 Like Janus, when his gates were shut, looks forward and behind.

Apollo placed his harp, of old, *awhile* upon a stone,  
Which has resounded since, when struck, a *breaking harp-string's* tone;  
And thus my heart, though wholly now from early softness free,  
If touched, will yield the music yet, it first received of thee.

We are quite confident that, in the way of poetry, this is not to be matched. The hopes, like children playing in the sun, and the gentleman's double-fronted mind on a careless, sullen peace, (query, pace) looking forward and behind like Janus, when his gates were shut, are ideas of unrivalled originality. The anecdote of Apollo is also told with a bewitching circumstantiality; it is a piece of pleading. Apollo placed his harp *awhile* upon a stone, which has resounded since, when struck, a *breaking harp-string's* tone; and thus the author's heart, which is now from early softness free, or, in other words, very like a pudding-stone which hardens with wear, if touched will yield a music which has got a pretty considerable touch of the twang of the breaking string in it.

We quote from the Review: the introductory encomium reminds us very strongly of a certain advertisement, which has for years haunted the newspapers, beginning, "When Socrates talked of marriage," &c.

Our next specimen is in a much higher strain. If he who reads it is a lover already, it will make him love the more, and if he is not, he will determine to become one forthwith. There is a devotion and delicacy about it, an ardent and at the same time respectful and spiritual passion breathed out in it, which must insure for it a ready admiration.

#### A HEALTH.

"I fill this cup to one made up of loveliness alone,  
A woman, of her gentle sex the seeming paragon;  
To whom the better elements and kindly stars have given,  
A form so fair, that, like the air, 'tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own, like those of morning birds,  
And something more than melody dwells ever in her words;  
The coinage of her heart are they, and from her lips each flows  
*As one may see the burthened bee forth issue from the rose.*

Affections are as thoughts to her, the measures of her hours;  
Her feelings have the fragrancy, the freshness of young flowers;  
And lovely passions, changing oft, so fill her, she appears  
*The image of themselves by turns,—the idol of past years!*

Of her bright face one glance will trace a picture on the brain,  
And of her voice in echoing hearts a sound must long remain;  
But memory such as mine of her so very much endears,  
When death is nigh, my latest sigh will not be *life's* but *hers*.

I filled this cup to one made up of loveliness alone,  
A woman, of her gentle sex the seeming paragon—  
Her health! and would on earth there stood some more of such a frame,  
*That life might be all poetry, and weariness a name.*"

Our experience tells us at this moment that life is not all poetry, and that *weariness* is by no means a name. Such sheer nonsense as the stuff printed in Italics could hardly obtain a place in the columns of the most contemptible newspaper; and such unmeaning trash is quoted by the first critical journal of America with high commendation! Another example and we have done.—We quote the Review.

We will now pass on to a more particular consideration, than we before gave, of Rodolph, which is the only poem of much length in the volume. It is divided into two parts. *The first begins in a fine style.*



“ The Summer's heir on land and sea  
 Had thrown his parting glance,  
 And Winter taken angrily  
 His waste inheritance.  
 The winds in stormy revelry  
 Sported beneath a frowning sky;  
 The chafing waves with hollow roar  
 Tumbled upon the shaken shore,  
 And sent their spray in upward showers  
 To Rodolph's proud ancestral towers,  
 Whose station from its mural crown  
 A regal look cast sternly down.”

This passage, pronounced *fine*, is just passable down to the two last lines, where it becomes downright nonsense. What in the name of wonder can Mr. Pinkney mean by talking of a station casting down regal looks from its mural, or any other crown? We cannot conceive a castle's station doing any thing of the kind. But to what purpose have we extracted these eulogized absurdities? Simply to show the sort of thing which is approved by the taste that condemns some of the most perfect performances of a Byron.

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THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

WESTMINSTER, EDINBURGH, AND QUARTERLY REVIEWS.

—Ille  
 Qui me commorit (melius non tangere, clamo)  
 Flebit—

If the reader will be at the trouble of referring to the last few pages of our present number, he will observe, under the head of University Intelligence, a Tripos Paper, as it is technically called, or list of graduates, who, in the recent mathematical examination at Cambridge, instituted for conferring the degree of Bachelor of Arts on proficient in science, acquitted themselves with more or less *éclat*. The total number of persons, who took their degrees on this occasion, was, we understand, two hundred and twenty-eight. The names in this list amount to only ninety-five. Alma Mater! where be the rest? These are your “*honours!*” and, even here, as you well know, the *honour* of the two latter divisions is of a very *equivocal* description. Where be the one hundred and forty-one whose “education” you have “completed,” but whom you have not deigned to *honour*? Three years ago, and a quarter, you received into your “bosom” a number of pupils much greater than that which has now left you. But of these, some forsook you before their *education* was completed, and some you were yourself obliged to eject. Two hundred and twenty-eight, it appears, remained under your tuition to the last. Out of so many intelligent and ingenuous British youth, well nurtured and well born, devoting all your efforts to the prosecution of one single science, could you not, with seventeen houses of education, richly endowed, with all your tutors, public and private, your lecturers and professors, your bounties upon your favourite study, fellowships, prizes, and honours in abundance, produce more than twenty-seven tolerable mathematicians, even allowing, which is more than you, in secret, do yourself, that

your Wranglers are *all* tolerable mathematicians? Will any one be good enough to tell us why it is that the University of Cambridge, which notoriously dismisses every year five-sixths of those who have gone through the routine of study which she prescribes, disgracefully ignorant of the only science she professes to teach, continues notwithstanding to be one of the idols of the English public, and has, each succeeding year, her halls and colleges crowded with a still increasing multitude of fresh under-graduates—fresh votaries of ignorance, and indolence, and dissipation? He who takes an interest in the improvement of mankind will often have cause for painful reflection. But his bitterest thought must arise from the consideration, how long the greatest national abuses exist before they are exposed to public censure; and even after their exposure, how long their existence is protracted. It is not difficult to account for this. The habit of following implicitly in the track marked out for us by those who have lived before us, is the cause of the first part of the evil complained of. To a community, the members of which are the slaves of custom, prejudice, interest, or ignorance, the existing order of things is something as indissoluble as the order of nature. It is permitted us, indeed, to learn the laws by which public institutions are regulated; but a project that should contemplate their amelioration were as presumptuous as an attempt to control the planets. During a long course of generations, the mere possibility of an alteration is not even dreamt of; and institutions, which are the source of unmitigated evils, are regarded, like the diseases to which the body is subject, as something incident to humanity. But when it has been discovered that the custom of the community is not absolutely unalterable, men are not long in finding that it is also capable of amendment. Something or other occurs, which directs the attention of the public to some particular feature of their moral and civil policy; and then viewing it with new eyes, the public, for the first time, become sensible of its deformity. The light that has thus broken in upon them, reveals a wonder. They find that they have been grunting and sweating under a “fardel” solely for the advantage of bearing it; or that they have been “cabined, cribbed, confined,” without being really bound. In proportion to their amazement at this obstinate self-delusion, is the loudness with which they exclaim, and their exclamations lead to the discovery of a second unhappiness in the constitution of society. They propose to relinquish the burthen, or to make use of their limbs; and their first movements evoke a train of familiars, who are for buckling on the one, and binding the other. Instead of commencing measures for a removal of the nuisance, they uphold it, laud it to the skies, affirm that it “has certainly exerted a powerful influence upon our national character,” and “are inclined to attribute to it no small share of that superiority, which the frame of society in this country has long maintained over that of *all other nations*.”\* The “powerful arm of English law” is invoked to protect it, and all who complain of the nuisance are “scurrilous,” and enemies of the social order. The enigma is easily solved. The abuse that has been detected is not

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\* See the article, “The London University,” in the last No. of the Quarterly Review.



solitary. It is one of a system, and the removal of that one might hazard the safety of all. There is not on this earth, a creature so sensitive as the man who lives or profits by, or has the slightest connexion with the system that fosters abuses. In any quarter, no matter how remote, do but hint disapprobation of any thing in that "which works so well,"—"touching the electric chain wherewith they are *darkly* bound,"—and the shock is instantaneously communicated to its farthest extremities. However opposed to each other be the separate interests of the individuals of the fraternity, yet they have an *esprit de corps* stronger than animates the most closely connected societies. The exciseman, the justice, and the parson, sympathize with one another; and the head of a college owns a community of feeling with the head of a workhouse.

It is to be hoped that we are, at length, becoming sensible of the portentous absurdity involved in our plan of public education; and we look upon it as the surest symptom of this dawning sensibility, that the self-seeking admirers of every blur and blemish in the existing state of society, are beginning to bristle up and already menace hostility. The proposed establishment of a London University has occupied a large share of public attention; and, should it produce no other fruits, will have essentially served the cause of education by directing men's thoughts to the subject of universities in general. We think, or, at least, we hope, that the English public, which for many centuries has embraced, with a fondness shown to hardly any other of its institutions, its system of university education; that, along with other "seminaries of sound and useful learning," in its hebdomadal state prayer, implores the divine grace upon "the universities of this land," is beginning to open its eyes upon the object of its endearments. Many complaints and exclamations, public and private, have ensued, and these symptoms of a disposition to scrutinize the system in question have, as was to be expected, drawn the enemies of human improvement into the field. "Our universities have grown up along with our constitution and national character. Let us still seek to preserve unbroken the union from which such *happy effects* have been experienced."\* Thus, at the outset of our investigation, we discover our universities to be, what no one suspected before, the very key-stone of the social union, which cannot be touched without bringing the whole fabric about our ears. And so it is, and so it ever will be with every institution in turn. Detect in it any capability of improvement, and propose repairs, and you are, and will be told, it is that one especial part of the system which admits not of being handled. The English universities are, no doubt, the central point of a system; but of what system, is a "question to be asked."

We do not mean to say that, till the recent agitation of the question, there have been none of what are called attacks upon the universities. In our own memories there have been several. But they were ill-directed, malevolent, and imbecile, from ignorance of the real merits of the question; and the universities waxed stronger from their failure. The Edinburgh Reviewers, for example, have, from the com-

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\* Quarterly Review, *ibid.*

mencement of their journal, been carping at these institutions; but their animadversions have been dealt out in the spirit of professional rivalry, and discovered nothing but their own want of information. With an ignorance absolutely ludicrous, they talked about the "Æolic reduplication," and "Sylburgius, his method of arranging defectives in  $w$  and  $\mu$ ," and "the restoration of a dative case, which Cranzius had passed over, and the never dying Ernesti failed to observe." They had a vague idea that the classical studies of our universities were directed to enquiries of a trivial or hypercritical nature, and in the dark they aimed a shaft imbued, as they thought, with bitter sarcasm. It is needless to observe, that every member of the hostile phalanx laughed in his sleeve as this *telum imbelles* fell innocuous to the ground. They were even mad enough to abandon their own strong position of metaphysics and political economy, to dispute with Oxford the palm of Latinity. That great book-making establishment, the Clarendon press, had recently put forth an edition of Strabo, disfigured with all the blemishes incident to books made in the spirit of traffick. The Reviewers fastened upon it with glee indescribable. They convicted *Oxford* of bad Latin; and they were, in turn, convicted of worse. The world laughed to see one strong man, in the height of his triumph, knocked down by another stronger than he. Oxford had the better of the fight; she retained her reputation for "sound learning," because Copleston was a better classic than the Scotch Reviewer. We are not certain whether they were not fool-hardy enough to vie with Eton in longs and shorts. The present minister for foreign affairs, it is generally understood, "doffed the state aside, and bid it pass," while he sought in some copies of verses, written by Scotch school-boys, for false quantities, of which an abundant crop, of course, rewarded his statesman-like researches.

Their insinuations against the scientific studies of Cambridge, were equally erring and futile. At a period when the analytical methods of the French mathematicians were in vogue there, and few of those who had attained unto the higher honours, but were acquainted with the work in question, they restricted to two, or three, the number of students in that university, capable of reading the *Mécanique Céleste*, "with any tolerable facility." They moreover "disapproved of the method," that "prescribed to the pupil a certain portion of the works of Newton," which he must study, "not to learn the spirit of geometry, or to acquire the *ὀνταμὶς ἐμπνηκῆ*, but to know them, as a child does his catechism, by heart," &c. Had they known at what description of Cambridge students to aim this censure, it had been well; but ambitiously they directed it at the head, and the head, as it happened, was invulnerable. He who would inflict a serious wound upon the system of that university, must look for a penetrable part below *the throat*. In this instance too, their ignorance disarmed their censure of all power, either to heal or to hurt. They supposed the case of a "young man studying mechanics," and compelled to get by heart the whole of the heavy and verbose demonstrations contained in Keil's Introduction, (which *we* believe is an exercise sometimes prescribed,) and they asked "what was likely to be the consequence?" The consequence was, they were laughed at for the supposition. Keil's Introduction!—a work known, if at all, only



by name, to the Cantabs of that generation. There followed some ponderous wit about the "laws of periodical revolutions," and their being "excellently well adapted to a planetary system," but ill adapted, for "an academical institution." And finally out issued a banging truth, that *universities are the "strong holds, where prejudice and error make their latest stand."* But this bold, and no less true than bold asseveration, was qualified by a claim of exception in favour of Cambridge. They did not "mean to hint that this was true of the university" spoken of. "The credit of teaching the mathematics of *Locke* and *Newton*, was sufficient to cover a multitude of sins." They shewed in this, that they knew a great deal about Cambridge, and what was *taught* there, and *how* it was taught. If a syllabus of *Locke*, yawned over by a questionist, (so they call the candidate for the degree of B.A.) whilst "ruminating bedward," three days, or possibly three weeks, before examination, can be thought capable of instructing the student therein, the University of Cambridge may claim the "credit of teaching the *doctrines* of *Locke*."

The education committee, with Mr. Brougham at its head, acted upon a policy equally narrow and unmeaning. That enlightened person seems to have fallen into a mistake similar to that which led poor Major Cartwright, and his class of reformers, to search into the annals of the Heptarchy, for the model of a pure and reformed House of Commons. We cannot imagine what induced Mr. Brougham to suppose, that the cause of education could be promoted by an enquiry into the *statutes* of the University, and by reducing its practice to a stricter conformity with the multifarious and often preposterous regulations of its founders. The better sense of succeeding generations has allowed many of these to become obsolete: and it were a consummation devoutly to be wished, that all the rules at variance with common sense, which are still observed, should be permitted to fall into the like oblivion. At this day we hear of no one that is anxious to revive exploded observances but one wrong-headed man, who, unluckily placed in a high station, and enamoured of antiquity, is for stepping back at least two centuries, and starting afresh with all the needless weights and incumbrances, which during that time have either slipped off, or been laid aside. Mr. Brougham not only failed in doing good, he did harm. By summoning before the committee, and harassing with impertinent questions, a gentleman who has deserved better of the University than almost any other of its members, notwithstanding the present generation seems disposed to lay his works upon the shelf, he excited a natural disgust towards himself, which has been, in part, reflected upon his cause; and by a display of ignorance, and by pursuing an unmeaning course of interrogation, he laid himself open to the attack of that feeble person, the present dean of Peterborough. The University of Cambridge rose higher in people's estimation, and seemed more firmly established, from the impotence discovered by those who, evidently thinking it stood in need of reform, shewed that they did not know in what way to set about the business.

There *are* interrogatories, which that committee might have proposed to the venerable master of St. John's, which would have elicited

from him answers to the purpose—answers, that might possibly have vindicated the necessity of subjecting him to examination at all. In case the Education Committee should ever be revived, and Dr. Wood be brought before it to bear witness against the University of Cambridge, instead of inquiring into the terms of mouldy deeds and rotten parchment, we would suggest to the chair a few questions of something like the following purport:

(1.) What, upon an average, may be the number of students annually entered of your College?

(2.) What arts, sciences, or knowledge of any description do you profess to teach them?

(3.) How many tolerable proficient in mathematics, classics, theology, and morals do you, taking one year with another, succeed in producing at the close of the usual academical career?

(4.) Of those mathematical students, who do not attain to what you call the "higher honours," what, fairly speaking, may be the average attainments in science?

(5.) Is it your opinion that these *extraordinary* acquisitions are themselves of a nature, or that they are made in such a way as to benefit, in the slightest degree, the gifted persons who succeed in so arduous a course of studies?

(6.) In addition to those under-graduates who, coming from able masters, or schools where classical studies are ably conducted, are already fair, are excellent scholars, do you, by the various exercises and studies prescribed to the men of your College, succeed in making *one more scholar*?

(7.) Do you believe that, with the exception of, it may be, five or six, or double that number of pupils, whose previous attainments at school inspire them with the ambition of contending for classical honours, medals, prizes, and so forth, the remainder, generally speaking, augment or lose part of the classical knowledge they bring with them to the University?

(8.) The studies of your College are understood to be, in part, intended as a preparation for Holy Orders—what opportunities do your pupils enjoy of making acquisitions in divinity?

(9.) We understand, also, that the works of some moral philosophers are *read* at St. John's, we would be glad to know, what works these are, and in what manner they are read?

(10.) Upon the whole, is it your opinion, that the manners, pursuits, and mode of life of the great majority of your students, are calculated to form humble, devout, and learned divines, or moral, exemplary, and useful citizens, or the contrary?

(11.) Of all the gentlemen who annually take up their residence at St. John's, and during the better part of three years and a quarter pursue their avocations there, in what proportion, to make a rough conjecture, is the number of those who, at the end of that period, go into the world, with minds enlarged by knowledge, intellects improved by exercise, principles fortified against the seduction of worldly vanities, and manners recommended by modesty, to the number of those who leave your "ancient and religious foundation," more ignorant than they entered it, less able to apply their minds to any serious study whatever, habituated to vain, or vicious, and ex-



pensive pursuits, with manners contaminated by grossness, and bodies enfeebled by debauchery?

(12.) Finally, is it your opinion that the head of a house, with duties like your own; tutors paid by a yearly sum levied, as a matter of course, from their pupils; lecturers paid by the tutors that employ them; private tutors paid by their pupils, for real or nominal services, exactly as their pupils please to make use of them; a company of lay-clergymen, whom you call "fellows," some of them immoral in their lives, many of them gross or clownish in their manners, and all of them more immediately under the eye of the under-graduates, than the latter are under their's, living, most of them, idly, upon the fruits of exertions made when *they* were under-graduates, and never since repeated, but in a listless manner, with their pupils; the whole corporation, Master and Fellows, existing upon the bounty of benefactors long since departed this life, who have left behind them none to whom you are in any degree, but nominally, responsible; is it, we ask, your opinion, that a college so constituted, can possibly serve the purpose of public education, and supply the state with a yearly number of useful, well-informed citizens, or learned, active, and conscientious ministers?

These, or something like these, are a few of the queries which we would recommend to the notice of the Education Committee, when it shall once more have resumed its enquiries. Why they have been suspended, is a question we are too little versed in the mysteries of the state to be able to answer. After having spread consternation among the abusers of the public, the storm has apparently subsided, and those who, however reluctantly, were at length proposing to bestir themselves, are, doubtless, now quietly returned to the enjoyment of their former lethargic existence. But, judging from the turn which the investigation took, as regards the University of Cambridge, and the spirit it discovered, the public, perhaps, is not a sufferer by the suspension of their labours.

The object of an enquiry into the system of university education is obviously not to discover what the will and intentions of the rude founders of that system were, or to point out inconsistencies between them and present practice, for the discrepancies which have crept in, are notoriously to the advantage of education\*; but to ascertain how

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\* We are happy to be able to recommend our view of this subject by adducing the authority of the Quarterly Review, which, though not worth a straw, when advocating the cause of old institutions, may be admitted as evidence against them. "An inquiry founded upon the narrow and technical principles there (in Parliament) prescribed, can issue in no beneficial result, except in the detection and discovery of fraud. To demand a sight of the original deeds; to compare the actual state and practice of an ancient foundation with the directions specified in their early records; to mark every discrepancy as an abuse; and to require a return, as far as is practicable, to the letter of its charter, is a process so far from being of a healing nature, that, in most instances, its tendency would be to defeat the very purpose of the institution." Considering what an admirer the Quarterly Reviewer is of ancestral wisdom, and, as he observes himself, how little he is liable to the suspicion of any intentional disrespect towards these venerable seats of learning, it is worth the reader's while to observe, in this and the passages which follow it, with what reverence he speaks of "a few sentences of Latin, and some shreds of parchment." It is curious to remark in this the workings of party. We wish Mr. Brougham and his friends would evince a little more illiberality of principle, and we should have the Quarterly Reviewers exemplary liberals. During the

far those old institutions *do*, or *can* fulfil the purpose, for which the community employs their agency, viz., of educating the gentry of England, and render it unnecessary for the legislature to take or recommend other measures for the acquisition of an object so important.

To obtain the necessary information, let an intelligent and *impartial* committee (if such a one can be found) be appointed, with powers to examine every learned head in the University, from him of Trinity, to that relic of an age gone by, the old Nestor of Peterhouse. For our own parts, we doubt not these venerable dignitaries would be found to answer scrupulously and conscientiously. Should the committee, however, reflecting upon the moral conformation of the species, be of opinion that the purest testimony is not to be expected from parties mainly interested in the question at issue, it is in their power to supply every hiatus in the information obtained, by the evidence of persons who, not having enjoyed the pride of academical sway, the pleasure of enacting sumptuary laws against boots and breakfasts, ("small Tritons of the minnows,") and the warm comforts of the lodge and combination-room, are thereby exempted from suspicion of any sinister influence upon their judgment. A body of evidence might thus be collected, sufficient to enable the legislature and the public to pronounce a verdict in this question, which no one will deny to be a matter of vital importance to the community. But legislatures, as at present framed, are machines of very irregular action; sometimes, when touched in a tender part, or moved by a cunning hand, working with tremendous velocity; at others, opposing a *vis inertiae* to the progress of civilization, to be overcome only by the preponderant weight of public opinion. To the latter we must look for redress. To that let every one contribute his mite, till it is confirmed by right information, and guided by just and philosophical opinions. The question of university education may now be considered as fairly before the public, at whose bar every competent witness is bound to deliver evidence.

In the absence of that testimony, which we ourselves believe would be found equally veracious and authoritative, we beg to offer to our readers a few particles of evidence on the subject. We are induced to this, by observing that every journal, favourable or the contrary, to existing establishments, has, as if by common consent, evaded the enquiry, and argued on the supposition that the merits of this question were perfectly well understood by the public. The Westminster Reviewer, for example, in an able, but rough and indigested essay, in the seventh number, has handled the subject in no sparing or feeble manner. He does not appear to have examined the working of the system sufficiently in detail; probably because, when the result was so obviously despicable, he did not think it worth his while to enquire further; but his occasional glances often penetrate its depths, and descry its operations. His object is to show the inutility of the vulgar routine of English education, assuming "the ideal pattern to be

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Whig administrations of George I. and II., the flaming zealots for liberty were all on the Tory side. As long as two parties divide the House and the public, when one bucket descends the other bucket will infallibly mount, and human improvement be at a stand-still.



tolerably preserved in practice ;”\* and it is only by hints and inuendos, that he gives us to understand how far he is from thinking that the pattern is so preserved. The Edinburgh Review has again, “notwithstanding the shameful discomfiture of its former efforts,”† entered the field, and, apparently, is bent upon taking better aim and fighting with other weapons than in its former desultory skirmishes. The last paper on this subject,‡ discovers infinitely more knowledge of the interior of an English University than is displayed in all the preceding volumes of the journal together. We may judge that it has, at length, hit a tender, if not a mortal part, when, to its various strong allegations, the Quarterly Review can reply only, that its contemporary has again “disgraced itself by a *strain of low scurrility* against the English Universities, as *dull* in manner, as it is *false* in fact, and *fallacious* in argument.” We may always distinguish the losing party by the loudness of its invectives, which is invariably proportioned to the rottenness of its cause. “Truth,” the Quarterly well observes, “is strong in its resources,” and abhors all connexion with obloquy and abuse. The Quarterly Reviewer reminds the Edinburgh of its former “discomfitures,” just as one pugnacious varlet taunts another whom he has formerly beaten, over whom he has long domineered, but who is beginning to evince symptoms of a disposition to rebel. Besides, the Edinburgh, like the vanquished bull of the Georgics, has been “nursing its wrath to keep it warm,” and “biding its time.”

Et tentat sese, atque irasci in cornua discit

præcepseque oblitum fertur in hostem.

The Quarterly is unmercifully gored. “*Scurrility*”—“*Strain*” the first. “We have the most entire persuasion, that the plan of sending young men of eighteen or nineteen, to live together for the three most critical years of their lives, at a distance from their parents or guardians, subject to no effectual or useful control, and suffered to drink, dice, and wench, as they please, to read what they please, and associate with whom they please, provided only they are punctual in attendance at chapel for five minutes in a morning, and regular in receiving the proper vestments, and showing themselves at the hour of grace before meat—is one of the most extravagant follies that ever entered into the mind of man, and would have been deemed too absurd a caricature of human improvidence, had it been only known in some page of Gulliver’s Travels, and not *grown silently* into an English habit.”—*Edinburgh Review*. Is this *false in fact*? Speak, for ye best can tell, ye thousands who have slumbered at prayers, and borrowed gowns in hall, and drunk till cock-crow, and slept yourselves sober at —, and thus worn your college life away—is not this *true*?—*Strain the second*. “The rich endowments, joined to the certainty of having a constant supply of such wealthy pupils, made the teachers lazy, and their course of instruction superficial, and inflexibly opposed to all improvement.”—*Ibid*. The Reviewer has missed his aim here. That the teachers are *lazy* is false. That the rich endowments of the colleges are injurious, is true.—*Strain the third*. “The education of those who are really educated, is *their*

\* Quarterly Review, *ibid*.

† *Ibid*.

‡ See the article, “New London University,” in the Edinburgh Review.

*own work*; and being their own work, not only are all the previous time and money lost, but that period of life which ought to have been occupied in acquisition, has passed, never to return, never to be compensated by after-industry. The monopoly has cheated them with the semblance of teaching; it has taught them *what they have not learned*, or if they have learned what it has taught, they *have hastened to forget it*. It has cheated them of their wealth, and their time; it has cheated, as far as it could, the state which depends on their acquisitions; it has not made the citizens which it promised; it is not an Alma Mater, but a harpy and a robber."—*Westminster Review*. Will the Quarterly Reviewer affirm that this is not fact? Will he question its truth? Let him look within himself, and pronounce.—*Strain the fourth*. "The number of these proficientes is extremely small, compared with that of the *whole* students; (Scotice;) and there is really no medium between almost entire idleness, and such skill in making Greek and Latin verses as would astonish a first-rate German commentator, and such readiness in solving difficult problems as would surpass the belief, certainly far exceed the power, of Sir Isaac Newton, were he again to visit the banks of the Granta."—*Edinburgh Review*. Is this *false in fact*?—*Strain the fifth*. "But the true test of a good and efficient system of instruction is, first of all, its teaching the *whole body* of those whom it embraces, and making each advance according to the measure of his abilities; and next to that, its imparting knowledge which may remain with the students in after life. Tried by either test, the systems of our University lamentably fail."—*Ibid*. Is this *false in fact*, or *fallacious in argument*? Is it *false in fact* that the University of Cambridge has within the last fortnight, after conferring on them a degree, which implies that their education is completed, dismissed a great majority of her pupils entirely ignorant of the very science, which she considers as constituting the most essential and important part of a liberal education? If it be true, is it *scurrilous* to aver the fact? If it be true, will the public care in what "manner" the fact is stated, though it be as "dull" as that of Mr. T. Campbell's Lectures on Poetry, or as lively and metaphorical as that of the Quarterly Review itself? The Reviewer must place unbounded confidence in the authority of his journal, if he trusts that an audacious front, and a bold denial, will maintain his cause, not only against the asseverations of the *Edinburgh Review*, but in the face of the *truth* itself. We would advise him to recollect that the ground of combat is now shifted, and the weapons changed. His old rival has learned wisdom from experience. He no longer denies the merit of Cambridge as a seat of science, or of Oxford as a school of classical lore; he only contends that they are inefficient and inadequate places of education; and the Quarterly Reviewer must descend into the field of evidence, and come to close conflict with facts, or the public will give verdict against him. The learning of Copleston can no longer avail the cause; that learning is not denied. The pre-eminence of Eton in the manufacture of hexameter and pentameter is now conceded. The miraculous proficiency of the higher Wranglers is allowed in the most unbounded terms. The Quarterly Reviewer shows himself to be at his utmost need, when he would confound the ground of former contests, in which we grant the



"discomfiture" of the enemy, with that of the present. But every shepherd knoweth his flock, and the Quarterly Reviewer has taken measure of his reader's credulity. He knows that every thing he chooses to affirm or deny, will be held true, or false, by those for whom he writes, not because it is proved to be so, but because the "Quarterly" says it. How long will the public decide all questions in morals and literature, not by their merits, but by the politics of those who discuss them? How long will the Tory part of the community persist in believing every thing under a brown cover, and the Whig part in believing every thing under a blue? We beg the reader to credit neither but on evidence. When he reads in the Westminster and the Edinburgh Reviews, the severe remarks of those periodical censors of our system and our seats of education, instead of regarding the style and form of their periods, whether they be more or less balanced, more or less coarse, more or less correct, let him apply our test—is this false in fact?—"We thank thee, Jew, for that word,"—is this fallacious in argument? If they be neither, let him not care how "dull" they are "in manner."

It were to be wished that these two journals had gone into evidence, and, instead of pleading, had endeavoured to prove. The latter, we are sorry to see, has not only forborne to attempt this, but, with its usual spirit of partisanship, has again dragged forward the Scotch colleges into comparison with our own. We devoutly wish the Edinburgh Reviewers would be pleased to leave them out of the case. We are sure the mention of them will do the cause of reformation here no good. We know our English temper better; and, besides, we are not so thoroughly assured of the goodness of even the Scotch colleges, as not to wish for more unexceptionable models. As for the Quarterly, it is really a lesson to consider how it has comported itself on this emergency. As if to contrast the roughness of the unsparing adversary, and lull its friends to the repose which these recent censures must have, in some measure, disturbed, how smoothly and equably do its periods flow on!—how correct, how calm, (except in one instance,) and dispassionate its expressions!—how condescending the terms in which it announces to the city of London that the latter is permitted by the Quarterly Reviewer to have a university, provided always that it keep its distance, and "disclaim all competition with our ancient and flourishing universities!"—how graciously it is pleased to approve of Mr. Campbell's "conciliating," "unassuming," and "earnest, indeed, but calm," method of propounding his views, "dissuading all ideas of comparison with the *English* universities, [as if London were in Scotland or Jamaica,] as well as any attempt to censure their proceedings!"—how pathetically it deprecates "all bitterness of contention," as if the Reviewer had never once dipped his own pen in gall and wormwood! The whole article, indeed, is a choice sample of that drawing-room style, and elegant imbecility, for which the Quarterly is justly renowned. Equally admirable with its tone and language is the policy upon which it is composed. The reader's attention is quietly led away from the present state of the universities, and engaged in a consideration perfectly alien to the only important question, of their rise, and gradual advances to the state in which we now find them. With this part of their history, the public has little concern. It is their *present* condition we would have unfolded; and, therefore, we propose to take up their history, where the Quarterly Re-

view (contented with the supposition "that the ideal pattern has been tolerably preserved in practice") has left it.

Our readers consist of persons who are either well acquainted with the subject, and have reflected upon it, or who are well-informed, without having reflected, or who are entirely ignorant, and, therefore, cannot have reflected. It were desirable that the first division should constitute the majority, though we apprehend it is in fact by much the smallest; but, whether more or fewer, the readers of this class will pardon the apparent impertinence of dwelling upon topics, to *them* so notorious, and opinions so trite, in consideration of the great number of the uninformed or unreflecting. It is needless to add, we design the little information we are able to communicate solely for the benefit of the latter. On questions of universal interest, it is to be wished that every member of the community should be enabled to arrive at a just conclusion. Whilst a portion of it, and that portion a very great majority, remains either heedless from want of reflection, or incapable of thinking right from want of information, public opinion, the only redresser of grievances, and reformer of abuses, cannot be expected to overbear the obstacles, which the active opposition of an interested class puts in the way of improvement.

The reader will observe, that we purpose confining our testimony at present to the system of education pursued at Cambridge. We have our reasons. Let every man speak from his own knowledge. Views cannot be given at second-hand without the risk of receiving a new colour in the process of transmission. The public is thus far led into error. It is difficult enough to convey to the mind of another precisely the just impressions, even when received from actual experience; let alone the hazard of attempting that communication by means of copying from the observations of other people. We see how long the Edinburgh Reviewers, and other enquirers, have been at fault in their conjectures. Let Oxford, therefore, speak for itself.

We may add, that the consideration of Cambridge alone, embraces fully one-half of the whole subject; that university enjoying, at this moment, perhaps rather more than her moiety of public attention. Cambridge men figure in the annals of our police; Cambridge trials agitate our courts of law. The representation of Cambridge is at this moment canvassed by lawyers of the first eminence, statesmen of the highest character, and travellers of the greatest renown.\* Public buildings, observatories or colleges, are daily starting into existence, and the number of those with whom they overflow, is now greater than that of the students at the other university. The outward and visible signs of prosperity abound. In the language of the Quarterly Review, and measuring the progress of science and learning by yards of stone walls, and the height of stone columns, Cambridge is a "flourishing university." We have also the authority of a *northern* writer, we believe, in an Athenian publication, called Janus, of which, perhaps, the reader now hears mention for the first time, for considering Oxford and Cambridge as at least on a footing of equality. "They have long been rivals," thus argues Sawney, "*ergo*, they *must* be equal."

We have another reason for selecting Cambridge in preference to Oxford. The latter, it is understood, does contrive to diffuse the be-

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\* See London Magazine, No. V. New Series, and Westminster Review, No. VIII.



nefits of classical learning (such as they are) throughout the mass of her students. They *can* read the New Testament; they are tolerable theologians, so at least the bishops or their chaplains say; and, therefore, the question at issue with that university may more nearly approach to the fundamental inquiry, how far classical learning in our schools and colleges ought to supersede learning of other descriptions. Oxford is also understood to teach the art of reasoning, and to supply the future legislator or economist with the only instrument by which his statistical or political enquiries can be rendered of service to himself or his country. If Oxford *really* do thus much, she is not all outside show. Her fair form is tenanted by a soul as fair.

We think it right to disclaim all feelings of malevolence towards the University, to whose discipline and management we more particularly object. She is not to blame for what she is. The public are to blame for countenancing her in an adherence to a mode of education, or rather non-education, so futile and prejudicial. Admitting this, we deny the justice of that claim she is generally supposed to have upon her children, for forbearance or silence.\* This notion of filial respect due to Alma Mater, originates entirely with a practice, far too universal in our language, of personifying every constituted body of men under some one name, and giving to them a kind of unity. Thus, the seventeen establishments, instituted for the purposes of education, and directed by masters, with a greater or less number of fellows to co-operate, which compose the University of Cambridge, are often comprehended under the title of an ideal personage, whom fancy has been pleased to represent as belonging to the fairer sex, and has sanctified with the attributes and name of a mother. There wants but some idea of this kind to be once entertained, and straightway every one, who has idled away three years at Cambridge, becomes a *son* of Alma Mater; and is bound to yield her all the respect, which the child owes to its mother. Such are the restraints, purely imaginary, which the metaphorical genius of our language and country imposes upon our reason. But it is time these cobwebs, or gossamers, (which you please,) should be brushed away. If we give in to this idle practice, by the use of the collective term University, and speak of it as belonging to the feminine gender, we do it only to avoid the suspicion of personality. It is the system—the state of the university, not the members, which we censure. They are where they found themselves, and as they found themselves; and are no more to be blamed for being where they are, and as they are, than a ploughman is guilty of ploughing, or a tailor culpable of cutting cloth. Whilst, then, on the one hand, there is no obligation to silence or forbearance, it is on the other, a duty incumbent upon every man, to lay before the community whatever information he is able to furnish, respecting the nature and character of this sequestered seat of education. The community is concerned to know every particular relative to it. The community believes itself to be in possession of a place of sound moral, religious, classical, and scientific discipline; and, of course, acts in conformity

\* "Perhaps it would not be right in me thus far to betray the secrets, and expose the vices of my own Alma Mater." *Confessions of a Cantab.*—See the London Magazine, No. XII. December.

with that belief. The community, we may also observe, has hitherto shewn itself as blind as a beetle, on a matter that vitally affects its interests.\* The splendour diffused round the University by the rare occurrence of a Watson, a Paley, a Milner,—names illustrious indeed but not great enough to justify an attachment so idolatrous—has concealed from observation the vulgar herd of ABC-darians who have *completed their education* at Cambridge. Every one of the select *few*, conscious of great intellectual superiority, and ascribing that superiority to the University, has looked within himself, instead of casting his eyes abroad, for the fruits of her discipline. Each one of the million, supremely ignorant, and therefore, perhaps, unconscious of the cheat, or supremely elated by the importance which the community attaches to a university education, and therefore not disposed to lessen his own consequence, by discovering the cheat, has not been accessary to the detection of the utter worthlessness of an education so much vaunted, otherwise than as far as he could not help betraying it grossly in his own conversation and demeanour. There are exceptions, however, in both classes. Of the former, the most remarkable may be considered the Cantab, whose *Regrets* we lately communicated to the reader, and who appears to have scaled the very top of Olympus, and enjoyed the luxury of sitting down, and contemplating the barrenness of the prospect. The mere mention of angles and triangles must, one would think, prove quite fatal to the sentimental; and yet there was that in these remarkable confessions, which touched us to the quick. To the latter division, we ourselves profess to belong; and assume nothing more than the credit of hearkening to Regan's dutiful advice to poor Lear: "I pray you, father, being weak, seem so." Far be it from us to question the excellence of the "pattern," which the University of Cambridge professes to "preserve in her practice." We only complain of her practice, and with reason, since we own ourselves to be of the number of those who have suffered by it. In our following numbers we propose to dedicate a few pages in each, to the benefit of Alma Mater; and we hereby invite all, who are aggrieved, either by her conduct towards them, or our animadversions upon her, to acquaint us with their grievances. If well founded, whether they make for, or against our common mother, they may depend upon it the world shall hear of their complaint. We have only one word of advice more to give to these two classes at parting. In weighing any thing we have said, or shall hereafter say, let the few individuals who ascribe their own high attainments to the influence of Alma Mater, look, not into their own minds for evidence of the truth of what we urge, but abroad; and let the rest look not abroad, but at home.

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\* The Westminster Review speaks the truth broadly and boldly, on this head: "The greater mass of the public has, as usual, shown the most determined inveteracy not to listen to advice that will give them the trouble of thinking, the trouble of quitting a beaten routine, to enter on a new line of action, and the vast effort of doubting the wisdom of their ancestors." We laud the persevering temper discovered in the sentence, which follows the above:—"It must be our business to sound that advice in their ears till they do listen, &c. since 'For this were we ordained.'" Indeed, the motto of those, who would inculcate any truth upon the public, must be that scripture which exhorteth to prayer without ceasing, "in season and out of season."



## MEMOIRS OF THE MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH,\*

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

"LADY CRAVEN always tells the truth," was a saying of the late King's; the veracity of which we are not disposed to doubt, since we have the lady's own authority in support of it. "I have always been a strict observer of truth." Again—"I never utter a falsehood; I never detract; I talk as little as I can," &c. Finally—"I defy my bitterest enemy to affirm I ever told an untruth." On the best grounds, therefore, we have established one important point—that every statement in these volumes is *true*. The fair authoress appears to have been on terms of intimacy with the most celebrated of her contemporaries; and has favoured us with anecdotes illustrative of their characters. There is one, and only one, given us at full length—her own. This we shall first notice, as it may enable the reader to appreciate justly the value of her other performances in the same line. She possessed "a natural love for the muses," which, however, she was always reluctant to betray. The docility of her temper made learning easy to her; she danced, sang, and embroidered, and had a taste for all *fine* works. Though lively to excess, the moment her attention was claimed by her lessons, she became all silence, and her application was so close as generally to cost her a nervous head-ache. Her natural disposition was one extremely difficult to manage—meek, yet lively—humble, yet, when roused, her sensations were such as for ever to seal her lips and ears to those who had offended her. Her feelings were invariably generous, and a *liberal* way of thinking characterized her conduct through life. In affairs of moment, her natural genius disposed her to reflection, though in trifles she was of a gay and inconsiderate turn. The contrast presented by these opposite qualities constituted her principal charm, and made her the *delight* of those with whom she lived. She was remarkable also for the clearness of her ideas; a quality which extorted from the Père Elisée, surgeon to the King of France, the exclamation, "Dieu! comme vos idées sont claires et nettes!" However, though subject to be complimented with expressions of this kind, she was humble enough to ascribe her great superiority over the rest of her sex to her education. Instead of skipping over a rope, she had been taught to pay visits and to receive them, and to suppose herself a lady receiving company. Moreover, she had been too weak to be tossed about, when an infant—an evil practice too common among English nurses. Then for her *morality*; though all obedience in indifferent matters, no power on earth could have forced her into a measure condemned by her conscience. Modesty, of course, she held in high esteem, as the chief ornament of the sex. "The woman," she observes, "that surrenders her chastity, is universally despised." The Countess of Suffolk, lady of the bed-chamber to Queen Caroline, her godmother, she made the "pattern of her manners," and so profound is the respect she expresses for that lady, that she probably made her the pattern also of

\* Memoirs of the Margravine of Anspach, written by herself. 2 vols. 8vo. London, Colburn, 1826.

her *morals*. Her's was a soul of great magnanimity, and accessible to sensations, neither of envy nor hatred. Thus blessed by nature and education, the reader will not be surprised to learn that she was the comfort of *both* her husbands.

Her face and form were such as indicated the divinity within. Lady Berkeley, her mother, had conceived a dislike to her from her birth; which was often "attended with personal chastisement for her *étourderies*." This treatment produced in her that look of blended modesty and timidity, which, contrasted with her vivacity and playfulness, *fascinated* every beholder. It was a matter of regret to her that no picture of her had ever done her justice. The one done by Romney by no means conveys a just idea of her face or figure. He deserves, however, great praise for that which he executed of her two sons, Berkeley and Keppel. "These two elegant young men were models for an artist." Even Reynolds, after six sittings, was obliged to give up the attempt. In his defence he said to Dr. Johnson, who was scolding him for his refusal to finish the portrait,—“there is something so comical in the lady's face, that all my art cannot describe it.” *Comical!*—Johnson repeated the word ten times, and every time in a different tone, and ended in an angry one. “*J'ai vu des femmes plus belles, peut-être,*” said a Madame de Vacluse to Mrs. Montague; “*mais, pour sa physiognomie, Grand Dieu! j'ai lu, j'ai écrit beaucoup de Romans, mais elle les a tous dans sa physiognomie.*” From the period of her presentation she was courted by the men, and received by the world, in general, in a way that might have turned the head of any other young creature; but this homage made *her* only the more diffident and humble, and “it was just that look, *which no one else had,*” that endeared her to every one. “*Est-elle aussi jolie?*” asked Madame de Polignac of the Duke of Dorset, “*A-t-elle autant d'esprit que le monde dit?*”—“And what did you answer?” said I to the Duke.—“I told her,” said he, “that we had twenty women at court more handsome than you; *mais pour les graces, et l'esprit, pas une.*” As no painter could be found to do justice to the “inexpressible charm” of her face, it is fortunate for us, that she has herself undertaken to convey a correct impression. She enjoyed great advantages for the execution of this task, viz. a quickness of observation that never failed to discern the “effect” her appearance produced, and an excellent memory, that treasured up and retained to old age every compliment that had been paid her in youth.

Of her taste, her acquirements, and learning, these volumes will afford sufficient evidence, to those who have patience enough to read them, and understanding to fathom the depth of her observations. Of that critical, as well as philosophical turn of thought, which pervades them, we can afford but one or two specimens. “It was not chance which formed it,” (she is speaking of the *Comédie Française*)—“Louis XIV. in disseminating a general emulation in the fine arts, created, if I may be allowed the expression, the great Corneille and the inimitable Molière.” “A barber,” (she is criticising the *Barbier de Seville*), “should never be the hero of a play. A barber never enters into the society of the beau monde. He may be allowed to appear at intervals, but ought never to be the hero.”—She was deputed by the Margrave, to present Blanchard the *aéronaut*, with a gold medal.



About a year and a half afterwards, she received a letter from him, thanking her for the hints she had suggested to him respecting the direction of the balloon. Now she had made no observations, only asked him questions. But ignorance, "from it's constant enquiry, has frequently produced something new to those, who have lost their combinations, by being too abstract."—"Murder and assassination are not only destructive in themselves, but, if possible, still more destructive in their consequences. The practice of shedding blood unjustly, and often wantonly, blunts the conscience, and *paves the way to every crime.*" This observation is verified in the ancient Greeks, &c. "Money is a species of property of such extensive use, as greatly to inflame the appetite."—"Hesiod says, that God has placed labour as a guard to virtue—I approve every regulation that tends to prevent idleness."—"Opulence does not consist in the riches, but in the manners of a nation."—"Italian authors, I think, in general are not amusing, but the tragedies of Alfieri are very fine—Dante is very obscure."—"Metastasio enchants by the softness and harmony of his poetry."—"Meratori surprises by the vast extent of his knowledge; but he is without purity or elegance."—"Montesquieu, among the French writers, expresses himself with much precision."—"That curious writer, Mandeville, who is always entertaining, if he does not instruct, &c."—"For the elevation of the mind above the earth I *recognize* the plurality of worlds."—"Had all the learned men treated this subject, and explained it with the clearness and precision of Fontenelle, there would have been no occult sciences."—"After Fontenelle, I admire the elegant Algarotti, &c."—"When I wish for information of what passes in the material world, I read Buffon."—"When I found my mind changeable, and my ideas not consecutive, I referred to the *great dictionary of the Encyclopædia!*"—"When I have no imagination, I look over some translations: I select that moment, because *genius* is not necessary there, &c."

To do justice to the variety of this lady's information—the exquisite truth of her criticisms, the depth of her philosophical remarks, which touch upon every subject from the philosophy of dancing, to that of government and morals—and the engaging simplicity and unaffected tone by which they are recommended, would demand more pages than we have been able to afford lines. "Oh! there you are," exclaimed Charles Fox to her at the assembly, where he saw her first as Margravine; "I wonder what you will do with your education; it will embarrass you much." We think there was reason in his wonder; more especially if the Margravine was in the habit of favouring her auditors with reflections so profound and diversified as those with which she has indulged her readers. Lady Morgan, perhaps, though we speak with hesitation, (more modest in this than our critical brethren, who invariably have "no hesitation,") is the only living authoress that can be compared with her Highness, in the extent of her reading, and the boldness and originality of her speculations.

From the philosophical nature of her reflections, the reader may be led to expect much new light upon the characters of the distinguished persons with whom she associated. There are, however, but three characters in her book—her own, her mother's, and her first husband's. These she had good opportunities of studying, and, not being

of a very rare or complex description, they were easily learned. The first we have endeavoured to exhibit. Her mother's is seen to most advantage on the occasion of the fair authoress's first appearance in the world, when, it must be owned, her reception was not over cordial. "Being wrapped up in a piece of flannel, and without much attention deposited in the great elbow-chair, at her ladyship's bed-side, with neither clothes, nor wet-nurse prepared, I was left in despair, for a while, to my fate." Lady Albemarle coming in to make civil enquiries after the health of the invalid and the stranger, had very nearly deprived the world of her, who was born to be the "delight" of every one, and us of her history, by preparing to sit down in the arm-chair, where she had at first observed nothing but a piece of flannel. Lady Albemarle desired that the infant might be brought to the window, that she might judge of the probability of its existence. "It's a miserable thing, and cannot live," exclaimed Lady Berkeley. Fortunately for the future Margravine, Lady Albemarle judged otherwise. "The infant's face being uncovered, the helpless little being opened its eyes, as if to hail the light of day; and as they appeared very bright," Lady Albemarle conceived hopes of its living. She, therefore, took upon herself to give such orders as might at least allow the infant fair play, and which the mother, partly from despair, and partly from disappointment at its proving a female, when she had predetermined it should be a boy, had neglected to give.

Of her sister, Lady Georgiana, there is nothing said particularly worthy of observation; except her mode of confiding to our authoress the secret of her attachment to the nobleman with whom, upon finding the course of her love not to run so smooth as was to be wished, she eventually disappeared. "One night, when my mother was asleep, Lady Georgiana came to my bed-side, having stolen silently from her own, and whispered, 'My Bessy, I am in love.'" After the elopement of this sister, Bessy was sentenced to sleep in the same room with her mother till she was married.

The next remarkable circumstance in her history is a requisition made to her, at some sacred musical festival, by *desire of the bishop of Gloucester*, that she would hold one of the plates for the money to be collected for the poor. "As I naturally felt abashed in a situation, where I was so conspicuous, I averted my face, when I curtsied for the guineas that were given, and they all fell sliding from the plate, to the dismay of the two beadles who attended." Notwithstanding a few casualties of this kind, and the teasing solicitations of suitors, favoured by her mother, her life at that period was indifferently merry. "I danced and sung, and wrote poetry, and laughed with my young friends, with my accustomed hilarity, without restraint or fear; comme le Chevalier Bayard, sans peur et sans reproche. But *helas!* this state was not of long duration."

The most serious interruption to her tranquillity was occasioned by Mr. Craven's wilful and obstinate determination to fall in love with her. The urgency of friends, the intercessions of relatives, and the perseverance of Mr. Craven, prevail upon her, at length, to allow the settlements to be made. She was offered the choice of the seat in Leicestershire, or that in Berkshire, for her place of residence. "I asked in which of the two counties the family interest lay. As he



said it was in Berkshire, I replied, that ought to be the place. When matters of serious moment were placed before me, my natural genius led me to reflection, &c."

Mr. —, afterwards Lord Craven, had received what was called a polished education, which Oxford had the honour of completing. His life was one continued ramble. To hunt in Leicestershire—to drive the Oxford stage-coach—to see a new play in London, &c. were his ordinary avocations. "Till I lived with you, my love," said he to his wife, "I never stayed *three* days in *one* place." Possessed of a sound judgment and a clear understanding, he had taste neither for music nor the fine arts, and disliked reading any thing but the newspapers.

"There were neither libraries nor books in any house, of any Craven. 'A miracle! a miracle!' exclaimed Fox one day to me—it was in Lord Craven's life-time—'Craven, who never till yesterday opened his lips in the House of Lords, *spoke*.'—'Indeed!' said I; 'what did he say?' for he did not tell me, on his return, that he had spoken. He then described to me, with much good humour, a speech that Lord Sandwich had made, in which that nobleman concluded by asserting as a fact something that was his own invention. Lord Craven rose, to the astonishment of the whole house. Loud murmurs of disapprobation, which had arisen at Lord Sandwich's assertion, were instantly hushed, to give audience to a peer about to speak, who had never opened his mouth before. Lord Craven, looking steadfastly at Lord Sandwich, exclaimed, 'that's a lie,' and immediately sat down again. The house burst out into a convulsion of laughter." This is the best anecdote in the book, and is told in her best manner.

She bore her lord seven children, in the course, apparently, of almost as many years; and her strict attention to the maternal duties, won her the heart of Samuel Johnson. "I like you," said he, one day, laying his great hand upon her arm, "because you are a good mother." But all her talents, her virtues, and exemplary conduct were unable to subdue her lord's inveterate propensity to rambling. Happening, by chance, to alight at the Crown Inn, in Reading, he found there a lady, with whom some gay colonel had resided for awhile, till, sated with her charms, he had left her and them, by way of pledge, to pay for the reckoning. As was to be expected, this lady instantly took possession of Lord Craven. She rode out with him, drank with him, and gained a complete ascendancy over him. A scene of some pathos ensues between him and his lady; on her part, full of dignity; on his, of remorse. He soon, however, put an end to all doubt or anxiety on the subject, by flatly announcing one day his intention of going to London; and "'when I go, I shall never see your face again.'" To this I answered, 'That is, to part with me?' He replied, 'Yes.' I then proceeded as far as the door, and, turning round, said, with the greatest calmness I could collect, 'The parting of a husband and a wife, who have lived together for thirteen years, and have had seven children, is a thing of too great consequence to those children, for me not to take the best advice upon such an event;' and I retired to my own sitting-room."

She was as good as her word, and consulted the very best authorities, in the persons of Lords Loughborough and Thurlow. The first was all flaming indignation, and advised nothing short of prosecution.

"Prosecute my husband!—the father of my seven children!" The other lord was more moderate in his counsels. The best thing she could do, according to his ideas, was to go where she pleased, and take with her any of the children she thought proper. "But," added he, "leave your *daughters* with your lord."—"I shall never forget Lord Thurlow's *manner of telling* me [no doubt] this; nor how near I saw tears starting from those eyes which were supposed never to have wept." It was even suggested to her that she ought to communicate the particulars of this unfortunate business to the Queen; but some considerations, not very intelligible to us, prevented her having recourse to the place of "last resort." Besides, she could not contemplate lightly the chance of a refusal, even from the Queen of England; she was a Plantagenet, and her proud spirit could not stoop to an explanation. "Contempt, I confess, cool, rooted contempt was all I felt for Lord Craven's folly;" and as for any calumnies he might propagate respecting her, she was content to be no better off than her godmother, the pattern of her manners, the immaculate Lady Suffolk,\* whom the Queen's protection (Caroline, wife of Geo. II.) alone had preserved from the ill-treatment of her lord.

Leaving her noble husband in possession of the field, she sat herself quietly down for a while at St. Germain-en-Laye; where the Queen of France's *gaucheries*, as she terms them, about her, afforded her some amusement, and occasioned her a little perplexity. Maria Antoinette, for some reason or other, employed a person to watch her ladyship's conduct; who, betraying the confidence reposed in her, confessed to our authoress, that not only she, but the police, transmitted to the Queen a regular account of her ladyship's proceedings. But, said she, "Vous êtes si aimable, que je me fie à vous!" Moreover, she asked her ladyship, if it was the Prince de S—— who came so often to see her? "I told this milliner that I never had permitted the Prince de S—— to be presented to me, because he had a very bad character; and that it was the Margrave of Anspach who so frequently visited me; that he had known me from my childhood, and had conceived for me the same partiality that all who had known me from my infancy retained for me." She does not appear to have had any personal intercourse with the Queen, beyond an accidental rencontre in the gallery at Versailles, where her ladyship was present with her child (Master Keppel,) to see the Royal Family pass to chapel. The Queen noticed the child, and exclaimed, clasping her hands, "Dieu! le joli enfant." On their return from chapel, the Queen and Madame Elizabeth stopped and curtsied repeatedly to Lady Craven; the former saying, "Restez avec nous, Madame!" while the other, with a voice as sweet as her angelic countenance, repeated the phrase.

Tired of her fine dairy and her Alderney cows, in reference to which some polite ecclesiastic characterized her ladyship as "*une très-grande dame, qui ne dédaignait pas les détails du ménage*," our authoress sets out on her travels. In Italy she excited the astonishment of every body, by riding on horseback on a side-saddle. The peasants, as they passed her on the right hand, would exclaim, "Ah! povera—una

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\* For a mention of "our good Suffolk," see "Heart of Mid-Lothian."



Gamba!" At Florence, the brilliancy of the moon reminded her of a saying of M. de Carrioli,—"*Que la lune de Naples valait bien le soleil de l'Angleterre.*" In Venice she expected to find a cheerful city, but was disappointed. The gondolas floated on the water like so many coffins; and the windows of the houses, mostly closed half-way by dirty unpainted shutters, "had flung a cloud o'er Venice' lovely walls." To compensate for this, the advocate Stephano afforded her some amusement by his action and grimaces. "His manner of pleading was that of scolding; and he held his two thumbs upright, which he moved rapidly to and from his breast. I found it difficult to refrain from laughing; nor could I conceive how the judges could keep their countenances." A Venetian, who had seen Mr. Scarlett beat time with the fore-finger of one hand upon the fore-finger of the other, might have laboured under a similar difficulty. 'Tis all use and wont.

Our authoress leaves Vienna in precipitation, alarmed, it would seem, by a compliment from the Emperor Joseph. When Prince Kautnitz delivered the Emperor's message to her, (requesting that she would pass the winter at Vienna,) he added, "The Emperor says, he never saw any woman with the modest and dignified deportment of Lady Craven." Joseph, it appears, had no wife, and was, moreover, a gallant of some note. The opinion he had formed of her ladyship was repeated over all Germany; and apprehension of reports injurious to her fair fame made her fly "like a frightened bird from a net."

His Polish Majesty, to whose court she next repairs, she found not unlike the Duke of Marlborough, in his face; and as for his mind, there appeared no subject on which he could not converse with taste and good sense. The Princess Czartoriska, whom she had known in London, received her with great kindness, and related to her many anecdotes of her early days. Our authoress is true to the confidence reposed in her; so that we are able only to conjecture the nature of the Princess's stories from an incidental remark which they elicit from her auditor. "Certainly," says the Margravine, "she did not intend they should serve as a guard to that tenderness of heart, and the unsuspecting mind which she discovered in me." One anecdote, however, is preserved, and as it is characteristic enough of the person to whom it refers, we give it at full length.

She inquired of me if I had been at Berlin; and when I answered in the negative, she said she wished me joy: "For what would *he* have done to *you*," she said, "since *he* so much embarrassed *me*?" "And pray," said I, "who is *he* that could venture to do any thing to embarrass *you*?" "Le Grand Frederic," was her reply. She then informed me, that his Majesty had her invited to dinner by the Queen; and every body being assembled before he came, when he arrived, he made one bow, at the door, to the circle, and then walked up to her, took her by the hand, and led her up to a window; where he stood to examine her countenance, with a look so scrutinizing, with eyes so piercing, that she was embarrassed in the highest degree, particularly as he never spoke till he had examined all he wished to look at; and when this was done, he said: "I had a great desire to see you, I have heard so much of you;" and began an account of what that was, in language so civil, but with a *raillerie la plus fine*, que c'était presque une persiflage. "When he had done," she added, "I did not know whether I was to feel humbled or elevated, or whether it was a good or bad impression he had received of me, or whether it was satire or compliment he meant to convey."—"Quel homme! ne le voyez jamais, chère Miladi; vous rougissez pour rien; il vous ferait pleurer." I felt internally that I should like to see him, and that, as the adopted sister of the Margrave, under that protection, I should not fear even the great Frederic.

After noticing the fact, that Warsaw lies on the Vistula, and that the Polish young ladies are forced by their mothers to wear bells, before and behind, in order to proclaim where they are, and what they are doing, the scene is transferred to St. Petersburg. Nothing gratifies us, in our authoress's Russian Notices, but the mention of our old friend Lord Byron's Prince Mousken Pousken.

After leaving Moskow, whither she had repaired on her departure from Petersburg, she proceeded onwards to Pultowa, "famous for the battle which proved a severe check to the wild spirit of Charles XII." At Constantinople, she saw from the windows of her apartment, the Sultan sitting on a silver sofa. She appears to have been particularly struck with the advantages enjoyed by the Turkish women. "A husband, who sees a pair of slippers at the door of his harem, must not enter;" and the women, when they go abroad, have so many coverings as to resemble walking mummies; "how easy, then, it is for men to pass and visit as women!" At a fire, four Janissaries were thrown into the flames, for not doing their duty properly, "pour encourager les autres."

At length, having performed a circuit of great length, she finds herself at Anspach, where she was received with great joy by the *Margravine*; inasmuch as the latter was aware she was indebted to Lady Craven for the Margrave's early return to his capital. Our authoress had obtained her mother's permission; and she contented herself with informing her husband, that she was invited to pass some time at Anspach, where she was to be treated as the Margrave's *sister*.

As this event formed a kind of epoch in her life, she opens it, solemnly, with a history of that high illustrious character,—Christian Frederick Charles Alexander, Margrave of Brandenburg, Anspach, and Bareith, &c. &c. &c., who was born at Anspach, in the month of February 1736, &c. At the age of seven years, he was brought to the Hague, that Geo. II., his uncle by marriage, who passed through that town every two years, on his way to Hanover, might see him. He was turned, full dressed, into a large room one evening at the same time that the king entered by an opposite door. The latter approached him with a candle in his hand, and said, "Let me see if you are like the family." This mode of examining with a lighted candle seems to have been a practice usual with the polite princes of the house of Brunswick. It was thus that Geo. I. reconnoitred the features of the Princess Wilhelmina of Prussia; as that Margravine, less profound, but more amusing than the present, has told us in her *Memoirs*. It would be vain, in our short limits, to attempt to do justice to the history of the Margrave's education. The care of his mind was entrusted to M. Bobenhausen, who was well calculated for the arduous task he undertook. His pupil never lost sight of the views which he instilled into him for promoting the benefit of mankind and fostering the arts and sciences. This sovereign of half a world evinced the happy effects of his education in the government of his principalities, and the administration of his *own private affairs*. He was particularly partial to the Latin tongue.

The chief occupation of this high and mighty prince, appears to have been breeding horses, of which he had more than one magni-



ficent stud. The ruling passion strong in death, was discovered in his last illness, when, long after he had wisely ceded his dominions to Prussia, and retired to England for the more secure enjoyment of his pleasures in those bad revolutionary times, he conjured her Highness, if he should be taken from her, "on no account to be persuaded by any one to withdraw the grey horse from the course, as I am certain, if fairly used, he will win the Derby!"

Thus happily established in the bosom of the court of Anspach, Lady Craven amused herself and the Margrave, first, by getting up theatrical pieces for representation, then by the formation of a society for the encouragement of the arts and sciences, in which, apparently, she sat as president. "I have listened to amusing and instructive details, without being obliged to speak myself." The astronomer, the metaphysician, &c. took care to collect the best materials, and the meeting never broke up without some one being, for want of time, disappointed of having his paper read. "Whenever that occurred, I always made a point of addressing myself to that person, and of informing him that at the next meeting that paper should be read first." Another project was the establishment of a seminary for children of all classes, at the head of which she was to be placed. But here her benevolent plans were obstructed by the unaccountable ingratitude of those about her. In all "the pleasing colours her heart could suggest," she gave the Margravine a description of the projected institution. "The Margravine listened with apparent satisfaction; but when I had ended, she gave me a tap with her fan under my cheek, and said, with a look of scorn, 'You are too good to trouble your head about these people.' Some part of her speech to me shewed that she knew *some people* well; for when the intention of this establishment was known, not one person recommended a child, or asked to be informed of the plan or rules of it!" The Margravine certainly shewed, by her speech, that she knew *some people* well.

Lady Craven's predecessor in the Margrave's favour was the celebrated Clairon, over whom she obtained a complete victory. Clairon is made supremely ridiculous, but she is in the hands of an enemy. She had committed the inexpressible offence of supposing our authoress to be une chercheuse d'aventures à Paris, and had sent a confidential person to watch at the door of the Hôtel de l'Empereur, in order to obtain a sight of this English female, whom she immediately conjectured to be a *mistress* of the Margrave's. Monstrous supposition! we do not wonder that Lady Craven should rejoice at her discomfiture. "As I was in full dress, and probably had an appearance *which might strike this observer*, he reported to Madame Clairon, that the young English woman was fair and handsome." Clairon, in a transport of fury, wrote the Margrave a valedictory letter, in which she upbraids him for the profligacy of his life; nor was she undeceived till some time after, when she discovered that this woman was a lady of *high birth*, and therefore exempt from those suspicions which she had conceived. Clairon, however, quits the stage, and the Margrave loses one mistress, without gaining another.

In the capacity of *adopted sister*, Lady Craven was of infinite service at the court of Anspach. She played at cribbage with the Margravine,

followed the stag-hounds with the Margrave, and prevented the possibility of any person having it in his power to say, that *she* "created dissatisfaction between the Margrave and Margravine." Our authoress was even kind enough to accompany the Margrave into Italy *alone*, from whence, for some mysterious reason, they returned by hasty and secret marches to the Margrave's dominions. The occasion of this we are at a loss to imagine, and can only conjecture that there was something treasonable at the bottom, from the fact that the Margrave had no sooner deposited his fair companion at her English garden at Triesdorf, than he galloped off for Anspach. He there found Mr. Schmidt, his minister, confined to his bed by illness. The Margrave went to the man's bed side, and shaking his whip over him, said, "You rascal! give me the key of your bureau." And this is all we learn of this state mystery, which must therefore for ever, along with many others, remain an enigma to exercise the ingenuity of the curious investigators of history. Whatever it was, it appears to have quickened the Margrave's wish to dispose of his dominions and people to his cousin of Prussia. The faction of Mr. Schmidt had honoured our authoress with the epithet of Ultramontaine. "The wretches!" said the Margrave; "you whose conduct proves that, as a mother, or a sister, your whole time is occupied in doing good." The Margravine's farewell salute, on their final departure, is solemn and affecting. They hasten away to Berlin, the adopted sister and her royal brother leaving the Margravine to solitude and her own reflections. At Lisbon they hear of her death. Lord Craven happening to die at the same time, the title of sister was exchanged for that of wife, and the Margrave and his new Margravine prepare to spend their honeymoon, amidst the security and comforts of England—England, the country of fine horses, where no Mr. Schmidt, with his intrigues, and no revolutionary poison, and no ungrateful subjects could interrupt their enjoyment. But no place is without its evils. The Queen (Charlotte) refuses to receive Lady Craven as Margravine; the English papers introduce calumnies against her spotless reputation to their very breakfast-table; and her daughters welcome her return home with the following note:—

"With due deference to the Margravine of Anspach, the Miss Cravens inform her, that, out of respect to their father, they cannot wait upon her."

We think we have exhibited enough of her Highness to satisfy the reader, that no reasonable suspicion can be entertained of the authenticity and genuineness of these Memoirs.

We have only one word to add—a word of information to her publisher. Either the Margravine, among other sacrifices, forgot her own language, in her devotion to the Margrave; or Mr. Colburn has employed a *réducteur*, who labours under a similar misfortune. As we are not acquainted with the history of this manuscript, we are unable to decide to whom we are to attribute the credit of the many beautiful specimens of a language, which is neither English nor French, but both at once, that abounds in these two volumes. We will venture to affirm that the reader shall not open either volume, at any page whatsoever, without lighting upon a passage as correct and elegant as the following:

Voltaire tore the mask of superstition from the human mind; that dreadful *chain*, which fetters the understanding, and which is imposed on us by nurses in our infancy.



Among other ministers, my old and reverend friend, the Marechal de Broglie, at seventy years of age, was reduced to a proscription from the Luxembourg, with a head crowned with laurels.

If my occupations and the clearness of my ideas produced delight in all who knew me, and became the cause of the comfort of both my husbands, and the primitive source of my common sense; I also considered that to these circumstances, the method in which I was nursed, contributed in a great measure to produce these original causes.

This last extract may be considered as a fair sample of at least two-thirds of the whole composition.

#### ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG RIFLEMAN.\*

THIS book gives an account of the adventures of a German soldier, and it purports to be written by himself. Goethe has recommended it to the public in a preface, in which we can trace some of those fine distinctions and subtle thoughts, for which he is so celebrated; but of the author, and how he came to write the book, we possess no further information, than what he has himself given in the body of the work.

Thoughtlessly (says Goethe) was this soldier's career begun, with a light heart was it pursued, and freely and joyously is it described. Want and abundance, happiness and misery, high and low, death and life flow equally from the same pen, and the book produces a most agreeable impression. It is not proper to expect from it, according to some well-arranged plan, instruction, amusement, and enjoyment; we cannot hope that humanity should gain much by it; for what is acquired by the necessities of the moment, is generally lost also in a moment; and in the back-ground, opposed to trifling advantages, we see painful toil, wounds, sickness, imprisonment, and death. The whole has, on this account, in every one of its parts, a fresh but unregulated life, which captivates those who are not acquainted with it, and contents those who are. The description of such a changing and precarious condition, is made more interesting, because the meanest soldier traverses, as a complete stranger, large districts of country in every direction, and is conducted by his billets, as by the hand of Asmodeus, into the interior of the dwellings, and into the closest relations of secret domestic life. Of such scenes, as a relief, there is no want in this soldier's career.

We shall enable our readers, by making copious extracts, to judge if this character be deserved; and as we ourselves like to know the birth, parentage, and education of all our acquaintance, both living and dead, we shall begin by translating what the Rifleman chooses to tell us of his origin:—

I am the son of a poor, but respectable country clergyman, who, unfortunately for me, died a few weeks after my birth, leaving the care of my education wholly to my good mother. The lively disposition common to boys was soon aroused in me, and the wild temper of a fatherless boy, which could only have been kept in check by the severe discipline of a father, soon manifested itself in my rude manners. There was no want of maternal restraint and admonition, but my mother's affectionate and well-meant words were forgotten the next hour, by the presumptuous and volatile boy. I was soon considered as a little Pickle, and as the leader of my companions, whenever we played any mischievous pranks, and whatever was done in common, was always laid to the charge of the Pastor's orphan boy. Even in the early years of infancy, the love of adventures, which at a late period influenced my whole destiny, was plainly perceptible. Nothing gave me greater pleasure than to pass the night with my play-

\* Der Junge Feldjäger; in Französischen und Englischen Diensten, während des Spanisch-Portugiesischen Kriegs, von 1806-1816. Eingeführt durch J. W. von Göthe.

The Young Rifleman; in the French and English service, during the Spanish-Portuguese war, from 1806-1816. Introduced by J. W. von Göthe.

mates in a barn or outhouse, and nothing in the world would have induced me to forego this pleasure, and lay myself quietly down in my own bed. Did a fire break out in the neighbourhood, I was always, if possible, one of the first persons on the spot. One afternoon, while we were at a distance from our homes, bathing in the river, the alarm-gun announced a fire at no great distance. Without asking our parents' leave, or enquiring how far off was the place, we instantly resolved to go and see the fun. A village was in flames, and without knowing or even seeking the road, we made the best of our way to it across hedges and ditches, over meadows and corn-fields. When we got to the place, we could do no good, being too young and inexperienced. We had run two leagues from home; we knew nobody in the village, and very soon we began to feel both hunger and thirst. Water we could easily get; but our young stomachs, little accustomed to fasting, our appetites being sharpened by our excursion, were not so easily pacified. Money we had none, friends in the village none, we were ashamed to beg, and hunger, the impatient despot, grew every moment more imperious. We closely examined our pockets, and found in mine a single penny, which gave us fresh courage. For some time we had fixed our desiring eyes on a countryman standing centinel over some property rescued from the flames, and who every now and then cut huge slices from a large loaf. Having money in my pocket, and modesty being conquered by hunger, we went up to him in a body; being the owner of the penny, and naturally, therefore, the most courageous of the party, I was the spokesman, and thus addressed him:—

*J.*—"Please Sir, have the goodness to sell me a pennyworth of bread."

*Peasant.*—"A pennyworth! that would be no great deal. Where do you come from; are all those behind you your comrades?"

*J.*—"Yes, Sir."

*Peasant.*—"And are they also hungry?"

*J.*—"Yes, indeed, Sir."

*Peasant.*—"Take back your penny; here is a piece of bread, and here is a piece for each of the others, and now find your way home; but tell me first what brought you here?"

I answered immediately in my simplicity—we only wanted to see a village on fire. This answer naturally roused our friend's wrath. "You cursed brats!" he exclaimed, "where is my stick?" We did not wait to hear the end of his speech, still less did we wait for the execution of his will; but hastily turned our back on him, and made the best of our way home, where we did not arrive till late in the evening.

I could relate many such stories; but they would only tire the reader, and this one will be sufficient to shew my early love of adventures. From this source flowed all my follies; wickedness I never practised, as I can testify with a good conscience.

It was his mother's wish that our hero should be brought up for a clergyman, but she died when he was fifteen years' old; her property was insufficient to educate him for this profession, and he was bound apprentice to a barber-surgeon. Though this was his own choice, he soon took a dislike to the occupation, and was thoroughly cured of all affection for surgery, by his master dissecting an old woman in hot weather.

Just then a season of difficulty (he says) was approaching for our country; the French armies had come into the north of Germany for the first time, and wherever they appeared they spread fear and horror. The battle which decided the fate of Prussia was fought in our neighbourhood; and plundering, with all the horrors which accompany war, extended to us. I was continually employed, sometimes shaving people, but more frequently in binding up wounds. I now first saw, with my own eyes, the unspeakable miseries of war; I saw many a blooming youth, whose vigorous health promised him a lengthened old age, lost irrecoverably by his wounds; I saw him depart this life, bewailing his fate; and these terrific scenes made me hate the outwardly showy condition of a soldier.

The following are some of the fillings-in of the picture, the outline of which has been sketched:

A person came to fetch my master to visit some wounded men, who were in a public-house near at hand: I ran thither immediately, but whether my master went or not, I never learned, even to this day. The house was already crowded with some French light dragoons, each of whom, after drinking two or three bottles of wine, mounted



his horse and rode away; but as some departed others arrived, so that the house was continually crowded. The wine which had been brought up ready, was soon all drunk; the calls for it then became loud, and they were enforced by violent blows. I got a few knocks in the ribs and some slaps in the face, which I took very patiently. The landlord told me to help his servants in bringing wine up out of the cellar to satisfy these impatient soldiers, which I willingly did, for it was not possible immediately to escape. I had been five or six times into the cellar, when an opportunity of running away offered; with one bound I was out of the house, carrying with me two bottles of wine; and, being favoured by the darkness, I reached home without difficulty.

But our house was in the same condition as the one I had left, and so crowded with French soldiers, that I thought it better not to go in. I hid myself, therefore, behind a well, near the house, where I found a Prussian fusileer, who had been shot through the arm, and received a stab in the breast. He moaned piteously, and complained of being very hungry, not having eaten any thing for twenty-four hours. My compassion was excited, I immediately gave him some wine, and afterwards hastened towards the house; no longer dreading the danger, I walked softly in, crept under the stairs, and brought out a loaf, with which I hastened back to the Prussian. The half-starved man eagerly devoured the bread, and the sight of his enjoyment gave me much pleasure. When he was satisfied, he thanked me heartily, and wished me all kinds of good luck. The night was very cold, and there was no colder place than the well, so I thought it would be better to conduct him to the infirmary, the only lazaretto I knew of. Before we had gone half the way, we were both stopped by a party of soldiers, wandering about; and one of them, coming close to my companion, bawled out: "Hollo, Prussian! Oh, thy cursed King!" I still held the second bottle of wine in my hand, without thinking of it; instantly it was taken away, the wine drunk, and more demanded. I could not possibly procure any more, and blows immediately followed. At length they closely examined all my clothes and my person, and, finding little or nothing, gave me another severe blow, a curse or two, and allowed me to make off. While they were busy with me, the Prussian had walked away, and I hastened home, having no desire further to assist him, for the sentiment of self-preservation was too powerful, even for the strongly excited feelings of humanity.

To escape the confusion of these scenes, our Rifleman's master, like many other persons, left home for some days, and travelled about the country with his property in a waggon: he then returned to occupy his house, and, like the other citizens, receive and nourish the soldiery. What they had plundered they freely spent, making over some of their spare money to our adventurer; who, being tempted by their apparent joviality, and affronted that Mrs. Barber-surgeon should reprove him, already averse to shaving and bleeding, he one day tied up his bundle, and set out on his travels, wandering he hardly knew whither.

I entered (he says) the fortress of Erfurt, then garrisoned by the French. At the gate, it was "Halt, youngster, where are you going? Have you got a passport?" I trembled like an aspen leaf, and, in a whining voice, answered No.—"Carry him to the commandant," said the sub-officer commanding the guard; and a soldier immediately obeyed. I waited a long time, till at length the experienced warrior appeared. He asked me many questions, and among them, whether I should not like to serve the Emperor of France? He flattered me by saying something might be made of me, and in the meantime played with his cross of the legion of honour, to make it more conspicuous. "If such a mark," he observed, "adorned your breast, you might be justly proud. Enter the Emperor's service; be bold and enterprising, and you will be sure to obtain it." Thus I was persuaded to engage in a service I had before never thought of but with horror. I expected that I should receive this honourable token in a few days; but in spite of my exertions, and I was not the last when the enemy was before us, I have never obtained it.

He was sent to a regiment formed out of the ruins of the Prussian army, after the campaign of 1806; and, at the end of three months, it being thought adviseable to remove these Germans from their own country, they were ordered to Boulogne. Our young soldier soon learnt the arts of his honourable brethren in arms, and, like them, made free with a small share of the property of his unfortunate countrymen. In

Germany this was allowed, but directly the regiment passed the Rhine—

—With our billets we received orders to demand nothing whatever from our landlords, as they were bound to find us nothing but lodging. These orders did not at all please us; for it had been very different on the other side of the Rhine, where the poor Germans were obliged to give us whatever we chose to ask.

In the evening we got nothing for supper but wretched dirty soup; had such a dish been set before us in Germany, we should most certainly have taken revenge on our countrymen, but we were now in France, and did not dare say a word.

After remaining some time at Boulogne, the young men of the regiment were selected, to form, as it was said, a guard for King Jerome; they were to go to Paris to receive their colours, and were then to return to Germany. In fact, however, they were ordered for Spain, but it was thought right to practise this delusion. After proceeding, by slow marches, to Versailles, and then to the south of France, always under the same delusion, they at length received their colours, and were told they were to go to Spain.

On January 13th, 1808, we entered the Spanish territory, only separated from France by a small stream, on both sides of which are toll-houses and custom-houses of both governments. At a distance, the place which was to be our quarters for the first night appeared to contradict the unfavourable description of Spain, which had been given to us in France. The white houses shone brilliantly as we advanced, and we all promised ourselves at least good lodgings; for nothing does the tired soldier wish so much, and he would rather want food and drink, than a comfortable bed.

We were now very desirous to know something of a nation which had been described to us in such dark colours; immediately on entering the town, we came up with a great number of the inhabitants standing by the road side, and we were enabled mutually to examine each other.

We could not, indeed, ascertain at the first glance if they were proud, revengeful, and lazy, as the French describe them; but the dignity of their attitudes, standing with cigars in their mouths, and not thinking of work, certainly appeared characteristic of a proud and inactive people.

When we had arrived at the market-place, (*plaza mayor*), before the billets were distributed, the colonel made a long speech to us, full of admonitions and commands relative to our conduct towards the inhabitants. I received a billet, there being no other soldier with me, for Don Manuel Garcia, (the man became so interesting to me, that his name will remain for ever engraved on my memory.) Full of joy at my good luck, I set out immediately to find out the house of my high-born landlord. I had read in so many novels that *Don* was a title only used by distinguished persons among the nobility, that I anticipated the best possible accommodations. For above a quarter of an hour I wandered about the little town, seeking the Don's house in vain; nobody would give me any information, till at length a good-natured boy showed me the way. When we reached the place, how was I surprised, instead of a palace, or at least a respectable house, which I had expected, to find myself standing before a miserable decayed cottage; my spirits sank greatly. The boy knocked at the door, but it was fastened, as doors are in Spain, by a large piece of wood placed across it in the inside. A rough voice enquired, "Who's there?" The boy answered, "A French soldier." The man within positively refused at first to open the door; at length the representations of the boy, and my probably more influential impatient and repeated battering at his door, induced him to draw aside the bar, and I saw the worthy Don face to face. He was a middle-sized man, already well-advanced in life; his head was covered with a three-cornered cap; a ragged cloak, which, as I afterwards heard from him, had served several generations of his ancestors, hung on his shoulders, and enabled me to conjecture what was the state of the clothes it concealed. His lady-wife was just then employed preparing the supper with her own noble hands, and lay on the floor before the fire, performing with her high-born mouth the functions of a pair of bellows.\* These different circumstances did not at all tend to raise my spirits; my quarters looked

\* Such bellows as are common in our country are not to be found in all Spain; but the people have a species of fan, made out of *esparto*, and old gun-barrels, which are used instead of bellows.



more like a robber's den, than a comfortable dwelling ; and, to add to the evil, we could not understand one another. I laid down my knapsack and my arms, and looked about for a seat, but could find none. The family seemed not at all prepared to receive guests ; the only two chairs in the room, if I may give them this name, were occupied by the Don and the Donna, and neither of them made the smallest motion towards resigning one of them to me. At length I boldly demanded a seat, and my landlord was so hospitable as to give me his. I had now got a resting-place, but it was very cold, for in the Pyrenees the winter is as severe as in Germany ; and I should gladly have placed myself near a stove, but unfortunately this family friend is quite unknown in Spain ; and the little fire which supplies its place, burnt so niggardly on the Don's hearth, that I was not sensible of the least benefit from it. It grew later and later, but I saw no preparations for my supper, although the proper time had arrived. In France I was able to make an excellent meal every evening on my half-pound of meat, to which the landlord was obliged to give me vegetables ; and my stomach having got accustomed to this, now admonished me rather sharply. We had received no rations here ; and on enquiry, I found that meat cost five *reals* per lb. (about one shilling,) a price somewhat too high for the purse of a common soldier. I endeavoured as well as I could, employing both words and signs, to make my hostess sensible of my hunger ; and in the same manner she enquired if I had any bread, for of this commodity there appeared no great stock in the house. On my answering in the affirmative, she took some garlic, Spanish pepper, (dried and powdered capsicums,) and olive oil, mixed them together, and added boiling water to them ; in the meantime, I had cut up some bread in small pieces, and she poured this sauce over it, praising it very much. I readily attacked the frugal meal, but although my appetite was very keen, I could not relish it, but having nothing else, I did at length manage to swallow it. At a later period I was often gratefully reminded of Donno Garcia, by her having taught me to make this soup ; it preserved me in health, and tasted well on many occasions. When I had finished my supper, I looked about for my bed ; but look as I would, I saw no sleeping-place for me. The bed which stood in the room, consisting of three planks, two end-pieces, and a bag of straw, was hardly large enough for the man and his wife, and I never supposed they would give it up to me ; were it offered even, I was resolved not to accept it, for the motions of the Don during the whole evening indicated a numerous population, and I wished very much, if possible, to avoid all such acquisitions. When my host saw that sleep was beginning to close my eyes, he declared, contrary to my expectations, that he would resign his bed, with what belonged to it, inhabitants and all, to me. I tried repeatedly, by gestures, to explain that I would on no account deprive him and his wife of their bed ; that I should be perfectly contented with some straw ; but all I could say was in vain ; I was obliged to accept it. They prepared themselves a sort of bed on the floor out of straw and a sheet, and laid themselves peaceably down to sleep. Being tired from my long march, I also soon fell asleep, but my repose lasted only a short time. I might, perhaps, have been an hour in bed, when I was awakened by an indescribable itching in every part of my body. I was at first terrified, but soon became convinced that my suspicions had been well-founded, and that the cause of this uncomfortable sensation was an immense number of lice, which are found in every part of Spain, and had not even held sacred the body of Don Garcia. These attendants of his had now attacked his guest, and appeared to find my blood of excellent relish. I endeavoured to kill them, but they were a legion ; and, after doing execution on some whom I caught in the act, I sprang impatiently from the bed, and sat down by the fire. This did not, however, procure me relief ; the plague continued ; I struck a light, blew up the fire, and thought I would wait for day-light, without again attempting to sleep. My host was awakened by the noise, and enquired what was the matter ; I could not, of course, make him understand ; but I swore, in a mixture of good German and bad French ; he answered with some hard words, which were probably Spanish oaths, turned round, and again fell asleep. I was plagued by my new guests, by the cold, and by weariness, though fortunately having my pipe and some tobacco, it helped to amuse me. At length sleep overpowered me as I was sitting on the chair, my head bent forwards. I lost my balance, and I fell on the feet of my sleeping landlord. A terrific noise, a mixture of shrieks, curses, and threats from all the three immediately arose ; it was not possible for us to make each other understand : we scolded and swore in every language we knew. The Don appeared to suppose that I had been making attempts on the chastity of his wife, and he shewed himself ready to defend it against all attacks.

When I met my comrades on the parade in the morning, I complained of my sufferings, but they had all experienced the same fate, which made me bear my cross with patience.

We have seen that our young soldier speedily acquired the soldier's method of appropriation in his own country; one of the first lessons he was taught in Spain, was sacrilege of the worst description, violating the respect due to the dead, and to the opinions of the living.

At Miranda, on the Ebro, we every where traced the marks of devastation. The troops which preceded us had not been well lodged in the church where we slept, and had burnt the stools and chairs. We were obliged to do the same thing, for the fuel we received was not sufficient for cooking. Many saints who had formerly died on the cross, or suffered martyrdom in some other manner, were now in effigy consigned to the flames, without our consciences being particularly awakened.

After catching more than one of the dirty diseases which are so common in Spain, and having been to the hospital, the Rifleman was so weak that he could not keep up with his regiment, and with many others separated from it before he reached Burgos. They managed to get to this town, but were immediately sent forward to Madrid with other stragglers. Three of them again separated from the rest, and lost their way. After wandering for some hours, they reached a village, and marched into it with great delight; but the inhabitants fell on them, and wanted to murder them.

We should most certainly not have escaped, for we were too weak to make any resistance, had the Alcalde of the village, fortunately for us, not been present, and commanded peace. He drew out from under his cloak a little staff, which the peasants held in such respect, that they instantly let us alone, and all, most reverently, took off their caps. We were astonished at the miraculous power of the little staff, but it was afterwards explained to us by the Alcalde. Every Alcade, he said, had such a staff, which he either received from his predecessor, or it was sent him from Madrid; whenever it was necessary to suppress disturbance or arrest any person, he had only to bring forth his staff, and say, "I command peace in the King's name," or, "I arrest you in the King's name," and instantly, his orders were obeyed.

To the wonderful powers of the stick, also, they were indebted for their supper.

The Alcalde led us to the public-house, but the landlord would on no account give us any thing, till the Alcalde, again coming to the aid of our stomachs, said:—"Michael, you must give them wine and bread immediately, without saying a word, or—and he shewed his staff—I order it in the King's name." In a moment we were supplied with bread and cheese, and wine. Neither the three strange soldiers, nor the staff, however, but the generous Alcalde, paid the landlord. For the night they found a lodging in the house of the clergyman, who treated them otherwise, with great kindness. Thus, (says our adventurer,) were we particularly comfortable on the same day when we had been nigh unto death, both by hunger and assassination.

Pursuing their march, the three stragglers—

Passed through several large villages, where our enquiries for the road to the Aranda were always answered by "straight forward." We wandered on, therefore, till towards evening, when we found ourselves in the midst of mountains, not a village, nor even a house was to be seen, at every step we sank knee-deep into the snow and mud; we were both hungry and thirsty; and had no prospect of getting any thing, either to eat or drink, in that inhospitable region. Every body must confess that our situation was very pitiable, had any person been present to show his compassion and his activity in our behalf. When it grew dark we took counsel with each other what we were to do; one proposed to make a fire and pass the night in the woods; this was rejected, and we resolved making another effort to march still further. We came shortly afterwards to a rivulet, and then to a mill, but unfortunately it was locked up; for in Sapin the mills are almost all at a distance from the villages, and therefore not inhabited. Our spirits were roused, however, by these circumstances; we hoped and believed that a village must be in the neighbourhood, and in fact we had not proceeded along the rivulet above half a league, when we heard dogs barking in the distance. For us this was a sweeter sound than the tones of the most delightful instrument under the hand of a master; we directed our steps towards the spot, and very soon reached a village, but a village sunk in sleep, except the dogs, which barked tremendously.



We knocked at several doors, but no person answered; at length we found a good Samaritan, who enquired what we wanted. *Alcalde, loquiamiento* were the only words we could say; the man understood us, however, and was so kind as to conduct us to the Alcalde. He examined us from head to foot, and at length said, I cannot give you quarters, but if you will sleep in the *casa orgnaria*, (work-house,) I will open it for you, and in it you will find hay and straw. As it was Hobson's choice with us, we accepted this, only requesting something to eat, which was given us, as well as a glass of good wine. When we had satisfied our hunger, the Alcalde conducted us to the house, wished us good night, and locked the door. We buried ourselves in the hay, thus to pass the night; my two comrades, more inured than I was, were snoring in a minute or two, but I could not close my eyes on account of the pain in my feet. I might have been here about two hours, and my thoughts had been all the time occupied with the circumstances of my own situation, when a thundering knocking, accompanied by loud cries, began at the door. I could distinguish the word *matar*, and from its resemblance to the Latin word *macture*, which has the same signification, it fell on my ears like a stroke with a knife, and in imagination I already felt the innumerable blows with which the Spaniards meant to murder me. One moment before this I was half frozen, and felt a severe pain in my feet, now I was covered with perspiration, and did not feel the slightest pain. Without well knowing what I did, I worked myself deeper and deeper down in amongst the hay, till I could not get breath, and yet the terrific cries still resounded in my ears. Fortunately for us the door was very strong, and did not give way in spite of the zealous exertions of our enemies; though, if they had continued their blows with the same zeal, there can be little doubt but that, at length, they would have succeeded. A heavy blow had just been given, when I distinguished different voices, like those of persons engaged in a violent dispute; the noise first increased; now, however, it appeared to come from a greater distance, the terrific sounds grew weaker and weaker, and at length all was again still.

I remained for a long time in my hole, trembling very much before I fell asleep. When I awoke, it was broad day-light, and the Alcalde came at the moment to open the door. On my enquiring about the disturbance in the night, I understood from him that several of the peasants who had been drinking in the wine-house, wanted to murder us, but he had heard their mad outcries in good time for us, had hastened to the spot, and had drawn them away.

The following is the Rifleman's account of the part he took when the people of Madrid made their first attack on the French.

The imperious and insolent character of the French soldiers soon showed itself, and the proud revengeful Spaniards did not bear this treatment so patiently as the German peasantry. Only a few weeks elapsed before quarrels ensued between the inhabitants of Madrid and the troops, several being wounded on both sides. The Spaniards then began to be more distant, and more openly to display the hostile feelings they had before nourished in secrecy, and in a short time several Frenchmen were privately assassinated. The generals at the same time grew more arrogant in their pretensions, and wished to make themselves masters of those members of the Royal Family who had remained behind. It usually happens that the conduct of some brings evil on all, and in this case, the hatred which, properly speaking, belongs only to the Emperor for his arbitrary proceedings, fell on us, who were only the instruments of his will, and we were exposed to increased annoyance. Every day some personal insults took place between individuals of both nations; the centinels and guards were pelted with stones, and some of them, who were not sufficiently on the alert, were murdered in the night.

As the animosity increased on both sides, we were encamped outside of the city in the King's park, both for our own safety and in order to be more easily brought together in case of an insurrection among the inhabitants. The guards and the cavalry remained in Madrid, and we placed the usual centinels around the camp.

We were very comfortable here, and our tents were in a good condition; we had brought bedding out of the city, and as we had little duty to perform, we employed ourselves in improving and adorning the camp; we made arbours, turf seats, &c. getting the best materials, and the finest shrubs from the King's garden. Prince Murat visited us daily, and was much pleased with our cheerful dwelling-place.

At length, on May 2nd, the hate of the Spaniards, which had so long glimmered under the ashes, burst forth in a bright flame, and was not damped without much trouble. The infantry and artillery were employed in bringing provisions from the magazine, which stood at the entrance of our camp, when the alarm-gun was fired; the whole of the troops hastened back into the camp, and immediately flew to their mus-

kets; the call to arms resounded through the camp, and in a few minutes every regiment stood ready for battle. We marched out in brigades, the light troops being in front, and so came to the Segovia gate, where we halted. Citizens and soldiers came running out of the town, and within it we heard repeated shots. We remained still, because we had received no orders to march; at length the word *march* was given, and by half-companies, bayonets in advance, we forced our way into the town, where we met the inhabitants in open rebellion; we pressed onwards, and whoever stood in our way was cut down. The inhabitants in the mean time were not idle; from the roofs and out of the windows they threw down all sorts of things, by which a great many soldiers were wounded and killed. Our cavalry galloped through every part of the town; we marched through the streets in complete companies, and fired without mercy at all the persons whom we saw at the windows, or met in the streets. In a short time several of the streets were covered with bodies, and amongst them were many women.

The murderous work lasted for some hours, till the inhabitants were obliged to give in to superior power, and beg for mercy. We had had work enough, and were not inclined to be satisfied by the disposition we had brought the inhabitants to show. We sought a more substantial reward for our labour, and our brigade was not one of the most unlucky. It was stationed in the *Plaza Major*, where a great number of large shops or booths were erected, in which eatables of all descriptions were sold; all these we carefully examined, and I got hold by chance of a small drawer full of large and small money. Without waiting to ascertain the amount of the sum, I stuck the drawer in my half-empty knapsack. My comrades endeavoured also to enrich themselves as much as possible, never asking whether it was right or wrong; for at such a time, after the danger is past, the soldier does not trouble himself about moral principles; he has saved his life and seeks to enjoy it, however he may obtain the means.

For our security strong piquets were placed at different points, and patrols, both of infantry and cavalry, traversed the streets incessantly; the number of troops required for the city bivouacked close to the gates, and by these means the temptations to insurrectionary movements among the inhabitants were destroyed.

The details of what the French soldiers did and suffered in Spain are given with a circumstantiality that leaves no doubt of their truth. We shall extract a few incidents of this kind.

The prisoners taken by the Spaniards were put to death by the most terrible cruelties; and we often met with our unfortunate comrades, maimed and dismembered, dying in the midst of unspeakable torments. Some had their hands and feet cut off, and even dissected out of their sockets; some had their tongues torn out by the roots; some were hung up to the trees by the feet, and roasted alive; and many were treated in so barbarous a manner, that decency will not allow me to mention it. Such objects kindled the rage of our soldiers; they thought themselves justified, yea, even commanded to revenge these horrors; and so the cruelties on both sides were continued, and even increased.

Whenever we entered a house, we immediately made our way to the wine-cellar, fired at the casks to make holes in them, took out what we wanted, but never put any plugs in. Sometimes one kind did not please us; we then tasted a second, a third, and sometimes all the casks in a cellar were tapped in the same way. I saw the soldiers of the 34th regiment in the cellar of a monastery, containing at least fifty hogsheads of wine, every one of them had been fired at, and the wine run out in such abundance, that the whole cellar was afloat, and one or two drunken *gens-d'armes* actually swam in it. The fields in the neighbourhood of Valencia were covered with very tall hemp, in which the Spaniards concealed themselves, and continually fired at our soldiers; changing their place after every shot, so as to avoid being taken. At noon, one day, I was lying with one of my comrades at a short distance from our regiment, eating our pork in fancied security; all at once, a musket-ball passed betwixt us. This unpleasant interruption alarmed us; we changed our place, and then continued our dinner; a second ball, however, almost immediately afterwards passed through my cap and my comrade's head. This was too much; I was terribly frightened, which may be pardoned in a youth only seventeen years of age, in his first campaign. I hastened away, half senseless, from the dangerous spot, and joined the body of the regiment, where I was, however, not safer than in my former place. - - - From the situation of our regiment, hardly fifty paces from the walls of Valencia, we could see whatever was done on them, and it was an extraordinary sight: the half-



naked people of the lower classes, countrymen, citizens, noblemen, soldiers, and monks were all indiscriminately mixed, and all zealous in defending the place. Even the women were employed in bringing ammunition and carrying away the wounded. Passing in the midst of those who were at work, came ecclesiastics, carrying a crucifix, who encouraged the others, and stimulated them to make a brave defence. --- Guerillas and deserters, who were retaken, were seldom long kept doubtful of their fate, but almost immediately shot. Even the regular Spanish troops, who were taken prisoners, were roughly handled, and I once saw, near Valdestillas, as we were escorting two thousand of them, that a lieutenant of our regiment ordered a Spanish dragoon, who could not go forward, to be put to death without any ceremony.

The following is almost an epitome of a soldier's life.

The captain of our company, a great worshipper of the jolly god, desired his servant, an honest worthy fellow, to bring him some wine. It was midnight, and the servant being wearied out, and much annoyed by the half-drunken captain, refused to obey. In his vexation, he made use of some disrespectful words, which so irritated his master, that he laid his hand on his sword to run him through. The man did not wait for this, but sprang down stairs, and hid himself in the cellar; and though the captain called him several times, he had not courage to come forth. With a view of remaining below, he rested himself against an empty wine-cask, which gave way, and in falling he struck his head so violently against a beam, that he was for some time senseless. On coming to himself, he remarked that he was sitting in a sort of hollow; he groped about, and discovered that in his fall he had broken some planks; he raised them up, and examined the place below, which he found to be a large hole. He was cautious in his proceedings, and at first thought he had got hold of a snake, or something like it; he drew back affrighted, till, again taking courage, he once more put down his hand, and discovered that what he had taken for a snake was some damp, mouldy, and slimy linen. He attempted to draw it out, but the weight was great, the rotten cloth broke, and something fell to the bottom with a sonorous sound. He discovered by this that it was money, hastened out of the cellar, and in want of a better bag, carried down his *tchako*, (grenadier's cap,) which he almost filled with doubloons. The next day, his master was a very different sort of man; he asked to be made trumpeter to the company; and, as he was something of a musician, he obtained this vacant place without any difficulty. He continued a close friendship he had previously formed with one of the corporals, and he frequently treated the whole company. For two years he continued with us, though he might have left the army on many pretexts, and taken his money with him; and never was he backward in doing his duty. At length his bosom friend, the corporal, had the greater part of the calf of his leg carried off by the splinter of a shell at the siege of Roderigo; inflammation ensued, and he died. "Now," said the trumpeter, "I have nothing more to keep me here; as soon as the place is taken, I will procure my discharge." In fact, when Roderigo surrendered, he purchased his discharge for one thousand francs. At his departure he still possessed four thousand dollars; but I afterwards heard that he and his whole wealth became the booty of the Guerillas.

One day as the column was marching on one of the worst roads of the Asturias, and our regiment was at its head, some hussars came galloping up, and reported that the escort of the hospital and baggage had been attacked by Romana's troops, with so great superiority of force, that our men, unable to oppose them, had retreated. The Spaniards fell on the hospital, and vented their cruel rage on the wounded and the sick. We hastened on to defend it, but came too late, one half of the detachment was killed, the other half wounded. The Spaniards had taken the oxen from the carriages containing the sick and wounded, and had led them off, first hurling all the vehicles into a deep abyss. All those who had sought safety in flight, had been taken stripped naked, dismembered, maimed, and killed by innumerable stabs. It was a horrible sight to see these poor helpless wretches so cruelly murdered, and eyes that had not shed tears for many a day, wept at the spectacle; but our blood also boiled to be revenged on the torturers of our defenceless comrades. We all swore that every Spaniard who that day fell into our hands should be murdered, and this oath was rigidly kept. The village where we took up our quarters for the night, was burned to ashes, and not a living thing was saved from our vengeance. The Spanish soldiers who fell into our hand were drowned without mercy, a task that was undertaken and executed in a masterly manner, by a battalion of GERMANS, which was with us. The dead bodies were afterwards hanged up adorned with their arms.

We have seen our youth, in the character of a soldier, commit rob-

bery in Germany, and sacrilege in Spain: his performing the part of an executioner, in shooting an aged priest, is thus recounted:—

While we were lying at Valderos, a sergeant of the 11th regiment of dragoons, a German by birth, was sent from Carion, where his regiment was lying, with dispatches to Valderos, which was the head-quarters of the brigade. About half way between the two places, where two villages are situated close to one another, he was attacked pistol-in-hand, by the clergyman of one of the villages; the sergeant, more skilful at this work than the priest, struck the pistol out of his hand, sprang from his horse, mastered his opponent, bound him on the horse, and carried him to the head-quarters at Valderos. The priest was instantly tried and sentenced to death. Just before he was shot, he sent for the sergeant, and presented him with his gold watch, and 4000 *reals*, which he brought from his house, and earnestly begged his pardon. He then resigned himself to his fate, repenting of his deed. I was ordered with three others to execute the sentence; our muskets were each loaded with two balls, and we shot so true, that he never moved a limb. A piece of his skull flew against my left side, dirtying my sword-belt, and though I took a great deal of trouble, I could never get the mark out. As a remembrance of this heroical priest, I carried his silver snuff-box about with me till I was taken, when an avaricious Scot took it away.

The following soldier's trick is one of the most amusing stories in the book.

Once, as we were cantoned in Medina del Rio Secco, our company, on account of Guerillas having been seen in the neighbourhood, was ordered out by itself, and in traversing the country came to the little town of Villa Alba, and having been there before, we were pretty well known. The town is situated in a fertile neighbourhood, in which corn, but not much wine, is cultivated. It is surrounded with a wall, which may formerly have served as a means of defence, but is now fallen to ruin. The whole company was quartered in the town-house, because it was thought advisable to keep us all together. On the guards for the night being placed, it was my lot to be detached to one of the city gates. My piquet [he had been made a corporal] consisted of four men, among whom was one of the greatest wine-bibbers of the regiment, named Thiele, a native of Paderborn, who would do any thing to get his favourite drink. We sat around the watch-fire, which burnt brightly, for a considerable time, without saying a word, until at length Thiele breaking silence with a long-drawn curse, asked if we were to sit there all night, cold and thirsty. We had received no wine, because the Alcalde said there was none in the place, and that it was necessary first to send to a neighbouring town for it. "Shall we not see what the cellars yonder contain?" continued he, "they have not been built to remain empty; the d—d boors have no doubt plenty of wine." I did not exactly agree with this, though I should willingly have drunk a glass; but at length thirst conquered duty, and I consented by silence. Thiele hastened towards the cellars, and endeavoured to open one of the doors, but found them so well secured, that he could not accomplish it without a great deal of trouble, and more noise. He held it advisable not to run this risk, and after trying them all, came back quite disappointed. We took counsel what was to be done, and Thiele, who was full of expedients, proposed, that we should take our knapsack-straps, and the slings of our muskets, let one of the party down into the cellar, and take what he could find. No one would consent to descend into the shaft by these means. "Cowards," said Thiele, "you would willingly drink, but will venture nothing; I will go. Allons." Thiele and two others accordingly went, the centinel and I remaining behind. I was anxious all the time they were away, fearing that the officer of the rounds might visit the post, or that we might be attacked. Neither circumstance happened, and in half an hour, the three came back, bringing with them a *pelecho*, or wine-bag, bread, and salt meat. In almost every part of Spain, small quantities of wine are kept in goat-skins, each holding from fifteen to twenty gallons, the hair being turned inwards, and covered with pitch; and it was one of these that Thiele brought. We were all cheerful and joyous, the wine tasting delightfully after our toils. As we sat round the fire, passing the can very briskly; Thiele began:—"I'll tell you comrades what happened to me. As the others were letting me down into the cellar, one of the straps broke, and I fell quicker to the bottom than I liked. When I had got back my wits, I struck a light to see what the cellar could supply, taking care first of all to seek after my *tchako*, which reached the bottom even before I did. I found it under an empty cask, but the rosette was gone, and though I looked after it till my comrades called out to know what I had got, I could not find it. They grew impatient, and I was obliged to reply to their questions, by giving them the bag here to draw up for an answer." This matter ap-



peared rather serious to me, for the owner of the cellar might find the rosette, and carry it to the captain, who, although a good man, never allowed favour to interfere with justice, when he caught any person in the fact. We asked each other what was to be done, and we all agreed, that we would tell the secret to several of our comrades whom we knew we could trust. Before day-light, every thing suspicious was put out of sight, the wine secreted in an unoccupied stable under the straw; at length we were relieved, and returned to our quarters at the town-house. We immediately began our operations. Our comrades were ready to second us, and half a dozen rosettes were immediately taken off and concealed. It was Christmas day, and in the afternoon our captain came and asked in an open manner, "my lads, have any of you lost a rosette?" No answer.—"That is extraordinary," he continued, "for a countryman has brought one to me which he found on the road, that we came yesterday. We were all silent, "Sergeant-major, make the men fall in, and see whose rosette this is; if you find the owner of it, put him immediately under arrest" was the next order. The company was immediately paraded, but half-a-dozen wanted rosettes. A further enquiry was made; one had lost his here, another there; one had been shot off, another broken off. Thiele also was asked; and he answered, with apparent simplicity—he had long lost his. The captain could hardly credit him, yet he was obliged to pass it by.

Being Christmas day, we were to receive double allowance of wine, but the captain threatened as a punishment, that he would order it all to be stopped. The whole company murmured at this, and said, with one voice, that the captain had no right to take away from the soldiers what the emperor and government gave them; this settled the matter just as we wished. For three days we remained in the town, and shutting ourselves up in the stable every evening, succeeded in emptying the bag without any person being the wiser. On the fourth day we continued our route, and during the march, the captain, who had no dislike to wine, asked his servant for some; when he received a glass, the man told him that was his whole stock; the captain regretted it, and censured his servant for his want of attention, in not providing more. Thiele who was marching near the captain, immediately offered him a glass of wine. "Let us taste it, is it good?"—"You shall be convinced of that yourself, sir," After the captain had drunk, he enquired where Thiele had got the wine.—"At Villa Alba."—"I did not taste any there half so good; did you buy it?"—"As you take it, (replied Thiele,) at least I was obliged to pay very dear for it,"—"Give me another glass, and I will soon repay you."—"Readily, but you may do that directly."—"How so?" said the captain.—"Only give me my rosette, captain, and I shall be well paid."—"Vagabond! (said the other,) I thought immediately it was you, and nobody else who had bought the wine; here it is!" drawing the rosette out of one of his holsters, "but if I had known this in Villa Alba, you should have been punished by fifteen days' confinement, on bread and water."—"I was quite aware of that," said Thiele.

The Rifleman was with Massena when he entered Portugal, and the following is his description of the retreat of the French army.

Five months we remained here, and in that time the army had been so melted away by the sword, and still more by sickness, that Massena had no hopes of completing his undertaking, and giving up the idea of making himself master of Lisbon, resolved, on March 3rd, 1811, to retreat back to Spain. The works which had been erected in three months, were destroyed; the few stores remaining were divided amongst the troops, each of whom received thirteen pieces of ship-biscuit; the baggage and the wounded, as we had no horses, were left behind, and every thing prepared for marching. The army was in a most miserable condition, without shoes, without clothing, and without provisions; diminished to one half; obliged to march through an exhausted and devastated country, the road in the worst condition, and we, pressed by an enemy eager for the combat, and well provided with stores of every description; it was under these circumstances, that we began our most difficult retreat. Many of the soldiers had eaten up all their little stock of provisions by the end of the second day, and were then, unless they were willing to die of hunger, obliged to procure themselves food by some means or other. No man had any superfluity, and nothing to give a distressed comrade. We were obliged therefore, to plunder, and the greatest disorder in consequence ensued. The soldiers left the army by half companies at a time, and did not again join it till it reached the Spanish frontiers, where they were again taken into the ranks without punishment. Many of them were fortunate enough to obtain more than provision; but many, from their cupidity, or from gratifying some other unbridled desires, were sacrificed by the revenge of the Portuguese

peasantry. — Woe to him who fell into their hands! for even if he were innocent, he was made to answer for the conduct of others.\*

Fortunately for me, at the commencement of our retreat, I had a small stock of beans, which, notwithstanding my heavy load, I would not leave behind, and when my stock of biscuit was consumed, they kept me from starving. Towards the end of the march the distress was so great, that the soldiers collected the undigested grains of maize out of horse-dung, washed them, and eat them. We lost a great many men during the whole march; for the Portuguese being well acquainted with the country, and swift-footed as deer, made their appearance on every elevated point, at the distance of fifty paces, and fired into the midst of our ranks without our being able to prevent it. The light cavalry also of the English army allowed us no breathing-time, and were, literally speaking, continually at our heels, so that they scarcely permitted us even to swallow our scanty meal.

In this manner we ran out of Portugal faster than we had overrun it. To stop was not possible, for, besides the enemy's troops, the peasantry, who followed the army in great multitudes, attacked us daily, and there was no safety for us but in continued flight. At length we reached the long-desired frontier; the army passed the Alva on March 17, 1811, passed by Almeida, and entered the Spanish territories; my fate was not so favourable, for I belonged to the troops which were detached to Almeida.

Here he remained during the time the place was blockaded by the English, and till the French garrison escaped in the masterly manner which will be recollected by our readers.

During the blockade, (he says,) we made a good many *sorties*, one of which, I having been one of the party, was to me of some importance. Our commander was a captain of the 15th regiment of light infantry, a German by birth, and a bold, enterprising man. He sent me with men as a side patrol, to examine an old house, fearing there might be an ambush. We approached it with the greatest caution till we were within five paces, when a voice called out, "who comes there?" we immediately ran at the Englishman, who had time indeed to fire off his musket, but the next moment he was hanging on our bayonets. About forty paces further was an English out-post, which, being aroused by the report of the musket, marched towards us and fired several times; but as it was very dark, and we did not fire, they could not see us, though we could distinguish them very clearly. As we did not wish to betray our intentions we retreated silently to the rest of our men, and informed the commander of what we had seen and done. Close to the road, and near a ruined windmill, was a strong post of English, whom we wished to surprise; they had, indeed, been alarmed by the musket-shot, were prepared, and saluted us as we approached with a steady fire. We attacked them boldly, reserving our fire till we were quite close to them, and then, after firing at them, we set up a loud cry, and charged them with fixed bayonets. Being too weak to resist such an attack, they gave way, but not wishing to go beyond the reach of the guns of the fortress, we only made prisoners of the few wounded, whom in their haste they could not carry off. They were conducted into Almeida and closely examined as to the strength and condition of the army, but they would tell nothing.

The fortifications of Almeida, though they had been repaired since the explosion formerly mentioned, were not in a condition to withstand a regular siege, and still less could they enable a garrison to hold out against a bombardment. The houses were still in a most miserable state, for the besieged, wanting wood, had made use of what the explosion had spared for fuel. A want of provisions also began to be felt; for the detachments which had passed through before our arrival, as the 9th *corps d'armée*, whether going or coming, had always taken with them six or eight days' provision, and the garrison amounting to 2000 men, was too numerous for the small supplies the place contained. There were very few inhabitants, and they had nothing; most of them had been buried under the ruins of their houses by the blowing up of the magazine, and others had left the city before that event took place.

A flag of truce was sent us by the English, demanding the surrender of the city, but our general would not listen to the proposal, badly off as we were, and the messenger returned without accomplishing his object. We hoped continually that the city would be relieved, till at length orders came from Marshal Massena (how they were con-

\* The number of marauders was so great, that they had chiefs of their own, and were known by the name of the eleventh corps.



veyed into the blockaded fortress I have never been able to learn) to ruin the walls, and when this was accomplished the garrison were to cut their way through the enemy, first destroying the guns, the military stores, and the town. For us, who were half starved and worn out by watching and *sorties*, this was a severe task; but it was begun with good will, and before fourteen days had passed, fourteen mines, all communicating with each other, were dug under the walls. Every man who could work was obliged to assist, and those who were not at work took their stand on the walls, so that there was no rest for any man.

During the blockade I heard the particulars of the explosion of the magazine, which, when the city was formerly besieged, had been caused by a shot from our batteries. At the very moment when the ammunition-waggons were standing before the magazine, in order to carry the necessary supplies to the different parts of the walls, a grenade fell close to the magazine, and immediately set fire to one of the waggons. The fire was communicated with the rapidity of lightning to the magazine itself. In its interior, the artillery-men were employed at the very moment filling shells and grenades, and of course were annihilated. Among the innumerable losses occasioned by this single mischievous shot, we must place the death of about six hundred persons, who had taken refuge with the greater part of their property in the fortress, in order to secure themselves against being plundered. A casemate had been assigned to them near the magazine as a dwelling, and they, with all their dearly saved goods, were crushed at once. They could not escape their fate, and would have done better to have remained at home, where they would probably have lost their property, but might have saved their lives. The spot which they and their treasure had occupied was well known to the inhabitants and to us. We would willingly have dug into it, and the search might have been greatly to our advantage, had it not been strictly forbidden. A guard was placed at the spot to prevent it, because it was apprehended with reason, that bringing forth so many corpses might produce some pestilential diseases.

One morning, it was the 6th of April, 1811, General Brenier had the whole garrison drawn up in the great square of the city, and placing himself on horseback in the middle of the troops, he made a most impressive speech. He praised the ready zeal and perseverance which we had so long displayed, in our severe toils. Then he represented to us that we must muster up courage to perform still greater deeds, a hard battle was before us, for there was no means left of saving ourselves, and reaching the French army, which was three leagues off, but to hew our way through the English blockading troops. He hinted how shameful it was in a soldier to grow faint-hearted and spiritless, and desert his colours in a time of danger; and he hoped no one of us was capable of such conduct. He concluded by saying, that any one of us who chose, might freely go over to the English. As no person gave any answer, he called out, "Swear then once more that you will all do your duty like brave soldiers," and we all swore to conquer or die. The little remaining provision, spirits, and wine was then divided amongst us; and we made the last a very cheerful day.

In the evening, about eleven o'clock, we began our march in deep silence; we passed out of a small gate through the trench, which was full of spiked guns, ammunition-waggons, &c. &c. that were all afterwards blown up by the springing of the mines. When the whole garrison had reached the glacis, a detachment of the Bergian artillery received orders to set fire to the mines, and in a short time the walls fell down with a terrible crash. At the same moment the advanced guard encountered a Portuguese piquet, and the soldiery were instantly bayoneted. In every part of the English camp, we observed movements going on, but it was there supposed, as I afterwards heard, that our powder-magazine had blown up, and no further notice was taken of the matter.

General Brenier had very wisely preceded us, and gone to the French army; for he had surrendered at Lisbon, with the troops under General Junot; he had been released on condition of not again serving against England during the war; and had he been again captured, he might have answered with his life, for not keeping his word. We marched under the command of the Colonel of the 82nd regiment, by difficult and circuitous paths; we were unmolested during the night, but at daylight, when the English saw our column, a regiment of Highlanders and of Hussars immediately attacked us.

The country around Almeida, towards the Spanish frontiers, is, for several leagues, quite flat, and here and there rises a broken rock, or there is an old watch-tower in ruins. On approaching it, however, by San Felice, the country is uneven and hilly. We had nearly traversed the plain, and were already at the foot of the hills, where the cavalry could not do us much injury, yet the mass hurried onward: cannon was brought up, and we got into disorder. Our little corps was gradually lessened, till at length it

was entirely dispersed. We all ran off in the best manner we could, jumping from rock to rock, climbing from tree to tree, and each seeking to save his life, or sell it as dearly as possible; so that of the cavalry, who were closely behind us, many were killed. The lesser half of our troops were so fortunate as to reach the French lines; of the others, the greater part were killed; the remainder, I being one of them, were made prisoners.

A close-fisted Scot seized me by the collar, a Hussar swung his sabre over my head, but when they saw that I made no further resistance, they suspended their blows. Without further ceremony, these gentlemen seized on my knapsack and my money; they selected what they liked for themselves; and I was obliged quietly and patiently to look on and say nothing; for I should only have exposed myself to the most brutal treatment by offering the least resistance.

I was now a prisoner, together with many others, and we were driven back by the English like so many cattle; on the road I lost a good pair of shoes which I had on; I then made an exchange with an English soldier for his shoes, but I could not use them. We were all sent to Villa Formosa, where the Duke of Wellington had his head-quarters. He and several other generals came to see us, and they all scolded us, particularly the German officers, because we had so long served the Usurper, for so they called the Emperor Napoleon. One general in particular, most likely a German, was pleased not only to use the coarsest language to us generally, but even proceeded to lay violent hands on some of us: this ill-treatment made on us, who were already miserable enough, a very unfavourable impression.

We arrived at Pinhal on the third day, where we met several of our brothers in misfortune, particularly some belonging to the 5th regiment of Hussars, who had been taken the day before. Here also I saw, for the first time, the black troops of the Duke of Brunswick Oels, who had been described to us as thirsting for battle and blood, and as very cruel, but they did not at all answer this description; they were all dejected, wearied, and discontented with their situation in Portugal. Many of the corps had deserted within a short time, as I heard, and for this reason it had been broken up, and a company placed with each division of the English army. The soldiers of the King's German Legion called them in mockery, "*The brothers of vengeance.*"

From Pinhal we were conducted on our route by some of the heavy cavalry of the German Legion; and on this journey a circumstance happened, which places the cruelty of the Portuguese and their love of revenge in a characteristic light. One of the prisoners of the name of Sterne, a native of Alsace, who is probably still living, was, on account of illness, unable to walk; a countryman seeing this, offered to buy him of a dragoon, and to give for him forty crusados. The dragoon enquired why he wanted to purchase the man; and the peasant answered, without the least repugnance, "To torture him." The dragoon, enraged at this inhumanity, drew his sword, gave the peasant a good drubbing, and drove him away. The same spirit existed in all the inhabitants of Portugal; men and women, youth and age, seized hold of whatever was nearest to throw it at us, and kill us if possible. I once saw an old woman, as we were passing through a village, struggling with all her might to lift up a great stone; as she was unable even to raise it, she took up a heap of mud, and to satisfy her vengeance, as I happened to be the nearest to her, threw it in my face. Such treatment were we obliged to bear unrevenged, in a country which we had marched through a short time before as conquerors and masters; of course, in these circumstances, we had no wish to run away.

After a short period, the Rifleman entered the English service; was sent to the Isle of Wight, and thence to Bexhill, where he was incorporated with the German Legion. In its ranks he served in Sicily, in Catalonia under Sir John Murray, and again in Sicily under Lord William Bentinck. After the final conclusion of the war, he returned to his native country, and there, after some trouble and seeking, he found, as he says, "the little place I now occupy. If I do not live as a nobleman, yet, thank Heaven! I do not suffer the least want; I can lay myself every evening peaceably in my bed, without any apprehension that I shall be roused too early by the drum or the trumpet." Like most of those who have engaged in the same career, he has found neither rewards nor honour, and has retired back into obscurity, glad to procure that common rest, which is the nightly



restorer and friend of all the industrious and peaceable part of mankind.

The copious extracts we have made, have only brought us to the beginning of the second volume, and though his service in the English army was neither so perilous nor full of incidents as his service in the French army, yet the latter part of the book contains several pleasant and well-told stories. We regard it, on the whole, as an agreeable addition to one of the most amusing parts of literature; and even those persons who look with the greatest distrust on the general education of the people, must be grateful for the pleasure it may afford, when common soldiers are the authors of such a book as this, and of those even still more agreeable volumes of a similar description which have lately appeared in the northern part of this country, of which a very copious notice was given in a previous number of this Magazine. We say more agreeable volumes, because we think this has been somewhat injured by a professional author. We mention this out of no disrespect to Goethe; he may have seen the Rifleman, heard his stories, and have read the proof sheets; but the book has, it is plain, been manufactured by another hand. The periods are all rounded, the parts of the sentences are nicely dovetailed and jointed together, and they partake of that stately complicated character which is common to the written language of Germany. Goethe's name only stands on the title-page to introduce the foundling to public notice; the person who has really assisted the Rifleman having, most probably, no reputation of his own, to make his recommending it of any consequence. The book is not destitute of the naïveté and freshness of an original and observing mind, but it bears at every page too legible marks of the deadening hand of the regular trader in literature.

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### MONTHLY ADVICE TO PURCHASERS OF BOOKS.

[THE booksellers seem determined that this new department of our Magazine shall prove a sinecure. Such apparently has been the state of that trade, that no bookseller dares publish any work lest his brother booksellers should fail before the day of settlement. Nearly all the projects that were in progress, and which, in the natural order of things, would have come to maturity within the last two or three months, have been stopped for the present. The great houses have sent forth absolutely nothing, and the smaller ones scarcely any thing original or important. Mr. Colburn, as usual, has been the most active, and has supplied the only book to which society has looked for entertainment, we mean the *Memoirs of the Margravine of Anspach*.<sup>\*</sup> Of this book of dull and vain gossip, a full account will be found in another part of this Number. With *Waterton's Wanderings in South America*,<sup>†</sup> a work which, though it

<sup>\*</sup> 2 Vols. 8vo.

<sup>†</sup> 1 Vol. 4to.

has been published some months, we have only met with in the course of the present month, we have been so much entertained and instructed, that we propose a substantive mention of him in our next. A translation of Mignet's History of the French Revolution\* has also appeared. We have repeatedly recommended this work to our readers as one of the very best books ever written. It is a short work, upon a most eventful period of history very little understood in this country. It is full of narrative and incident; so much so, that it reads with more than the interest of a novel; and yet all the springs of the Revolution are laid open, and the whole philosophy of the history is imbibed by the reader almost unconsciously. You are absorbed by the narrative, and yet thoroughly informed of the way in which the events arise one out of the other; and how similar phenomena, should they again occur, ought to be conducted to a more happy result. The translation is executed in a very superior manner to that in which translation is usually *done* in this country. The best translation, however, which we have met with for some time, is that of the Memoirs of Madame du Hausset.† The translation of this very charming book, has a spirit and fidelity which we scarcely recollect to have seen in a single previous instance. This branch of literature is most shamefully conducted in this country: any body fancies that he or she can translate; the sole qualification is supposed to be a smattering of the language of the original, a dictionary and a grammar. We can bear testimony to the fact, that this art is one of difficult acquisition, and very rare attainment. Great practice and attention are necessary to destroy the traces of the foreign tongue, and much more to throw the ideas of the author into a correct and elegant English dress. Many men, who can express the thoughts they themselves conceive, and supply with ease appropriate and forcible language to their own creations, find themselves utterly at a loss when they are called upon to take up and clothe the ideas of another. We are here speaking of the difficulty which any well-informed, but unpractised person would experience. What then are we to expect from the class of people usually employed on this work, who have also other inconveniences than incapacity to struggle with? That which they could not do well with deliberation, they are required to do in haste. Neither have they the advantage of the connexion of ideas, and the current of the subject to impel them along—for it is a fact well worthy to be known, that most of the translations published by the booksellers, are executed by a great number of hands. Such men as Mr. Colburn, for instance, have a list of people whom they can employ on this duty at a moment's warning. When a work

\* 2 Vols. 8vo.

† 1 Vol. post 8vo.



of interest arrives from the Continent, in which the bookseller fears he may be forestalled by some rival, he tears up his copy of the book, and scatters the separate portions among his hungry list. So that it not unfrequently happens that the unhappy translator has to commence upon the latter half of a sentence. The person to whose lot the previous portion has fallen has, of course, been obliged to finish his share with the first half of the sentence. The printer puts these fragments together, and hence the reader's eyes are so often turned up in wonder at what the author can possibly be driving. This is only one trifling source of error—others are obvious. It follows from all this that nobody in this country reads a translation if he can read and can procure the original. Hence a multitude of sources of information are closed, much time lost, and most erroneous opinions formed. We hold the importance of these conclusions to be such that we intend to pay especial attention to this subject, and shall not be sparing of either praise or blame. We have picked out two translations for eulogy. This month has also produced as bad a translation as the others are good. We allude to a work entitled the "*Reign of Terror*."\* This book is not only bad in its design, and anticipated by a great number of books on the Revolution of France of the same kind, but is absolutely unreadable, from the execrableness of the way in which its materials are done into English. It consists of a collection of the tracts, pamphlets, memoirs, &c. published by those who were sufferers from the sanguinary adherents of Marat and Robespierre, during the period named the Reign of Terror. The compilers of this work give us no account of their plan, or object, or of the principles which have guided them in their selection of materials; neither do we learn the reason which has induced them, at this time of day, to republish, in a body, very accessible publications, which are rather the documents of history, than history itself. Like other documents, when looked at in an insulated point of view, they are much more likely to mislead than to inform.

At Edinburgh has been started a kind of Yearly Magazine, called Janus, or the Edinburgh Literary Almanack. We should have been glad to have found this book clever. It is, however, one of that large class which might just as well have remained in manuscript. It is not instructive—it is not amusing—it is not original—it is not, however, offensive; and we wish not to aggravate the pains of neglect, by any further censure. The publisher's long face, when the authors enquire the extent of the demand which the public have manifested for their writings, will prove, we doubt not,

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\* Two Vols. 8vo.

a much severer suffering than any harshness of our's. A book of a similar kind, differing only in its being an avowed compilation from the journals and other periodical publications of the year, has for some time been published annually, under the title of Spirit of the Public Journals. The design is excellent; the conduct of it is as bad as it is possible to be. Neither industry, taste, nor vigilance, is employed upon it; the most obvious and the most worthless materials are selected, and they are printed in the most incorrect and slovenly manner.

The only work to which we shall here give a separate notice, besides those criticisms in the body of the Magazine, is the following:

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*Hebrew Tales; selected and translated from the Writings of the ancient Hebrew Sages; to which is prefixed an Essay on the uninspired Literature of the Hebrews. By Hyman Hurwitz, author of "Vindiciæ Hebraica," &c. &c. London. Morrison and Watt, 127, Fenchurch Street.*

THIS work has two claims upon the consideration of the public. It contributes something *new* to the stock of our literature: and the manner in which that contribution is made is good. By *new* is not meant *original*; but as in these degenerate days we seldom meet with a person even moderately versed in Talmudic learning, for the majority of us Englishmen, the present translation promises all the interest which originality can attach to a work. We regard the student, who pushes his enquiries into the remote and unfrequented corners of human knowledge, and brings from thence a portion of what he finds, in the light of a merchant who trades to out-of-the-way parts of the globe, and augments our stock of good things with their different productions. As we like to see the great current of merchandise, that sets in to our country, swelled by the addition of new commodities desirable to man; so we should welcome every addition to our intellectual stores with an interest proportioned to its value, and the difficulty of making it conjointly. In the present instance, whatever be the worth of the commodity, the difficulty of procuring it must at least be allowed to be great. If we might trust the word of our own Talmudic scholars, who profess to have explored these regions, and found them to produce only absurdities, we should quietly acquiesce under the privation which that difficulty superinduces. But our Talmudists have been generally Christian divines, whose testimony, as that of a party interested, ought to be taken with a reasonable allowance for clerical prejudices. It may also admit of question *how far* they have explored; and whether they have not taken the credit of profound investigation on very slight grounds. Impunity was theirs—the public, as far as the Talmud was concerned, were clearly at their mercy.

Notwithstanding the dicta and the sneers of these profound Hebraists, it is not impossible that there may be something in the Talmud after all; and something too, worth importing. To search the scriptures is,



in an especial manner, the business of our divines; and to aid them in this search, they do, or at least profess to have, recourse to the earliest Christian commentators—those whom we call Fathers. It evinces, we think, a lack of just curiosity on their part, that these scholars should not have also taken pains to inform themselves and us, of what the earliest Hebrew commentators thought and wrote upon the same subject. The object of the Hebrew, as well as of the Christian, was to elucidate the obscurity of Holy Writ; and his erroneous belief would but rarely interfere with his enquiries. He might omit to draw just inferences from sundry passages; but his interpretations would be no further affected by his Jewish faith. Truth is truth from whatever source derived, and it is far from improbable that the truth may have often occurred to the Hebrew, who was upon his own ground—his own antiquities, when it altogether escaped the Greek or Italian Christian. Our pastors might be employed as profitably, perchance, to the community, and as pleasantly to themselves, upon the Hebrew commentators, as upon Greek plays, or political pamphlets.

There may be a reader, who possibly desires to know what the Talmud is. We will devote half a page to inform him. In addition to the written law, which, like our Magna Charta, and other old documents, somewhat rudely sketched out the line of proceeding for posterity, and required to be filled up, there naturally sprang up also a traditional law, supplementary to the first. This additional code remained, for reasons no doubt as good as those which have kept our own common law in the same predicament, unwritten. The politic sons of Levi, and those whom they abetted, had thus an instrument that they could adapt to the ever varying exigencies of the times. But the times at length grew so bad, that no government, and no priesthood remained to benefit by the use of this capital state machine. On the contrary, the great object now was, not the support of an establishment, for they had none to support, but they were keeping together their old religion, the scattered flock of Israel. Taking advantage, therefore, of a little respite from the persecution which the poor Hebrew enjoyed in the sun-shiny reigns of the Antonines, the Rabbi Jehud formed a digest of their traditional laws, which bore the name of "the Mishnah." As every Littleton must have his Coke, the Mishnah was soon found to be obscure or not sufficiently explicit, and to require an expounder. The commentaries of succeeding Rabbis swelled into another large bulk of law, under the name of "Gemara;" and these two works were subsequently embodied in one great compilation called the Talmud.

This then is the additional code of the Jews; the supplement, which the wisdom or policy of successive Hebrew priests and legislators, from the time of Moses to that of Rabbi Jehudah, has added to the written law of Mount Sinai. It contains explanations of that written law, deductions drawn from it, and various ordinances for hedging round the faith of the children of Israel. The graver matter of this "ocean" of Hebrew divinity, is relieved by sundry philosophical notions and moral maxims, conveyed by the different mediums of allegories, tales, similes, and parables. Of the aphorisms thus illustrated the work of Mr. Hurwitz is a collection. He is apparently a native

trader, and, it is but just to add, that he has imported into our literature more Talmudic lore, than all our own Hebrew scholars together. The latter, indeed, have been fonder of criticising than imparting knowledge; and have argued down the Talmud, even before it was known, almost by name, to those for whom they wrote. These specimens of Hebrew parables are some of them very felicitous in their conception, and all breathe that fine spirit of morality which we admire in the New Testament. Indeed, we know of no other compositions extant, to which these Hebrew tales bear a resemblance, but the parables of the Gospel. We have thus some standard by which to estimate the merit and fidelity of Mr. Hurwitz's translation. It wants, to be sure, the idiomatic quaintness of our translation of the Bible, which so well becomes the concise precepts of Scripture; but the style is plain, and well adapted to the oriental character of the subjects.

The following example will serve to illustrate the mode in which the Talmudists grafted their parables upon the stock of history, sacred and profane, (for Alexander the great figured in them as well as Abraham;) the sort of scriptural likeness, we were just now speaking of; and the translator's ability in the execution of his task.

Kerah, the father of Abraham, says tradition, was not only an idolater, but a manufacturer of idols, which he used to expose to public sale. Being obliged one day to go out on particular business, he desired Abraham to superintend it for him. Abraham obeyed reluctantly.—“What is the price of that God?” asked an old man who had just entered the place of sale, pointing to an idol, to which he took a fancy.—“Old man,” said Abraham, “may I be permitted to ask thine age?”—“Three-score years,” replied the age-stricken idolater.—“Three-score years!” exclaimed Abraham,—“and thou wouldst worship a thing that has been fashioned by the hands of my father's slaves within the last four-and-twenty hours?”—The man was overwhelmed with shame, and went away. After this there came a sedate and grave matron, carrying in her hand a large dish of flour. “Here,” said she, “have I brought an offering to the gods; place it before them, Abraham, and bid them be propitious to me.”—“Place it before them thyself, foolish woman!” said Abraham; “thou wilt soon see how greedily they will devour it.”—She did so. In the meantime, Abraham took a hammer, broke the idols in pieces; all excepting the largest, in whose hands he placed the instrument of destruction. Kerah returned, and with the utmost surprise and consternation, beheld the havoc amongst his favourite gods. “What is all this, Abraham! What wretch has dared to use our gods in this manner?” exclaimed he, “Why should I conceal any thing from my father,” replied the son: “During thine absence, there came a woman with yonder offering for the gods; she placed it before them. The younger gods, who, as may well be supposed, had not tasted food for a long time, greedily stretched forth their hands and began to eat, before the old god had given them permission. Enraged at their boldness, he rose, took the hammer, and punished them for their want of respect.”—“Dost thou mock me?—Wilt thou deceive thy aged father?” exclaimed Kerah, vehemently: “do I then not know that they can neither eat, nor drink, nor move?”—“And yet,” rejoined Abraham, “thou payest them divine honours—adorest them—and wouldest have me worship them.”

After all, this would not, if inserted in the Bible, in a chapter, harmonize so completely with the tone of the Old Testament, as the apocryphal chapter of Genesis, extemporaneously composed by the trans-atlantic Talmudist, Benjamin Franklin.



## TABLE TALK.

## ANECDOTES OF THE STAGE, SELECTED FROM PEPYS' MEMOIRS.

**THEATRES.—The Red Bull.—Mar. 23, 1661.**—To the Red Bull, (where I had not been since plays came up again,) up to the tireing room, where strange the confusion and disorder that there is among them in fitting themselves, especially here, where the clothes are very poor and the actors but common fellows—and the play, which is called “All’s lost by Lust,” poorly done, and with much disorder. Among other instances, the boy that was to sing a song not singing it right, his master fell about his ears, and beat him so, that it put the whole house in an uproar.

*Tom Killigrew’s way of getting to see Plays when a Boy.*—He would go to the Red Bull, and when the man cried to the boys, “who will go and be a devil, and he shall see the play for nothing?” then would he go in, and be a devil upon the stage, and so get to see plays.

*The King’s House.—Oct. 5, 1667.*—Going in there met with Knipp, and she took us up into the tireing room, and to the women’s shift, where Nell (Gwyn) was dressing herself, and was all unready, and is very pretty, prettier than I thought. And into the scene-room, and there sat down, and she gave us fruit: and here I read the questions to Knipp, while she answered me through all her part of “Flora’s Figarys,” which was acted to-day. But, Lord! to see how they were both painted, would make a man mad, and did make me loath them; and what base company of men comes among them, and how lewdly they talk! and how poor the men are in clothes, and yet what a show they make on the stage by candle-light, is very observable. But to see how Nell cursed for having so few people in the pit was strange; the other house, (Duke’s House, Lincoln’s-Inn Fields, built at the Restoration, “the finest play-house, I believe, ever was in England,”) carrying away all the people at the new play, and is said now-a-days to have generally most company, as being better players.

*Stage Improvements. King’s House.—Feb. 12, 1667.*—This done, I and Killigrew to talk: and he tells me how the audience at his house is not half so much as it used to be before the late fire. That Knipp is like to make the best actress that ever came upon the stage, she understanding so well; that they are going to give her 30*l.* a year more. That the stage is now, by his pains, a thousand times more glorious than ever heretofore. Now were candles, and many of them; then not above three pounds of tallow; now all things civil, no rudeness any where, then as in a bear-garden; then two or three fiddles, now nine or ten of the best; then nothing but rushes upon the ground, and every thing mean, now all otherwise; then the Queen seldom, and the King never would come, now not the King only for state, but all civil people do think they may come as well as any.

*King’s House.—Mar. 19, 1666.*—After dinner we walked to the King’s play-house, all in dirt, they being altering of the stage, to make it wider. But God knows when they will begin to act again; but my business here was to see the inside of the stage, and all the tireing rooms and machines; and, indeed, it was a sight worth seeing. But to see their clothes, and their various sorts, and what mixture of things there was; here a wooden leg, there a ruff—here a hobby-horse, there a crown, would make a man split himself, to see, with laughing, and particularly Lacey’s wardrobe, and Shottell’s. But then again, to think how fine they show on the stage by candle light, and how poor things they are to look at, too near hand, is not pleasant at all. The machines are fine, and the paintings very pretty.

*Pit at the Theatre.—Jan. 31, 1661.*—To the theatre, and there sat in the pit, among the company of fine ladies, &c. and the house was exceeding full, to see Argales and Parthenie, (taken from Sir P. Sydney’s Arcadia,) the first time it hath been acted; and, indeed, it is good, though wronged by my own great expectations, as all things else are.

*Feb. 6, 1668.*—My wife being gone before, I to the Duke of York’s playhouse, (in Lincoln’s-Inn Fields,) where a new play of Etheridge’s, called, “She Would if She Could,” and though I was there by *two o’clock*, there was one thousand people put back that could not have room in the pit; and I at last, because my wife was there, made shift to get into the 18*l.* box, and there saw; but Lord! how full was the house, and how silly the play, there being nothing in the world good in it, and few people pleased in it. The King was there; but I sat mightily behind, and could see but little, and hear not at all. The play being done, I into the pit to look for my wife,

it being dark and raining, but could not find her, and so staid, going between the two doors, and through the pit, an hour and a half, I think, after the play was done; and the people staying there till the rain was over, and to talk to one another. And among the rest, here was the Duke of Buckingham to-day openly (it was the day after his pardon passed the Great Seal for killing the Earl of Shrewsbury—"the late duel and murder,") sat in the pit; and there I found him with my lord of Buckhurst, and Sedley, and Etheridge, the poet; the last of whom I did hear mightily find fault with the actors, that they were out of humour, and had not their parts perfect; and that Harris did do nothing, nor could so much as sing a catch in it; and so was mightily concerned: while all the rest did through the whole pit blame the play as a silly, dull thing, though there was something very roguish and witty; but the design of the play, sad and mighty insipid. At last I did find my wife.

*Eighteen-penny Gallery.*—Dec. 16, 1661.—After dinner to the Opera, where there was a new play, (author of Colman-street) made in the year 1658, with reflections much upon the late times; and it being the first time, the play was doubled, so to save money, my wife and I went into the gallery, and there sat and saw very well: and a good play it is. It seems of Cowley's making.

Sept. 20, 1667.—By coach to the King's playhouse, and there saw "The Mad Couple," my wife having been at the same play with Jane, in the 15d seat.

*Boxes,* Oct. 19, 1667.—Full of my desire of seeing my Lord Orrery's new play this afternoon at the King's house, "The Black Prince," the first time it is acted, when, though we came by *two o'clock*, yet there was no room in the pit, but was forced to go into one of the upper boxes, at 4s. a-piece, which is the first time I ever sat in a box in my life, and in the same box came, by-and-by, behind me, my Lord Berkeley and his Lady; but I did not turn my face to them to be known, so that I was excused from giving them my seat. And this pleasure I had, that from this place the scenes do appear very fine indeed, and much better than in the pit. The house infinite full, the King and the Duke of York there. The whole house was mightily pleased all along till the reading of a letter, which was so long and so unnecessary, that they frequently began to laugh and to hiss twenty times, that had it not been for the King's being there, they had certainly hissed it off the stage.

*Prices of admission.*—Jan. 1, 1668.—Hence I after dinner to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw "Sir Martin Mar-all," which I have seen so often, and yet am mightily pleased with it, and think it mighty witty, and the fullest of proper matter for mirth that ever was writ; and I do clearly see that they do improve in their acting of it. Here a mighty company of citizens, prentices, and others; and it makes me observe, that when I began first to be able to bestow a place on myself, I do not remember that I saw so many, by half, of ordinary prentices and mean people in the pit at 2s. 6d. a piece as now; I going for several years no higher than the 12d. and than the 18d. places, though I strained hard to go in them, when I did: so much the vanity and prodigality of the age is to be observed in this particular. Thence I to White Hall,—attended the King and the Duke of York, in the Duke of York's lodgings, &c. on many businesses.

*Theatre hours.*—Generally, as appears from the above, two or three hours after noon—but they varied.

Sept. 7, 1661.—Having appointed the young ladies at the wardrobe (the Ladies Montague, daughter of Lord Sandwich, Master of the Wardrobe,) to go with them to the play to-day, my wife and I took them to the theatre, where we seated ourselves close by the King and Duke of York, and Madame Palmer, afterwards Lady Castlemaine, (in that part of the pit, we may suppose, nearest the King's box,) which was great content; and, indeed, I can never enough admire her beauty. And here was "Bartholomew Fayre," (Ben Jonson's) with the puppet-show, acted to-day, which had not been there forty years, (it being so satirical against puritanism; they durst not till now, which is strange they should already dare to do it, and the King do countenance it,) but I do never a whit like it better for the puppets, but rather the worse. Thence home with the ladies, it being, by reason of our staying a great while for the King's coming, and the length of the play, near nine o'clock before it was done.

Dec. 20, 1666.—From home to the Duke's house, and there saw "Macbeth" most excellently acted, and a most excellent play for variety. I had sent for my wife to meet me there, who did come: so I did not go to Whitehall, and got my Lord Bellasis to get me into the play-house; and then, after all staying above an hour for the players, (the King and all waiting, which was absurd,) saw "Henry the Fifth," (not Shakspeare's but Lord Orrery's,) well done by the Duke's people, and in most excellent habit, all new vests being put on but this night; but I sat so high and far off that I missed most of the words, and sat with a wind coming into my back and



neck, which did much touch me. The play continued till *twelve at night*; and then up, and a most horrid cold night it was, and frosty and moonshine.

*Actresses.*—Jan. 1661.—To the theatre, where was acted the “*Beggar’s Bush*,” it being very well done; and here for the first time that ever I saw women come upon the stage. “*Ce qui donne lieu à l’allusion que fit le chevalier Guillaume Davenant, un jour que le roi étoit à la comédie. Dans ce temps-là il n’y avoit point d’actrices, c’étoient les hommes qui jouoient les rôles de femmes. Le roi s’impatiente tant de ce que le pièce ne commençoit pas, le chevalier Davenant lui dit: Sire, c’est qu’on rase la reine.*” There was a circumstance which gave particular point to this piece of pleasantry among the officers of the Queen’s household, (Catharine of Braganza,) as “*sin aumniers quatre boulangers, un parfumeur juif.*” We find, in the *Memoires de Grammont*, mention of “*un certain officier, apparemment sans fonction; qui s’appeloit le barbier de l’infante.*”

SECURITY OF PROPERTY IN PERSIA.—Curious examples might be related of the expedients fallen on by the people to defeat the keen scent and unfeeling rapacity of their tyrants. Meerza Abdool Rezak told me, that during the time he lodged in a certain town, he was alarmed by the periodical cries of some person who appeared to be undergoing daily a violent beating, and who, during the blows, called out “*Amaun! Amaun!*” (mercy! mercy!) “*I have none! I have nothing! Heaven is my witness, I have nothing!*” and such like exclamations. He found that the sufferer was an eminent merchant, reputed to be very rich, and who some time afterwards confessed that he understood the prince or governor had heard of his wealth, and was determined to have a share; but that he, as he well knew that torture would be applied to extort it from him, had determined to habituate himself to endure pain, that he might be able to resist the threatened unjust demands, even if enforced by blows. He had now, he said, brought himself to hear a thousand blows with a stick: and as he was able to counterfeit great exhaustion, he hoped to be able to bear as many blows as they would venture to give him, short of occasioning his death, without conceding any of his money to them.—*Fraser’s Khorassan.*

UTILITY OF OLD PARCHMENTS.—In this affair (of Warbourg), in which ten thousand Frenchmen fought with obstinacy against the whole army of the Duke of Brunswick, some of our battalions were retiring, after having taken, lost, and retaken, for the third time, an important position, young Monfalcon, sword in hand, his eye full of fire, his hair in disorder, and the comeliness of his person still heightened by his courage, advanced, called, encouraged the soldiers, rallied them, rushed at their head into the thickest of the engagement, triumphed, and regained possession of the disputed eminence.

The two generals who had witnessed his bravery, solicited a reward for him; but as his name was not known, and he was without fortune or connexions, he only obtained the cross of Saint Louis, and the rank of major in a small town. This was rather putting him upon a retired pension than rewarding his services.

All prospect of advancement seemed closed for him, when, by a singular chance, he found in his retirement that fortune which he had vainly pursued on the field of battle. He frequently went to pass some time at the small country-house of an old aunt, and as the monotonous life she led could not afford him any enjoyment, he amused himself by reading over the many dusty old parchments deposited in the archives of the *château*, and to his great surprise he discovered amongst them some title-deeds, which evidently established his descent from the ancient house of Adhemar, which was generally thought to be extinct.

Provided with these documents, he hastened to Paris, and communicated to my father and to M. de Castries, who were his protectors, the discovery he had made. They at first laughed at it, and considered his hopes quite chimerical. He, however, carried the deeds, by their advice, to Cherin the genealogist, a profound judge in these matters, and perfectly incorruptible; had he, indeed, not been so, a poor town major would not have found the means of bribing him.

Cherin, after a long examination, pronounced the titles to be authentic; and the new Count of Adhemar having been acknowledged, and having, through the intervention of my father and of M. de Castries, obtained the rank of colonel, commanding the regiment of infantry of Chartres, was presented at court.

Madame de Valbeide, a widow possessing a fortune of forty thousand livres a-year, and a lady of the Queen’s palace, was charmed with the new colonel, and, hoping to compensate for the disparity of ages by the gift of her property, married him.—*Segur’s Recollections*, p. 49.

**A GOOD SHOT.**—The Persian king is a good shot, and delights to shoot at a mark, but he also loves to make his amusement profitable; the mark commonly made use of is a live sheep, near which stands a furosh, ready to tell the success of the shot, and to dispatch the animal, if only wounded. When his majesty is ready to shoot, he challenges the courtiers about him to bet with him about the shot, and it would be the height of rudeness and impolicy to refuse; but the king's game is sure, for whether he strikes the animal or not, the furosh, who has his lesson, and whose property the carcass becomes, rushes upon it the moment the shot parts, with a "mash allah!" (bravo), knocks it down, and cuts its throat, and none of course can question the author of its fate. These sheep, which are always the property of some village or proprietor near the place, are never paid for by his majesty.—*Fraser's Khorassan.*

**TURKISH HUMANITY TO ANIMALS.**—Much is said of the humanity which Musulmen display towards animals. A singular proof of it occurred during this siege (of Athens). Finding them suffering from thirst, the besieged lowered a number of asses, &c., into the hands of the enemy; choosing rather that they should live in the possession of the infidel, than perish miserably with themselves. It is even more singular, that two of these animals were actually preserved alive to the end of the siege; their owners had probably some private supply of water, which they preferred to share with beasts, rather than with their dying brethren. When the Greeks first obtained possession of the town, they commenced a terrible persecution of the storks, driving them from the chimney-tops, and old ruined columns, where they had enjoyed, under Mahometan protection, so many centuries of hereditary security. The sight of this barbarity is believed to have enraged the Turks even more than the destruction of the houses, and the violation of their mosques.—*Waddington's Visit to Greece*, p. 58.

**ROYAL BRAVERY.**—The reign of the present King of Persia has been far from remarkable for its military splendour, and the nation at large has but a poor opinion of its monarch's courage or warlike abilities; indeed, the few remaining veterans of his uncle's armies talk of their king with bitter contempt. He has rarely been exposed to danger in action; but early in his reign, when his uncle Saduckkhan attempted to dispute with him the throne, it became necessary for him to encourage his troops by his presence, and he appeared in the field, along with his valuable old minister, Hadjee Ibrahim; but although they kept at a very sufficient distance, the king, as it is affirmed, betrayed considerable uneasiness, till at last, one or two shots dropping among them, he fell from his horse in a swoon of terror, and was immediately picked up in no comfortable condition by the meerza, who immediately dismounted, exclaiming, "What a terrible passion the father of the world has fallen into!"—*Fraser's Khorassan.*

**UNCONSCIOUS DAMNATION.**—Now under this deplorable necessity of ruin and destruction does God's preventing grace find every sinner, when it *snatches him like a brand out of the fire*, and steps in between the purpose and the commission of his sin. It finds him going on resolutely in the high and broad way to perdition; which yet his perverted reason tells him is right, and his will pleasant. And therefore he has no power of himself to leave or turn out of it, but he is ruined jocundly and pleasantly, and damned according to his heart's desire. And can there be a more wretched and woeful spectacle of misery than a man in such a condition? a man pleasing and destroying himself together? a man, as it were, doing violence to damnation, and taking hell by force?—*South's Sermons.*

**THE LATE PERSIAN AMBASSADOR'S ENGLISH ACCOMPLISHMENTS.**—This person received us in a sort of boudoir, highly ornamented with English prints and mirrors, French clocks, and other gimcracks, amongst which was placed, in a conspicuous situation, a picture of himself, by a Russian artist; a comfortable carpet, with numuds as usual, covered the floor, but there was also an excellent fire blazing in an European grate; and the whole had much more of comfort than is usually to be met with in Persian apartments. He talked incessantly, and it was amusing to hear him interlarding his Persian with snatches of English, among which, the ejaculation of "God bless me!" "Pon my honour!" and others of a similar description, were very frequent. He showed us his whole menage, and by its arrangement it was sufficiently apparent that he had picked up some idea of convenience, as well as other good things in England; he did not, however, approve completely of the plan of our English houses; he thought them deficient in ground space, and that the rooms were much too small.—*Fraser's Khorassan.*



**PERSIAN ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE ARTS.**—It is not long ago since a native of Fars succeeded in making certain improvements in pottery, so far as to manufacture a species of porcelain resembling tolerable china ware. His fame quickly spread, and soon reached the court; when the king heard it, he dispatched an order for the man to repair directly to Tehrân, to make china for the *Shah*. The poor fellow was seized with consternation at this order, for he knew, that not only should he have to work for the *Shah*, but for all his officers and courtiers; while so far from being paid, he would probably not receive enough to keep body and soul together. He accordingly went to court, not to make china, but mustering every thing he could raise for a bribe to the minister, he besought him to report to the king that he was not the man that made the china; that the real potter had run away, nobody knew where, and that *he* himself was thus erroneously put in restraint, and prayed that he might obtain his release. The minister soon sent him his discharge, and the man left the capital for his own country, fervently vowing never to make a bit of china, or attempt improvement of any sort as long as he lived.—*Fraser's Khorassan*.

**THE SOUL NOT TO BE DROWNED IN DRINK.**—The sensual epicure will also find, that there is a certain living spark within him, which all the drink he can pour in will never be able to quench or put out; nor will his rotten abused body have it in its power to convey any putrefying, consuming, rotting quality to the soul; no, there is no drinking, or swearing, or ranting, or fluxing a soul out of its immortality. But that must and will survive and abide, in spite of death and the grave; and live for ever, to convince such wretches to their eternal woe, that the so-much-repeated ornament and flourish of their former speeches, (*God damn 'em*,) was commonly the truest word they spoke, though least believed by them while they spoke it.—*South's Sermons*.

**MELANCHOLY TEMPERAMENT OF LOUIS XV.**—Madame de Pompadour once told me that he experienced a painful sensation whenever he was forced to laugh, and that he had often begged her to break off a droll story. He smiled, and that was all. In general, he had the most gloomy ideas concerning almost all events. When there was a new Minister, he used to say: "*He displays his wares like all the rest, and promises the finest things in the world, not one of which will be fulfilled. He does not know this country—he will see.*" When new projects for reinforcing the navy were laid before him, he said: "This is the twentieth time I have heard this talked of; France never will have a navy, I think." This I heard from M. de Marigny.—*Memoirs of Madame du Hausset*.

**ROYAL CONDESCENSION.**—When the Marshal de Belle-Isle's son was killed in battle, Madame Pompadour persuaded the King to pay his father a visit. He was rather reluctant, and Madame said to him, with an air half angry, half playful,

—— "Barbare! dont l'orgueil

Croit le sang d'un sujet trop payé d'un coup d'œil."

The King laughed, and said: "Whose fine verses are those?" "Voltaire's," said Madame. "As barbarous as I am, I gave him the place of gentleman in ordinary, and a pension," said the King.—*Memoirs of Madame du Hausset*.

**DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND—THE PERSIAN AMBASSADOR AND THE PERSIAN KING.**—On his last return from England, Meerza Abool Hussain Khan came laden not only with presents he had received, but with an immense quantity of merchandise purchased in Europe, which he availed himself of his Ambassador's privilege to pass free of duty; but when he reached Persia, desiring to obtain the carriage of it to Tehrân also free, he managed to secure beasts of burden for his own goods, among those provided for the conveyance of presents for the King. His Majesty, however, who is quite alive to what affects his own interest, suspected, or was informed of the truth; and when the Ambassador approached Tehrân, he took care to be absent on a hunting party, to which the former was ordered to repair, while the baggage went on to the capital; and, according to orders previously given, was, without exception, lodged in one of the royal warehouses, as presents for his Majesty, the denomination under which the whole travelled. The unhappy diplomatist never received back, or dared to claim, a single package; aware, no doubt of the inutility of such a step, had he even been guiltless of intended fraud. The only part he saved of his accumulated European property were a few trunks of cloths, which had entered the city as belonging to the British Charge d'Affaires.—*Fraser's Khorassan*.—[We are glad of this for the sake of our fair countryfolks.]

**FASHION.**—Few follow things themselves, more follow the names of things, and most follow the names of their masters.—*Lord Bacon*.

**HOW TO TURN A PENNY.**—The Persian King's avarice is the common jest, as well as the bane of the country, and numberless amusing instances are related of this his ruling passion. They tell, that as he was one day walking with the late minister, Meerza Sheffea, he found a rupee lying on the ground, which picking up and showing to the minister, he said, "What think you, Meerza, you are a man of learning, do you think you could in any way increase this rupee to a thousand tomauns?" The Meerza replied, that it passed his poor comprehension; but the King, ah! the King was all-powerful; and no doubt it could be done if his Majesty said so. The King calling an attendant, enquired what fruit had lately come in season; and being informed that apples had just come in, he desired that the worth of the rupee in that fruit might be instantly procured. It produced fifty or sixty apples; of these he sent three or four a-piece to several of the noblemen and highest officers at court, not excepting the minister himself, and each of these were forced by etiquette to send in return a considerable offering for the King, with another for the royal messenger. Fifteen hundred tomauns were collected in this way, and three hundred for the messengers, *all* of which his Majesty pocketed, distributing only ten tomauns among his envoys.—*Fraser's Khorassan.*

**BELLING THE BELLES.**—The Polish ladies are very vigilant over the conduct of their daughters, and intrigues are not so easily carried on here, as in England; and in some districts, (which is perfectly ridiculous,) they are forced to wear little bells, both before and behind, in order to proclaim where they are, and what they are doing.—*Memoirs of the Margravine of Anspach*, vol. 1. p. 148.—[It was particularly fortunate for the quiet of the country, that the Margravine was not a Polish lady, for in her case, there would have been no end to these tintinabulary alarms.]

#### THE ESSENCE OF OPERA.

##### IMOGENE ET ALMANZOR.

##### *Sujet de cet Opera.*

Un jeune Prince Americain,  
Adore une jeune Princesse;  
Cet Amant, qui perit au milieu de la piece,  
Par le secours d'un Dieu ressuscite à la fin.

##### PROLOGUE.

##### *Un Musicien.*

Peuples entrez; que l'on s'avance.

(*Aux chanteurs.*)

Vous, tâchez de prendre le temps.

(*Aux danseurs.*)

Vous, le jarret tendu, partez bien en cadence.  
Celebrons le bonheur des fidèles amans!

##### ACTE I.

*Imogene.* Cher Prince, on nous unit!

*Almanzor.* J'en suis ravi, Princesse.

*Les Deux.* Peuples, chantez, dansez, montrez votre alegresse!

*Le Chœur.* Chantons, dansons, montrons notre alegresse!

##### ACTE II.

*Imogene.* Amour!—(*Tumulte de guerre. Le Prince paraît, poursuivi par ses Ennemis. Combat. La Princesse s'évanouit. Le Prince est tué.*)—Cher Prince!

*Almanzor.* Helas!

*Imogene.* Quoi!

*Almanzor.* J'expire.

*Imogene.* Oh, malheur!

Peuples, chantez, dansez, montrez votre douleur!

*Le Chœur.* Chantons, dansons, montrons notre douleur!

##### ACTE III.

(*Pallas dans un nuage. A Almanzor.*)

Pallas te rend le jour!

*Imogene.* Ah! quel moment!

*Almanzor.* Où suis-je?

*Les Trois.* Peuples, chantez, dansez, celebraz ce prodige!

*Le Chœur.* Chantons, dansons, montrons ce prodige!

*Janus.*



LUXURY.—The husbandman returns from the field, and from manuring his ground, strong and healthy, because innocent and laborious ; you will find no diet-drinks, no boxes of pills, nor galley-pots, amongst his provisions ; no, he neither speaks nor lives French, he is not so much of a gentleman, forsooth. His meals are coarse and short, his employment warrantable, his sleep certain and refreshing, neither interrupted with the lashes of a guilty mind, nor the aches of a crazy body. And when old age comes upon him, it comes alone, bringing no other evil with it but itself ; but when it comes to wait upon a great and worshipful sinner, (who, for many years together, has had the reputation of eating well and doing ill,) it comes (as it ought to do, to a person of such quality) attended with a long train and retinue of rheums, coughs, catarrhs, and dropsies, together with many painful girds and achings, which are at least called the gout. How does such an one go about, or is carried rather, with his body bending inward, his head shaking, and his eyes always watering, (instead of weeping) for the sins of his ill-spent youth. In a word, old age seizes upon such a person, like fire upon a rotten house ; it was rotten before, and must have fallen of itself ; so that is no more but one ruin preventing another.—*South's Sermons.*

A LEARNED LADY.—Many of the female singers at Naples, I am confident, neither know how to read or write. I was one day at the house of one of these performers by profession ; after many entreaties that she would favour us with an air, from which she excused herself on the plea of having had a violent cold for a month past, and a swelled throat, which prevented her from singing, she complied with our request. In taking the music-book to place it on the piano-forte, she turned it, as if by mistake, upside down, so that on opening the first leaf, at the bottom of the page, the words "fine dell' Ana," were written with the letters reversed. As I perceived the mistake, I took the book and placed it right. The lady was piqued, and, not wishing to appear ignorant, took the book rather abruptly, and placed it again as it was before. "Sappia," said she, "Signora che questa un aria Ebrea, cavata della Sinagoga dei Giudei, che comincia par il fine." I immediately apologized, and avowed my want of knowledge, as I had no idea that Moses was acquainted with Italian music, or that Rabbis sung ariettes.—*Memoirs of the Margravine of Anspach*, vol. 1. p. 308.

FAIR WORDS.—Was ever the hungry fed or the naked clothed with good looks or fair speeches ? These are but thin garments to keep out the cold, and but a slender repast to conjure down the rage of a craving appetite. My enemy perhaps is ready to starve or perish through poverty, and I tell him I am heartily glad to see him, and should be ever ready to serve him, but still my hand is close, and my purse shut ; I neither bring him to my table, nor lodge him under my roof ; he asks for bread, and I give him a compliment, a thing, indeed, not so hard as a stone, but altogether as dry. I treat him with art and outside : and lastly, at parting, with all the ceremonies of dear-ness, I shake him by the hand, but put nothing into it. In a word, I play with his distress, and dally with that which will not be dallied with, want and misery, and a clamorous necessity.

For will fair words and a courtly behaviour pay debts and discharge scores ? If they could, there is a sort of men who would not be so much in debt as they are. Can a man look and speak himself out of his creditor's hands ? Surely then, if my words cannot do this for myself, neither can they do it for my enemy. And therefore this has nothing of the love spoken of in the text. It is but a scene and a mere mockery, for the receiving that cannot make my enemy at all the richer, the giving of which makes me not one penny the poorer. It is indeed the fashion of the world thus to amuse men with empty caresses, and to feast them with words and air, looks and legs ; nay, and it has this peculiar privilege above all other fashions, that it never alters ; but certainly no man ever yet quenched his thirst with looking upon a golden cup, nor made a meal with the outside of a lordly dish.

But we are not to rest here ; fair speeches and looks are not only very insignificant as to the real effects of love, but are for the most part the instruments of hatred in the execution of the greatest mischiefs. Few men are to be ruined till they are made confident of the contrary : and this cannot be done by threats and roughness, and owning the mischief that a man designs ; but the pitfall must be covered, to invite the man to venture over it ; all things must be sweetened with professions of love, friendly looks, and embraces. For it is oil that whets the razor, and the smoothest edge is still the sharpest : they are the complacencies of an enemy that kill, the closest hugs that stifle, and love must be pretended before malice can be effectually practised. In a word, he must get into his heart with fair speeches and promises before he can come at it with his dagger. For surely no man fishes with a bare hook, or thinks that the net itself can be any enticement to the bird.—*South's Sermons.*

**THE REAL COCKNEY SPORTSMAN.**—We see game preserved beyond all use or necessity, at an enormous expence, until every farm and cover is changed into an overgrown poultry-yard, that the cockney of the woods and stubble-fields, attended like a young gentleman from school, by the gamekeeper, who, O, rare! is to manage his dogs for him, and show where the game lies, may gravely sally forth to have a shoot at that which is already his own—that which he has paid for beforehand, at an average expence exceeding two guineas a head—that which his keepers and dogs would bring home to any amount without his interference, if the *killing* department were not too pleasurable to the grown-up child to admit of delegation—that which he cannot consume, and must be given away by cartloads, to be received with gratitude on the principle that, “fools make feasts, and wise men eat them—” that which he expects to find close at hand without labour, and without skill, and without enterprise; not perceiving that in those very circumstances consist all that is manly or animating, and without discovering that he is merely a *game-butcher*, and has less pretension to the boasted appellation of a sportsman than the Londoner, who pays by the pound weight for the privilege of fishing in a stew, or gives 10s. for leave to fire into a duck-pond. In both cases success is certain, and in both the happy wight makes a prize of his own pocket. But the calculating young trader does not consider feats like these the pride and business of his life. He is only foolish on a holiday, and still carrying something of the useful and sagacious citizen about him, he at least hopes to bring himself home by eating whatever he can catch or kill, and so far evinces a portion of that natural instinct in which the hunter’s employment originates. If he desires to exhibit his dexterity to peculiar advantage, he judiciously takes his aim at a sparrow, because it is a small object; and is not silly enough to imagine that there can be any thing very meritorious in hitting a bird of large dimensions at a few yards distance, with a full charge of wide-spreading shot; nor would he be so weak as to be flattered by the “*Ah, sir, you have hit him hard!*” of a low artful game-keeper, who inwardly laughs to see the pheasant half knocked to pieces, which his master has thought proper to preserve at seven times its market-price, for that most eligible and humane purpose. The shrewd youth from behind the shop counter would as soon think of shooting at his best beaver hat thrown up into the air. If he revels out his frolic once a year, there is still a measure and a “method in his madness.” But the country Cockney, often old enough to be his father, who preserves game which he does not want, and cannot consume, for the mere pleasure of extinguishing animal life by the half-dozen and the dozen, betrays such a mixture of unmanly cruelty, extravagance, and imbecility, that the practice would call loudly for reprobation, even if it did not fill our gaols with poachers and our poor-houses with their wives and children.—*Letter in the Newspapers.*

**THE REASON WHY THE DEVIL ALWAYS BUILDS A CHAPEL NEAR A HOUSE OF PRAYER.**—Hypocrisy draws near to religion for shelter; for the majesty of good things is such that the confines of them are reverend.—*Lord Bacon.*

**THE GLOOMY TASTES OF LOUIS XV.**—The King was habitually melancholy, and liked every thing which recalled the idea of death, in spite of the strongest fears of it. Of this the following is an instance. Madame de Pompadour was on her way to Crécy, when one of the King’s grooms made a sign to her coachman to stop, and told him, that the King’s carriage had broken down, and that, knowing her to be at no great distance, his Majesty had sent him forward to beg her to wait for him. He soon overtook us, and seated himself in Madame de Pompadour’s carriage, in which were, I think, Madame de Château Rénaud and Madame de Mirepoix. The lords in attendance placed themselves in some other carriages. I was behind, in a chaise, with Gourbillon, Madame de Pompadour’s valet de chambre. We were surprised, in a short time, by the King stopping his carriage. Those which followed, of course, stopped also. The King called a groom, and said to him: “You see that little eminence; there are crosses; it must certainly be a burying-ground; go and see whether there are graves newly dug.” The groom galloped up to it, returned, and said to the King: “There are three quite freshly made.” Madame de Pompadour, as she told me, turned away her head with horror; and the little *Maréchal* gaily said: “*This is indeed enough to make one’s mouth water.*” Mad. de Pompadour spoke of it when I was undressing her in the evening. “What a strange pleasure,” said she, “to endeavour to fill one’s mind with images which one ought to endeavour to banish, especially when one is surrounded with so many sources of happiness! But that is the King’s way; he loves to talk about death. He said, some days ago, to M. de Fontanieu, who was seized with a bleeding of the nose, at the levee, ‘Take care of yourself: at your age it is a forerunner of apoplexy.’ The poor man went home frightened, and absolutely ill.”—*Memoirs of Madame du Hausset.*



THE SLIDE OF ALPNACH.—“First, Harry, I should tell you the purpose for which it was made. On the south side of Mount Pilate, there were great forests of spruce fir; and at the time of which I am speaking, a great deal of that timber was necessary for ship-building. These forests were, however, in a situation which seemed almost inaccessible, such was the steepness and ruggedness of that side of the mountain. It had rarely been visited but by the hunters of the chamois or wild goat, and they gave information of the great size of these trees, and extent of the forests. There these trees had stood for ages useless, and there they might have stood useless to this day, but for the enterprise and skill of a German engineer, of the name of Rupp. His spirit of inquiry being roused by the accounts of the chamois hunters, he made his way up by their paths, surveyed the forests, and formed the bold project of purchasing and cutting down the trees, and constructing, with some of the bodies of the trees themselves, a singular kind of wooden road or trough, down which others would be sent headlong into the lake below, which fortunately came to the very foot of the mountain. When once upon the lake, they were to be made into rafts, and without the aid of ships or boats to carry them, they were to be floated down the lake. It was proposed, that from thence they should be conveyed by a very rapid stream called the Reup, into the river Aar, and thence into the Rhine, down which these rafts could be easily navigated to Holland, where the timber was wanted. They might further be transported into the German ocean, where they could be conveyed to whatever port was desired.”

“But now, Sir, for the slide,” said Harry, “you said, I think, that it was a kind of trough made of the bodies of trees; did you mean the mere trunk, without their being sawed up into boards?”

“The trunks of the trees,” replied Sir Rupert, “just roughly squared with the axe. Three trees so prepared, and laid side by side, formed the bottom; another set formed each of the sides; and all, strongly fastened together, composed this enormous trough, which was about three or four feet deep, and about six feet wide at the top. It extended to a length of more than eight miles, from the place where the forest stood on the side of the mountain to the lake below. Each tree that was to be sent down had its branches lopped off, its bark stripped, and its outer surface made tolerably smooth. Men were stationed all the way down, at about half a mile distant from each other, who were to give telegraphic signals, with a large board like a door, which they set up when all was right, and all ready to begin, and lowered when any thing was wrong. These signals were communicated from man to man, so that in a few seconds the intelligence was known all along the line that a tree was to be launched. The tree, roaring louder and louder, as it flew down the slide, soon announced itself, and as Playfair describes it, came in-sight at perhaps half a mile distance, and in one instant after shot past with the noise of thunder and the rapidity of lightning.”

“How I should like to have seen it,” said Harry, “Sir, did not you say that Mr. Playfair himself saw a tree go down?”

“Yes, he and his young nephew saw five trees descend. One of them a spruce fir a hundred feet long, and four feet diameter at the lower end, which was always launched foremost into the trough. After the telegraphic signals had been repeated up the line again, another tree followed. Each was about six minutes in descending along a distance of more than eight miles. In some places the route was not straight but somewhat circuitous, and in others almost horizontal, though the average declivity was about one foot in seventeen.”

“Did Mr. Playfair and his nephew stand at the top, or the bottom of the hill, sir?” said Lucy; “did they look down upon the falling trees, or up the hill to them as they were descending?”

“Up to them,” said Sir Rupert: “they stationed themselves near the bottom of the descent, and close to the edge of the slide, so that they might see the trees projected into the lake. Their guide, however, did not relish this amusement; he hid himself behind a tree, where, for his comfort, the engineer, Mr. Rupp, told him he was not in the least degree safer than they were. The ground where they stood had but very slight declivity, yet the astonishing velocity with which the tree passed, and the force with which it seemed to shake the trough, were, Mr. Playfair says, altogether formidable. You, Harry, who are a mechanic, must be aware that with bodies of such weight descending with such accelerated rapidity, there would be great danger if any sudden check occurred; but so judicious were the signals, and all the precautions taken by the engineer, that during the whole time the slide of Alpnach was in use, very few accidents happened. The enterprise, begun and completed so as to be fit for use in the course of a few months, succeeded entirely, and rewarded, I believe with fortune, I am sure with reputation, the ingenious and courageous engineer by whom it was planned and executed, in defiance of all the prophecies against him. The learned as

well as the unlearned, when they first heard of it, condemned the attempt as rash and absurd. Some set to work with calculations, and proved, as they thought, and I own as I should have thought, that the friction would be so great, that no tree could ever slide down, but that it must wedge itself and stick in the trough. Others imagined they saw a far greater danger from the rapidity of the motion, and predicted that the trough would take fire."

"That is what I should have been most afraid of," said Harry.

"And your fear would have been rational and just," said Sir Rupert. "This must have happened, but for a certain precaution, which effectually counteracted the danger. Can you guess what that precaution was, Harry?"

Harry answered, that perhaps water might have been let into the trough.

"Exactly so, Harry," said Sir Rupert, "the mountain streams were in several places conveyed over the edges, and running along the trough, kept it constantly moist."—*Harry and Lucy concluded*, vol. iii. pp. 168—176.

CLASSICAL LITERATURE.—The schoolmaster of an obscure village in the North of England, being disgusted at the blundering way in which one of his pupils attempted to translate the first line of Horace's first Epistle:—

"Qui fit Mæcenas ut nemo quam sibi sortem,"

dictated to him the following version of it:—"Qui fit Mæcenas?" "Who made Mæcenas?" "Ut! Nemo!"—"What! Nobody!" "Quam sibi sortem?" "What sort of fellow must he be?"—LILLIANA.

ENGLISH IN SWITZERLAND.—The English literally swarm in this country. You meet their equipages on all the great routes, and you find them penetrating the most secluded spots. They not only exceed in number the travellers of any other nation, but, I incline to believe, of all other nations put together. The French are too *urbane*, too artificial in their taste and manners, to be fond of exploring the beauties of nature: the Germans come here in considerable numbers, but they travel economically, and seldom frequent the great hotels; so that these hotels, many of which are as handsome and expensive as those of Bath or Cheltenham, are supported almost altogether by Englishmen, who talk indeed bad French, but order good dinners and wine, and, if they sometimes behave indifferently, pay extremely well. It is to be regretted that the English are so reserved and haughty in their manners, when travelling through countries where this *hauteur* and distance are almost unknown. They are shy towards their own countrymen, and still more so towards foreigners, and I have frequently observed different parties keeping entirely to themselves, as if they would not or could not join in general conversation. At a *table d'hôte*, where our countrymen invariably form a decided majority, I have heard a conversation awkwardly begun and sluggishly maintained in English, whilst the few foreigners who are present look and listen, having no opportunity of joining, and evidently thinking us islanders a very odd set of people.—*Leeds Mercury*.

SPREAD OF LIBERAL PRINCIPLES ON THE CONTINENT.—I have met with many most intelligent men, and I cannot but observe that they all seem to me extremely liberal in their opinions—French, Prussians, Swiss, and even Austrians. It would be presumptuous to form a general or decisive opinion from the particular instances that have fallen under my notice; but my impression from what I hear is, that knowledge and the spirit of freedom are making their way on the continent. I asked a French gentleman at Lucerne what was the latest news from Greece, and he told me with great exultation the excellent accounts from Missolonghi and the Morea, adding that the English were doing themselves eternal honour by aiding the Greeks, and regretting that his own countrymen had done almost nothing in the same great cause.—[From some very sensible "Letters from the Continent," in the *Leeds Mercury*, one of the ablest and most intelligent of the Country Newspapers.]

JUDICIOUS ECONOMY.—In consequence of drilling the crew of one of his Majesty's ships to the broad-sword exercise, the edge of the cutlasses had been jagged, as might naturally be expected. On the cutlasses being returned into store, the then Lord of Ordnance considered the subject as one which deserved their interference; and without entering into the merits of the case, dispatched the Captain a letter officially remanding him for his negligence in permitting these weapons to be thus abused (!) and they required any explanation beyond that which common experience would have suggested, the officer might have acquainted the Board, that, being then on the coast of America, with whose government this country was at war, and well knowing that nothing gave sailors so much confidence in boarding as the knowledge of the use of the broad-sword, he had caused his crew to be regularly exercised by the serjeant of marine being in hourly expectation of an engagement with an enemy's cruiser.—*Naval Sketch Book*.



**CROSSING WRITING.**—It is making less account of the *reader's time* than of the *writer's paper*, which is neither justice nor good manners. The practice is of female origin; but then women have *so much to say*, that really hardly any dimensions of paper can suffice; and besides they have *so much time* to read in. So that, though I am, I trust, amongst the last of all mankind to rebel against their sovereignty, or to set at nought their example, this is, I humbly presume, a case of exception; nay, would not my correspondent do well to consider whether this be not an encroachment on a *privilege*, rather than an act of humble imitation. Women like to restrict *their own waists*, so as to obtain what they deem (and very justly) an enchanting contrast; but writers *across the page* may be assured, that (unless I am greatly out in my philosophy), there is nothing that they more loathe than the stays-wearing, rump-padded, pigeon-breasted *thing*—though game-cocks' spurs garnish its heels, and Hanoverian whiskers encircle the ever-open hole in its empty head.—*Cobbet*.

**CAUTION TO ENGLISH LADIES OF RANK.**—How the late Persian Ambassador took so much in Europe, and particularly in England, is quite unaccountable; for in his own country he is considered as a man unpossessed of any one good or pleasing quality; and his conversation is liable to become so gross and disgusting, that it must have been dangerous for any female of delicacy to discourse with him. Certainly he has but ill repaid the kindness and hospitality he met with in England. Although he has, for a long time past, and I believe still receives, a considerable annuity from the English Government, and has returned to Persia loaded with its presents, he constantly opposes its interests, and talks of it before his countrymen generally in very slighting terms. He carried a number of handsome shawls with him to England, which he boasts to have bartered there for the favours of the first women of the land; and talks openly, by name, of the ladies of rank, *duchesses*, and others, with whom he has had affairs of gallantry; and a whole host of minor females, some of whose letters he produces in Persian parties, and reads out, to vouch for the truth of his statements, which are doubted, more from his notorious falsity, than from any confidence in the virtue of our fair countrywomen. He produces, too, a miniature picture, which has been shown to the King as that of his mistress, without concealing the name; which, I regret to say, is that of a lady highly connected, and I believe, considered respectable. It is to be hoped that this return for the kindness, no doubt innocently shown to a stranger by our countrywomen, will serve as a lesson of caution in future; and that every Englishwoman will recollect how such kindness may be misconstrued, when lavished on a person of whose real character they may be ignorant. It perhaps may matter little to them what opinion may be entertained of them in a distant semi-barbarous land like Persia; but it severely shocks the few of their countrymen who may wander there to hear those lightly and irreverently spoken of, whose society they languish to enjoy.—*Fraser's Khorassan*.

**CATALOGUE RAISONNEE OF THE DEPRIVED BISHOPS OF 1698.**—These were, the meek, pious, and learned Dr. Sancroft, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury; the *seraphic* Dr. Kenn, Bishop of Bath and Wells; the *evangelical* Dr. Turner, Bishop of Ely; the *vigilant* Dr. Lake, Bishop of Chichester; the *resolute* and *undaunted* Dr. White, Bishop of Peterborough; the *unchangeable* Dr. Lloyd, Bishop of Norwich; and the *irreproachable* Dr. Frampton, Bishop of Gloucester.—*History of Faction*.

**THE WAY TO LAMBETH.**—In the year 1681, Dr. South, who was then one of the chaplains in ordinary to Charles II., being in waiting, preached before the king upon these words, *The lot is cast into the lap, but the disposing of it is of the Lord*. Wherein, having spoken of the various dispensations of providence, and the unaccountable accidents and particulars of life, he introduces these three examples of unexpected advancement after this manner:

"Who, that had looked upon Agathoeles, first handling clay, and making pots under his father, and afterwards turning robber, could have thought, that from such a condition, he should come to be King of Sicily?"

"Who, that had seen Masinello, a poor fisherman, with his red cap and his angle, would have reckoned it possible to see such a pitiful thing, within a week after, shining in his cloth of gold, and with a word or a nod absolutely commanding the whole city of Naples?"

"And who, that had beheld such a bankrupt, beggarly, fellow, as Cromwell, first entering the Parliament house with a threadbare torn cloak, and greasy hat, (perhaps neither of them paid for,) could have suspected, that in the space of so few years, he should, by the murder of one king, and the banishment of another, ascend the throne?" At which the king fell into a violent fit of laughter, and turning to the lord Rochester, said, "Ods fish, Lory, your chaplain must be a bishop; therefore put me in mind of him at the next death."—*Life of Dr. South*.

**FRENCH ECCLESIASTICAL NOTIONS OF LICENTIOUSNESS.**—The illness of the little Duke of Burgundy, whose intelligence was much talked of, for a long time occupied the court. Great endeavours were made to find out the cause of his malady, and ill-nature went so far as to assert, that his nurse, who had an excellent situation at Versailles, had communicated to him a nasty disease. The King showed Madame de Pompadour the information he had procured from the province she came from, as to her conduct. A silly bishop thought proper to say she had been very licentious in her youth. The poor nurse was told of this, and begged that he might be made to explain himself. The bishop replied, that she had been at several balls in the town in which she lived, and that she had gone with her neck uncovered. The poor man actually thought this the height of licentiousness. The King, who had been at first uneasy, when he came to this, called out, "*What a fool!*"—*Memoirs of Madame du Hausset.*

## UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

### OXFORD.

*January 14.*—Congregations will be holden for the purpose of granting Graces and conferring Degrees, on the following days in the ensuing term, viz.—

Thursday, January 19; Thursday, 26; Saturday, February 4; Tuesday, 7; Thursday, 16; Thursday, 23; Thursday, March 2; Thursday, 9; Saturday, 18.

No person will, on any account, be admitted as a candidate for the degree of BA. or MA., or for that of BCL., without proceeding through Arts, whose name is not entered in the book kept for that purpose at the Vice-Chancellor's house, before nine o'clock in the evening of the day preceding the day of Congregation.

The Congregation on Tuesday, February 7, is holden, as provided in the dispensation, for intermitting the forms and exercises of determination, expressly for the purpose of receiving from the Deans or other Officers of their respective Colleges or Halls, the names of such Bachelors of Arts as have not yet determined; and their names having been so signified to the House, and thereupon inserted in the Register of Congregation, they may, at any time, in the same, or in any future term, be admitted to all the rights and privileges to which they would have been entitled by the intermitted forms or exercises.

*January 19.*—The following gentlemen were admitted :—

*Bachelor in Divinity.*

Rev. T. J. J. Hale, Queen's College.

*Masters of Arts.*

Rev. T. J. Hawley, St. John's College.

Rev. G. Dixon, St. John's College.

*Bachelor of Arts.*

Rev. J. Barton, St. Mary Hall.

*January 21.*—This being the first day of Lent Term, the following degrees were conferred :—

*Bachelor in Civil Law.*

H. Deane, Fellow of New College.

*Master of Arts.*

C. Croke, University College.

*Bachelors of Arts.*

W. Barneby, Brazenose College, Grand Compounder.

N. Wodehouse, Merton College.

H. W. White, Jesus College.

R. B. Bradley, Exeter College.

G. B. St. John, St. Alban Hall.

H. Demain, Queen's College.

### CAMBRIDGE.

*January 6.*—The Hulsean Prize for the last year has been adjudged to Mr. Arthur Tozer Russel, of St. John's College, for his dissertation on the following subject :—  
"In what respect the law is a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ."

The following is the subject of the Hulsean Prize Essay for the present year :—"A critical Examination of our Saviour's Discourses with regard to the Evidence which they afford of his Divine Nature."

*January 13.*—The Rev. Temple Chevalier, MA. late Fellow and Tutor of Catharine Hall, is elected Hulsean Lecturer for the present year.



The following are the names of the students who took their degrees at the Bachelors' Commencement:—

*Wranglers.*

1 Law,	Trinity.	15 Stansfield,	Trinity.
2 Hymers,	John's.	16 Hodgson,	Trinity.
3 Metcalfe,	John's.	17 Otter, E.	Jesus.
4 Hanson,	Clare.	18 Webb,	Trinity.
5 Miller,	John's.	19 Green,	Christ.
6 Budd,	Pembroke.	20 Salkeld,	Trinity.
7 Moseley,	John's.	21 Keeling,	John's.
8 Stratton,	Trinity.	22 Goodhart,	Trinity.
9 Willis,	Caius.	23 Wells,	æq. C. C. C.
10 Fisher,	Pembroke.	24 Stone,	Caius.
11 Julian,	Queen's.	25 Smith,	John's.
12 Mason,	Trinity.	26 Wollaston,	Caius.
13 Clinton,	Caius.	27 Booth,	C. C. C.
14 Eyre,	Pembroke.		

*Senior Optimes.*

1 Atkinson, sen.,	Trinity.	17 Otter, G.	Jesus.
2 Clark,	Queen's.	18 Stock,	Peter's.
3 Lawson,	John's.	19 Borrett,	Caius.
4 Clutton,	Emmanuel.	20 Smedley,	Trinity.
5 Edmonds,	Trinity.	21 Fearon,	John's.
6 Hales,	Trinity.	22 Kinglake,	Trinity.
7 Welch,	Pembroke.	23 Suttaby,	John's.
8 Heald,	Trinity.	24 Baker,	Sidney.
9 Marsden,	John's.	25 Steggal,	Jesus.
10 Blissard,	John's.	26 Gretton,	John's.
11 Maynard,	Pembroke.	27 Gibson,	Sidney.
12 Ashington,	Trinity.	28 Gibson,	John's.
13 Burnell,	Queen's.	29 Taylor,	Jesus.
14 Gilderdale,	Catherine's.	30 Kerr,	Sidney's.
15 Rolls,	Trinity.	31 Collins,	Trinity.
16 Neate,	Trinity.	32 Gurney,	Trinity.

*Junior Optimes.*

1 Dunn,	John's.	14 Cole,	John's.
2 Atkinson, jun.,	Trinity.	15 Moore,	Christ.
3 Russell,	Peter's.	16 Flavell,	John's.
4 Shepherd,	Trinity.	17 Bissett,	Magdalen.
5 Greensall,	John's.	18 Rawlings,	Queen's.
6 Hopkins,	John's.	19 Bell,	Caius.
7 Apthorp,	Emmanuel.	20 Gregg,	John's.
8 Stevens,	John's.	21 Bawtree,	Jesus.
9 Power,	Clare.	22 South,	Pembroke.
10 Patton,	Trinity.	23 Adye,	Caius.
11 Pinder,	Trinity.	24 Foster,	John's.
12 Hubbersty,	John's.	25 Purton,	Trinity.
13 Greene,	Pembroke.	26 Price,	John's.

*Ægrotat.*

1 Duckle,	Queen's.	2 Rawes,	C. C. C.
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**ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.**

*Oxford.*—Rev. Alexander Duncan, to the parish of Caylton, Ayrshire; Patron, the King.—Rev. W. Thresher, to the Vicarage of Tichfield, Hants; Patron, H. P. Delme, Esq. of Cams Hall.—Rev. Henry Butterfield, to the Rectory of Brockdish, Norfolk; Patron, William Wigney, Esq. of New Timber-place, Essex.—Rev. Dr. Coppard, to the Rectory of Farnborough, Hants.—Rev. W. Carter, to the Rectory of Quarrington, Lincolnshire.

*Cambridge.*—Rev. Christopher Benson, M.A. to be a Canon or Prebendary of the Cathedral Church of Worcester.—Rev. J. Horner, to the Rectory of South Preston, Lincolnshire; Patron, Lord Bexley.

**PRICES OF SHARES IN THE PRINCIPAL CANALS, DOCKS,  
WATER-WORKS, MINES, &C.**

CANALS.	Amt. paid.	Per share.	INSURANCE OFFICES.	Amt. paid.	Per share.
Ashton .....	100	214	Alliance .....	100	10
Birmingham .....	17 10	330	Ditto Marine .....	100	5
Coventry .....	100	1200	Atlas .....	50	5
Ellesmere and Chester .....	133	120	Globe .....	100	156
Grand Junction .....	100	292	Guardian .....	100	10
Huddersfield .....	57	25	Imperial .....	500	50
Kennet and Avon .....	40	25	London .....	25	12 10
Lancaster .....	47	42	Protector .....	20	2
Leeds and Liverpool .....	100	470	Rock .....	20	2
Oxford .....	100	800	Royal Exchange .....	100	260
Regent's .....	40	45			
Rochdale .....	85	105			
Stafford and Worcester .....	140	800			
Trent and Mersey .....	100	2100			
Warwick and Birmingham .....	100	270			
Worcester and ditto .....	78	54			
<b>DOCKS.</b>			<b>MINES.</b>		
Commercial .....	100	70	Anglo-Mexican .....	100	40
East India .....	100	100	Ditto Chili .....	100	5
London .....	100	88	Bolunos .....	400	25
St. Catherine's .....	100	20	Brazilian .....	100	5
West India .....	100	200	Castello .....	100	5
			Chilian .....	100	5
			Columbian .....	100	5
			General Mining .....	100	5
			Haytien .....	100	5
			Potosi .....	50	5
<b>WATER WORKS.</b>			Real Del Monte .....	400	500
East London .....	100	122	Rio de la Plata .....	100	5
Grand Junction .....	50	78	United Mexican .....	40	20
Kent .....	100	37			
South London .....	100	par			
West Middlesex .....	65	71			
<b>GAS COMPANIES.</b>			<b>MISCELLANEOUS.</b>		
City of London .....	100	90	Australian Agricultural Comp. ..	100	3
Ditto, New .....	100	50	Canada Agricultural Ditto ..	100	10
Continental .....	100	8	Colombian Ditto .....	100	5
Imperial .....	50	40	Rio de la Plata Ditto .....	100	5
United General .....	50	15	Van Diemens Land Ditto ..	100	2 10
Westminster .....	50	50	British Iron Ditto .....	100	25
			General Steam Navigation ..	100	5
			Irish Provincial Bank .....	100	10
			West India Company .....	100	5

ROBERT W. MOORE, *Broker*,  
20, Token-house-yard, Lothbury.

**LIST OF PROJECTED WORKS.**

The Labours of Idleness, or Seven Nights' Entertainments. By Guy Penseval.

Ready for publication, The Tourist's Grammar, or Rules relating to the Scenery and Antiquities incident to Travellers; compiled from the first Authorities, and including an Epitome of Gilpin's Principles of the Picturesque. By the Rev. T. D. Fosbroke, M.A. F.A.S.

In the Press, Greece Vindicated; being the result of Observations made during a Visit to the Morea and Hydra in 1825: to which is added, an Examination of the Journals of Messrs. Pecchio, Emerson, and Humphreys. By Count Alerino Palma.



Dr. Donnegan has just completed in one vol. 8vo. his Greek and English Lexicon, upon the Plan of Schneider's very popular German and Greek Lexicon, and adapted to the use of the English Student from his going to School till he leaves the University.

In the Press, *A Practical View of the Present State of Slavery in the West Indies.* By Alexander Barclay.

Dr. John Mason Goode, F.R.S. has a new work in the Press, entitled, *The Book of Nature*; being a Succession of Lectures formerly delivered at the Surrey Institution, as a popular Illustration of the general Laws and Phenomena of Creation. The work will be comprised in 3 vols. 8vo.

Shortly will be published, *Memoirs of the Court of Henry the Eighth*, including an Account of the Monastic Institutions in England at that Period.

Miss Benger has in the Press, *Memoirs of Henry the Fourth of France.*

Shortly will be published, in 4to. price 12s. proofs, royal 4to. price 16s., India proofs, royal 4to. price 1*l.* 4s., India proofs before the letters, imperial 4to. price 1*l.* 15s., No. I. of a Picturesque Tour in Spain, Portugal, and along the Coast of Africa, from Tangiers to Tetuan. By J. Taylor, Knight of the Royal Order of the Legion of Honour, and one of the Authors of the *Voyage Pittoresque dans l'Ancienne France*. The whole will be comprised in 22 Parts, each containing five engravings, with letter-press descriptions; and a full account of the Journey will be published in one of the latter numbers.

A new work, by the Author of the *Journal of an Exile*, is spoken of as in progress, entitled *Recollections of a Pedestrian*, which is to contain a further variety of those characteristic narratives of foreign domestic history, which have been so much admired in his former work. It is expected to be comprised in 3 vols. post 8vo., and to be ready in the course of the present month.

Ready for Publication, *Traditions and Recollections*, domestic, clerical, and literary; in which are included Letters of Charles II., Cromwell, Fairfax, Edgecumbe, Macaulay, Wolcot, Opie, Whitaker, Gibbon, Buller, Courtenay, Moore, Downman, Drewe, Seward, Darwin, Cowper, Hayley, Hardinge, Sir Walter Scott, and other distinguished characters. By the Rev. L. Polwhele, Vicar of Newlyn and St. Anthony, and an Honorary Associate of the Royal Society of Literature. In 2 vols. 8vo.

#### LIST OF WORKS JUST PUBLISHED.

*Causes of the Slow Progress of Christian Truth.* A Discourse delivered before the Western Unitarian Society, in the Conigre Meeting House, Trowbridge, Wilts, on Wednesday, July 13, 1825. By Robert Aspland. Price 1s.

Two Sermons preached in the Chapel in Lewin's Mead, Bristol, on the morning and evening of Sunday, October 16, 1825. On the future state of the Righteous, occasioned by the lamented death of Mrs. Mary Rowe, the wife of the Rev. John Rowe, one of the Ministers of Lewin's Mead Chapel. On numbering our days; suggested by a recent unusual mortality in the congregation. By Robert Aspland. Price 2s.

*The Dutch Salmagundi of M. Paul Van Hemest.* 8vo.

*Janus: or the Edinburgh Literary Almanack.* 8vo. 12s.

*The Complete Governess.* 8vo. 12s.

*The Prospect and other Poems.* By Edward Mason. 12mo. 4s. 6d.

*A Translation of Bayle's Dictionary, Parts 1 and 2.* 12mo.

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## ERRATA.

Page 209, line 31, motto of the Representative Newspaper, for "We dose," read "We dose."

— 222, — 34, for "A weakly publication called the Literary Gazette," read "A weekly publication called the Literary Gazette."

— 223, — 32, for "Sir James Quackingtosh," read "Sir James Mackintosh."